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A. Lincoln

FROM

PIONEER HOME

TO

THE WHITE HOUSE.

LIFE OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

BOYHOOD, YOUTH, MANHOOD, ASSASSINATION, DEATH.

BY

WILLIAM M. THAYER,

AUTHOR OF "FROM LOG CABIN TO THE WHITE HOUSE," ETC.

With Eulogy

BY HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

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TO

ALL WHO HONOR TRUE MANHOOD,

This Volume,

PORTRAYING THE SIMPLICITY, TACT, TALENTS, SELF-RELIANCE,
AND STERLING HONESTY OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

IN HIS EARLY CONFLICT WITH POVERTY AND HARDSHIP,
AND HIS REMARKABLE PUBLIC
LIFE,

Is Sincerely and Affectionately Dedicated.

PREFACE.

THE author of this volume wrote the *first* Life of Abraham Lincoln — THE PIONEER BOY, AND HOW HE BECAME PRESIDENT — which, after a very large sale, passed out of print in consequence of the destruction of the plates by fire. A Campaign Life of only thirty-two pages, relating chiefly to his public career, was issued at the West, after his nomination for the Presidency in 1860; but The Pioneer Boy was the first complete biography of the man. Dr. Holland said of it, several years later, in his Life of Lincoln, "A singularly faithful statement of the early experience of Abraham Lincoln." The materials for the Campaign Life spoken of were furnished by Mr. Lincoln, and he very kindly directed that pamphlet, with a quantity of unused matter, to be passed into our hands, together with the names and addresses of several of his early associates, reared with him in the wilderness, and of intimate friends in later life, from whom the most valuable information, never before given to the public, was received. From these sources of knowledge The Pioneer Boy was prepared.

In the preparation of this new, larger and more elaborate Life of Lincoln, we have had, in addition to the above sources of information, others of even greater value, at least so far as his character and public services relate.

Subsequent to the issue of the former volume, the author, having in view the preparation of a more thorough biography at a future day, gathered much valuable information from public men, who were on the most intimate terms with President Lincoln at Washington, as Sumner, Wilson, Buckingham, and Ames, who are dead, and others who are still living. Also, periodical literature has furnished many facts and anecdotes, from time to time, which have been carefully laid aside. Last, though by no means least, access to the numerous lives of Lincoln published since his death —Dr. Holland's, Lamon's, Barrett's, Leland's, Forney's, and Raymond's — has been especially serviceable in the preparation of this volume. That very interesting work of Carpenter — SIX MONTHS IN THE WHITE HOUSE — has furnished a fund of incident, illustrative of Mr. Lincoln's character and ability.

From these ample sources of material, the author has endeavored to make a biography for popular reading such as the times demand. The very large sale of his recent life of President Garfield — From Log-Cabin to the White House — created an active demand for The Pioneer Boy, which fact seemed to mark the present time as providential for the issue of this new life of the martyr President.

The perusal of this work will satisfy the reader that the author's claim, in the Preface to the Log-Cabin, that Garfield and Lincoln were remarkably alike in the circumstances of birth, early struggles, and later experience, was fully justified. The fact is without a parallel in the history of public men — such marvellous coincidences from their birth in log-cabins to their

assassination in the White House. Apart from this likeness, however, the life of Lincoln as an example of industry, tact, perseverance, application, energy, economy, honesty, purity, devotion to principle, and triumph over obstacles in a successful career, presents a profitable study to the youth and young men of this and other lands. The only parallel to it is that of President Garfield, with which we aim to connect this later volume. The names of these two illustrious statesmen are for ever associated in the history of our Republic. It is well nigh impossible to separate them in the thoughts of men. Statesmen of such power and influence, beginning their lives in want and obscurity and ending them in the White House, cut off at last by the shot of the assassin, must find their niche together in the temple of fame. One other name only of the great and good men of the past naturally affiliates with these two — that of George Washington — the life of whom will follow this as soon as it can be prepared, bearing the title, FROM FARM HOUSE TO THE WHITE HOUSE. These three — Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield — remarkably alike in their early precocity and the wisdom and influence of manhood — furnish stimulating examples to American readers.

Incidents are brought to the front in this life of Lincoln, as they were in that of Garfield, and they are made to portray the life of the man. Facts are better than logic to exhibit the elements of personal character; therefore, we let incidents tell the story of his life.

When Abraham Lincoln was consulted respecting his biography, after his nomination for the Presidency

in 1860, he replied: "You can find the whole of my early life in a single line of Gray's Elegy:

"'The short and simple annals of the poor.'"

While this apt reply revealed the simplicity of the man, it introduced the biographer at once to the opening of a marvellous life. For, surely, that is a marvellous life, when a boy, reared in a floorless log-cabin, works his way, by dint of perseverance, upward and onward, into the highest office of the land.

The chief object of the book is to show how its hero won his position; yet it incidentally exhibits the manners and customs of the times, and section of country, in which he was reared.

Provincialisms are intentionally avoided, as well as that singular perversion of the English language that characterized the unlettered people of Kentucky and Indiana sixty years ago.

When Mr. Lincoln was alive, and the honored President of the United States, one of his old friends and neighbors wrote to us: "I have known him long and well, and I can say in truth, I think (take him altogether) he is the best man I ever saw. Although he has never made a public profession of religion, I nevertheless believe that he has the fear of God before his eyes, and that he goes daily to a throne of grace, and asks wisdom, light, and knowledge, to enable him faithfully to discharge his duties." The reader will find abundant confirmation of the friend's eulogy in this volume.

W. M. T.

FRANKLIN, MASS., March, 1882.

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CHAPTER I.

BIRTHPLACE.

THE miserable log cabin which the artist furnishes further on in this chapter, tells the tale of poverty and lowliness into which Abraham Lincoln was born. It was a floorless, doorless, windowless shanty, situated in one of the most barren and desolate spots of Hardin county, Kentucky. His father made it his home simply because he was too poor to own a better one. Nor was his an exceptional case of penury and want. For the people of that section were generally poor and unlettered, barely able to scrape enough together to keep the wolf of hunger from their abodes.

Here Abraham Lincoln was born February 12th, 1809. His father's name was Thomas Lincoln; his mother's maiden name was Nancy Hanks. When they were married, Thomas was twenty-eight years of age, and Nancy, his wife, twenty-three. They had been married three years when Abraham was born. Their cabin was in that part of Hardin County which is now embraced in La Rue County, a few miles from Hodgensville — on the south fork of Nolin Creek. A perennial spring of water, gushing in silvery brightness from beneath a rock near by, relieved the barrenness of

the location, and won for it the somewhat ambitious name — "Rock Spring Farm."

"How came Thomas Lincoln here?" the reader will ask, "Whence did he come?" "Who were his ancestors?"

Thomas Lincoln was born in Rockingham County, Virginia, in 1778. Two years later (in 1780), his father lured by the stories of the remarkable fertility of the soil in Kentucky, and the rapid growth of the population, removed thither for a permanent abode. He had five children at the time — three sons and two daughters — and Thomas was the youngest child but one. He settled in Mercer, now Bullitt County.

Then, a hundred years ago, the Indians in that region, and throughout the whole north-west territory, were deadly hostile to the whites. The pioneer "took his life into his hands" by removing thither. His rifle was his constant companion, that he might defend himself against the savage foe, whether at home or abroad. If he went to the field to plough or build fence, or into the woods to chop, his rifle was indispensable. He knew not when or where the wily Indian would surprise him.

Four years after the father of Thomas Lincoln moved into Kentucky, he went into the field to build fence. He took Thomas, who was then about six years old, with him, and sent his two older sons, Mordecai and Josiah, to work in another field not far away. While busily engaged in putting up fence, a party of Indians in ambush fired at the father and he fell dead. The sons were terribly frightened, and little Thomas was well-nigh paralyzed. Josiah ran to a stock-

ade two miles off, and Mordecai, the eldest, ran to the cabin, from the loft of which, through a loop-hole, he could see the Indians. A savage was in the act of lifting his little brother from the ground, whereupon Mordecai, aiming his gun through the hole in the loft, fired, and killed the "redskin." The latter fell to the ground instantly and Thomas ran for his life to the cabin. Mordecai continued at his post, blazing away at the head of every Indian who peered from the underbrush. Soon, however, Josiah arrived from the stockade with a party of settlers; and the savages fled, leaving their dead comrade and a wounded one behind them. Mordecai had done good execution with his rifle.

That was the darkest day that the family of Abraham Lincoln's grandfather ever knew. The lifeless form of their strong protector, borne into their humble cabin, made it desolate indeed. Who would defend them now? To whom would they look for bread? A home in the wilderness was hardship enough, but the fatal shot of the savage multiplied hardships an hundred fold.

Abraham Lincoln often listened, in his boyhood, to this tale of woe in his grandfather's cabin. It was a chapter of family history too startling and important to be passed over with a single rehearsal. It was stereotyped and engraved upon Abraham's young heart, with many other reminiscences and facts connected with life in Kentucky at that early day. His father was a great story-teller, and was noted for his "yarns," and besides, a sort of pride prompted the recital of this exciting chapter of family history, with scenes that preceded it.

"It would take me a week," he would say, "to tell you all I have heard your grandpa say about those dark days. The very year he came here, 1780, the Indians attacked the settlers in great force. All the men were ordered to organize into companies, and Daniel Boone, 'the great hunter of Kentucky,' who settled there five years before the Lincolns did, was made a lieutenant-colonel, and all the forces were put under the charge of General Clark. They started to meet the enemy, and found them near the Lower Blue Licks. Here they fought a terrible battle, and the Indians beat, and cut up the whites badly. Boone's son was wounded, and his father tried to carry him away in the retreat. He plunged into the river with him on his back, but the boy died before he reached the other side. By the time Boone got over the river, he looked around and saw that the Indians were swimming after him; so he had to throw down his dead son, and run for his life. He got away and reached Bryant's Station in safety. Before that, the Indians captured three little girls and carried them off. They belonged to the fort at Boonesboro, and one of them was Boone's daughter. They were playing with a canoe in the Kentucky river, and crossed over to the other side, when a party of Indians rushed out of the bushes into the river and drew the canoe ashore. The girls were scared almost to death, and screamed so loud that they were heard at the fort. The men in the fort ran out to help them, but by the time they reached the canoe, the savages had fled with the girls. It was almost night — too late to organize and pursue them, and so they spent the night in mustering all

the men they could and started after them at break of day. But it was well nigh the close of the next day when the settlers came in sight of the Indians, forty miles off. They had camped for the night, and were cooking their supper. Fearing that the Indians would kill the girls rather than give them up, it was the plan of the settlers to shoot them so suddenly that they would have no time to kill the girls. So they banged away at the savages, all of them together, as soon as they came in sight of them, taking good care not to hit the children. Not one shot hit an Indian, but the attack was so sudden and uproarious, that the red-skins were scared half out of their wits; and they ran away as fast as their legs could carry them, leaving the girls and their weapons behind."

Abraham's young life was regaled with many such "yarns" — real facts of history — belonging to the times and experience of his ancestors. Whatever may have been the effect of these "harrowing tales" upon his mind, it is quite certain that he must have seen, by contrast, that his own condition, with all its want and woe, was a decided improvement upon that of his grandfather's family.

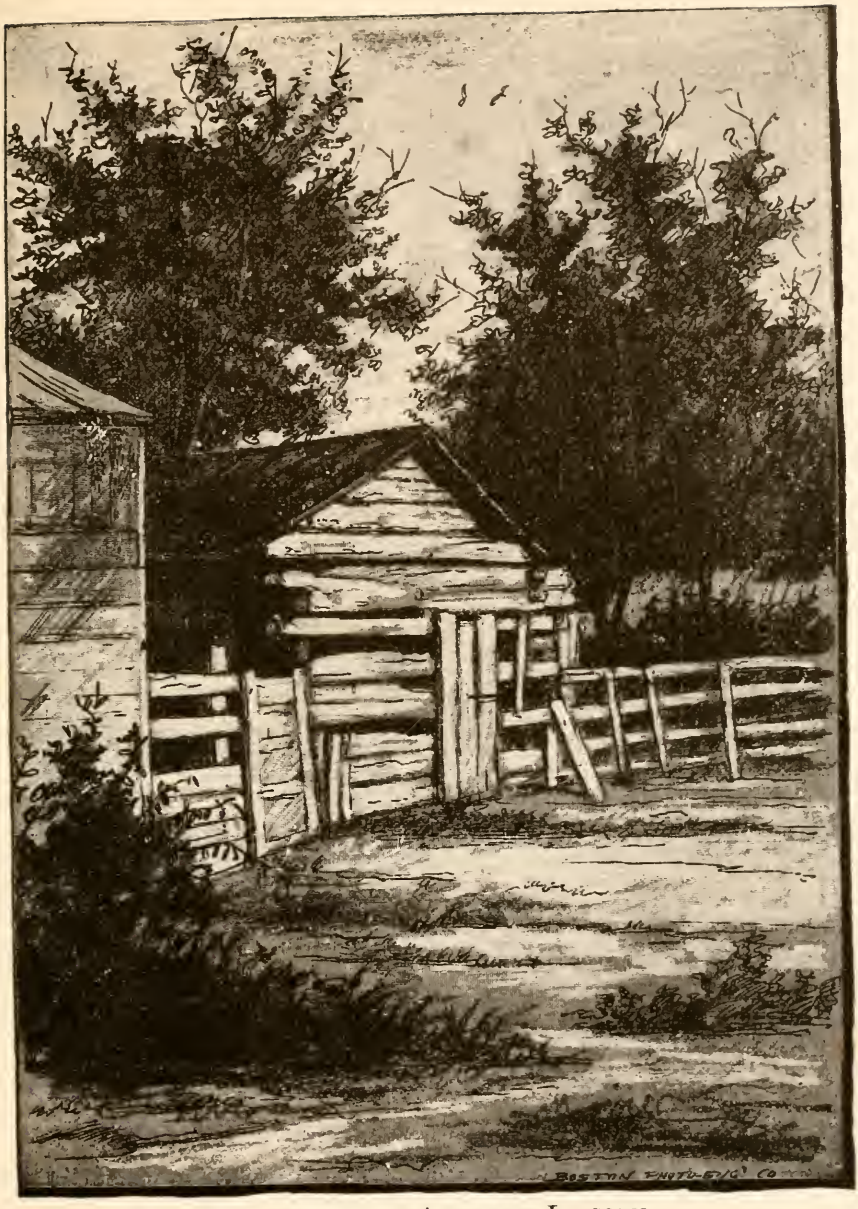
But to return to our story, Abraham's grandmother removed after her husband was shot; and Thomas, his father, was compelled to shift for himself as soon as he was old enough to work for his living. Being a rover by nature, and under the necessity of supporting himself, he wandered about from place to place in search of jobs, and took up his abode wherever there was a chance to earn his bread and butter. He was not very enterprising, nor particularly industrious at

this period of his life. He loved a roving life too well and was too well satisfied with jolly companions to mean business. His wandering career, however, showed him much of the world, and furnished the opportunity to store his mind with anecdotes and some useful information, which he made frequent use of in after years, and by reason of which, he became very popular with his associates.

When Thomas Lincoln was about twenty-six years of age, he went to live with Joseph Hanks, a carpenter, of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, to learn his trade. It was here that he met Nancy Hanks, niece of Joseph Hanks, whom he courted and afterwards married, thereby getting, not only a trade, but a wife, also. The latter, however, was much more of an acquisition than the former; for he was never competent to do any but the roughest work at his trade. When he was married to Nancy he set up housekeeping in a more miserable abode at Elizabethtown than the log cabin on Nolin Creek. From this shanty, into which he took his bride, he soon removed to the other shanty on the aforesaid Creek.

This is how and why Thomas Lincoln, father of Abraham, became the proprietor of the rickety habitation in Hardin county, that we have described to the reader. Here three children were born to him; Sarah, the eldest, Abraham next, and Thomas the third. The latter died in infancy.

Thomas Lincoln could neither read nor write. He had not been to school a single day in his life. His wife could read passably, but she could not write sufficiently to undertake a letter. She could sign her



Birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

name to a document, and perhaps do a little more in the same line; while her husband could only make his mark.

"You can learn," said his bride to him, soon after the twain became one flesh. "Never too old to learn."

"That's a question," responded her husband, who was one of the easy bodies, who could scarcely think it worth while for a man to go to school, even to his wife, at twenty-eight years of age.

"It's not a question at all," responded Mrs. L. "You can learn to write your name, if nothing more, and that will be a great improvement over making your mark. I can teach you as much as that."

At length the good-natured husband consented to take lessons of his wife in penmanship; and he actually set to work to accomplish his purpose. The most that he accomplished, however, was to learn to write his name so that ingenious people could read it. He lifted himself out of that ignorant and unambitious class who are content to make their ×.

At this time Thomas Lincoln and his wife were members of the Baptist Church, showing that they cast in their lot with the best people of the county, and aspired to a Christian life. Mrs. Lincoln was a more devout follower of Christ than her husband, and was more gifted mentally. Dr. Holland says: "She was a slender, pale, sad, and sensitive woman, with much in her nature that was truly heroic, and much that shrank from the rude life around her." Lamon says: "By her family her understanding was considered something wonderful." There is no doubt that she was a bright, sensible, brave Christian woman, whose father removed from Virginia into Kentucky

about the time that the father of Thomas Lincoln did. Thomas appears to have been satisfied with his choice, and her influence over him was strong and elevating.

When Abraham was four years old, his father removed to a more fertile and picturesque spot on Knob Creek, six miles from Hodgensville. This creek empties into the Rolling Fork, the Rolling Fork into Salt River, and Salt River into the Ohio, twenty-four miles from Louisville. How so poor a man could purchase so much of a farm (two hundred and thirty-eight acres) for one hundred and eighteen pounds, seems mysterious, until we learn the fact that, at the end of the year, he sold two hundred acres for one hundred pounds, reserving but thirty-eight acres for himself. But even this condition of his affairs shows a decided advance in contrast with the pitiable poverty that inducted him into wedded life. Then, too, the fact that he aspired after a more fertile and attractive location, and actually planted from six to eight acres the first year of his residence on Knob Creek, proves that the spirit of a larger enterprise possessed his soul. Somehow his marriage to Nancy Hanks had raised him above that restless, thriftless, aimless life that characterized his youth and early manhood.

It was on Knob Creek that Abraham, or "Abe," as he was familiarly called by his parents and other people, was initiated into fishing and other sports. On Nolin Creek he hunted "ground-hogs" with a precocious boy, Johnnie Duncan, who afterwards became quite widely known as Rev. John Duncan. On Knob Creek, he played in the water, took long tramps, and enjoyed himself generally with one Billy Gallaher. For a boy

of his age (but six or seven at that time) he was adventurous and enterprising. One of his venturesome sports was, to catch hold of a branch of a sycamore tree and swing over the water. One day, when indulging in this risky sport, with his no less venturesome Billy, he lost his hold of the limb and plunged into the water. If Billy had not been a cool, smart, efficient boy, Thomas Lincoln would have lost a good son on that day, and the United States of America a good President. But Billy was equal to the occasion, and, by brave efforts, succeeded in delivering "Abe" from a watery grave.

Another boy, Dennis F. Hanks, his cousin, was one of his boon companions, though a little older than himself. Thomas Sparrow, who reared Nancy Hanks to womanhood (Mrs. Lincoln), had given Dennis a home in his family, and Sparrow was now a neighbor of Thomas Lincoln, and Dennis and "Abe" playmates. Dennis was a great lover of hunting and fishing, and "Abe" accompanied him upon many a long tramp, though he was not old enough to use fire-arms; nor did he ever become expert in either hunting or fishing.

The Lincoln cabin on Knob Creek was very little better than the one on Nolin Creek. It was a floorless log-house, with one room below and a loft above, and the usual accompaniment of stools, skillet, and Dutch oven. Here "Abe" began to show signs of remarkable brightness, as evinced by his tact, intelligence and aims. It was noticeable that he was more precocious than other children of his age; and his parents were not slow to perceive and appreciate the fact. The next chapter presents him in a new *rôle.*

CHAPTER II.

A SCHOOLBOY.

"RINEY is going to keep school," remarked Mr. Lincoln to his wife, one day, "and he wants to know if Sarah and Abe will go."

"I hope so, certainly, though *he* can't be much of a teacher any way," replied Mrs. Lincoln. "A poor school is better than none."

"There can be no doubt about that," continued Mr. Lincoln. "It won't take Riney long to tell the children all he knows; but that is better than nothing."

"He can't write nor cipher," added his wife, "and a man who can't do that can't be much of a reader."

"Well, reading is all he claims," said Mr. Lincoln. "He has nothing to do with figures or writing. He proposes to teach boys and girls what he knows, and nothing more."

"That's about all the best of them can do, — teach what they know," — Mrs. Lincoln answered. "To attempt more would be foolish indeed."

This Hezekiah Riney was a new comer, and he had settled within a half mile of Lincoln's cabin. He was a rough, ignorant man, with scarcely one qualification for a teacher, even in that wild untutored country.

But he wanted to eke out a miserable subsistence by adding a few dollars to his pitiable income; and so he proposed school-keeping as about the only thing possible in that barren country. Parents accepted the proposition because there was nothing better; and here the hero of this volume began to be a schoolboy, accompanying his sister Sarah daily to Riney's cabin. "Abe" made some progress at this school — he began to read. A dilapidated copy of Dillworth's spelling-book was the only volume the two children of Tom Lincoln had between them at this Riney institution, and they appear to have made good use of it. The brightness of the pupils was a pleasant offset to the stupidity of the teacher.

Riney's school, for some reason, was of short duration; it closed in five or six weeks. Perhaps the fountain ran dry in that time. Possibly some of the scholars knew more than their master at the end of that period, which is not claiming very much for the pupils. At any rate, "Abe" and his sister transferred their destiny to another "pioneer college," as, forty years afterwards, Abraham Lincoln facetiously called those cabin-schools of the woods.

"Mr. Hazel knows a heap more than Riney," said Mr. Lincoln, "and we must try to have the children go to his school, though it is a long way off."

"Yes; it is time that 'Abe knew something about writing,' and Hazel can learn him that," Mrs. L. replied. "The children won't mind the distance. If we can scrape together enough to pay for their schooling, they ought to go."

The last remark touched upon a subject that was

often uppermost in Tom Lincoln's mind, — how to get money enough to pay for the necessaries of life. Although he was satisfied with corn-cake and milk for daily food, yet it would require considerable ingenuity and economy to produce the extra money to pay for the schooling ; so he replied, —

" I've counted the cost, and I guess we can raise the money some way. Hazel can start Abe off on writing, and that will be worth everything to him. Some day I hope to live in a country where I can earn something at my trade."

" That will be some distance from here, I'm thinking," replied Mrs. L. " We can't expect much growth in this part of the country at present. If Indiana comes into the Union a free State, there may be a better chance there." The question of admitting Indiana into the Union as a free State was then agitating the country. The subject was before the American Congress, and the slave power was doing every thing possible to prevent such an event. The slaveholders of Kentucky were especially exercised about it, because another free State so near would be an additional invitation to their slaves to find an asylum there. The subject was discussed, pro and con, in every Kentucky cabin where white men dwelt. The Lincolns were in favor of making Indiana a free State. They knew full well that the curse of slavery blighted the prosperity of every slave State.

" There's a better chance for every thing in a free State," was Mr. Lincoln's only answer.

The reader must understand that schools were very scarce in Kentucky in Tom Lincoln's day ; and the

few in existence were very poor, scarcely deserving the name of schools. They would not be tolerated now. Teachers were no better than the schools; for it is always true, "like teachers, like schools." Hazel's school was better than Riney's; for Hazel could give instruction in "reading and writing." True, his acquisitions in these several branches were small indeed: they compared well with his surroundings. But he could give such a boy as Abraham a start in the right direction.

Hazel's school was four miles distant; and it was kept in a log schoolhouse, the only one in all that region. To this pioneer institution Sarah and Abraham travelled daily, carrying their dinner of corn-bread, without varying it a single day during the eight or ten weeks of their attendance. Here Abraham really began his career. Here he acquired the art of penmanship, very imperfectly, of course; but he learned to form letters, and became enthusiastic over the acquirement. Here, too, he made rapid progress in reading. Mr. Hazel discovered the elements of a noble character in the boy, and predicted that he would not always live in the woods as his father had. The best evidence we can find proves that Abraham learned about all Hazel was able to teach in the few weeks he was his pupil.

All the books the Lincoln cabin could boast, at that time, were the Bible, Catechism, and the copy of Dillworth's Spelling-Book, that Sarah and Abraham shared between them. This was a very small library even for a pioneer, but it was good as far as it went. Any library that begins with the Bible begins well. The

Catechism and Spelling-Book were suitable companions for the Book of books. "The three safeguards of our country are the Bible, Sabbath, and Public School;" and here they were in the Lincoln cabin, — elements of family and national growth. Other things of like value followed in due time.

The religious advantages of that day and region were smaller, if possible, than the educational. There was no worship, nor place of worship, within many miles. "Parson Elkins" embraced that part of Kentucky in his circuit, so that occasionally he preached in the Lincoln cabin, where he was a favorite. Indeed, he was a favorite in all that region, and was cordially welcomed by all settlers who had any respect for religion. With this exception, public worship was unknown among the pioneers of that time, and Christian families were obliged to depend upon themselves chiefly for Bible study and Sabbath observance. As Mrs. Lincoln could read, and the Bible was the only reading-book in the family, Abraham often heard it read upon the Sabbath, and other days. Before he learned to read, he became familiar with many of the narratives of the Bible. He delighted in Bible stories in his childhood, and never tired of listening to their rehearsal. As soon as he could read, the Bible became his reading book, in the absence of all others. Over and over again its narrative portions especially were read, until his mind became stored with Scriptural knowledge. As he grew older, and other reading-books occupied his attention, he neglected the Bible for them. Still, his familiarity with it in his childhood made an impression for life. Though he was not

a Christian man when he entered upon his public career, yet he evinced a remarkable familiarity with the Scriptures. His conversation and public addresses were often enlivened by quotations and figures from the Bible. In the sequel it will appear that this one book must have been the source of that honesty, noble ambition, adherence to right, and dependence upon Providence, which signalized his public career.

Three incidents of his life in the White House show his familiarity with the Bible. At one time he was very much annoyed by men who complained of prominent officials. To one of these parties, he said, one day, "Go home, my friend, and read attentively the tenth verse of the thirteenth chapter of Proverbs." That verse is, "Accuse not a servant to his master, lest he curse thee, and thou be found guilty." General Fremont, whom he had relieved of his command, consented to run against him for the Presidency, after Lincoln's renomination for the office. A small following of disappointed politicians and military aspirants rallied around Fremont. About the time the latter withdrew his name, — satisfied that his candidacy would make more enemies than friends, — Mr. Lincoln said to a public man, who introduced the subject, "Look here; hear this;" and he proceeded to read the following from the First Book of Samuel, "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became captain over them, and there were with him about four hundred men."

At one time Henry Ward Beecher criticized his administration sharply in the "Independent," of which

he was the editor-in-chief. Several editorials of this character were published in that journal, and some one cut them out and forwarded them to Mr. Lincoln. One day he took them out of the envelope and read them all through, when he flung them upon the floor, exclaiming, "Is thy servant a *dog* that he should do this thing?" The criticisms were based on falsehoods, and were therefore unjust and cruel; hence his apt quotation from the Bible.

It has been said by one of Abraham Lincoln's biographers, that his father had no interest in his education. The facts already cited prove such a conclusion to be incorrect. A father and mother whose poverty compelled them to live upon "hoe-cake," must have had a decided interest in the education of their children, to try to scrape together a few dollars for their tuition at school, and then send them four miles on foot daily to enjoy the coveted boon! If that be indifference to culture, then the more we have of it the better. That Thomas Lincoln and his pious wife cherished a strong desire for the education of their children, there can be no doubt; that they saw in their son, Abraham, early evidence of remarkable mental powers is certain; but that they expected he would ever become distinguished as a public man is not true; for there was no prospect whatever that he would lift the incubus of want and obscurity, and step out into the world of renown. Such an anticipation could not possibly have been indulged by them.

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It was the autumn of 1816. Indiana had been admitted as a free State into the Union, and immigration

thither had already set in as a consequence. The excitement over freedom in Indiana had reached Kentucky, as we have said already, and Thomas Lincoln and wife became interested parties. They discussed the question of removing thither, and finally decided in the affirmative, provided their farm could be sold.

"As soon as the fall work is through," was Mr. Lincoln's decision.

"*If* you can sell," added Mrs. L., with a significant emphasis upon the *if*. "It's a hard place to sell anything here. Perhaps we shall have to stay a while longer."

"There'll be somebody to buy," added Mr. L., with a confident air.

"Heard anything from the man Gallaher told about?"

"Not a word; but there's time enough yet."

Neighbor Gallaher had met a person who desired to purchase a small farm like Lincoln's, and he had told him of Lincoln's desire to sell in October, "after the fall work was through." The man's name was Colby; and Mr. Lincoln really expected the would-be purchaser would make his appearance. His wife had little faith in the enterprise, although she really desired to remove to Indiana. The difficulty of selling a farm at such a time and in such a place appeared far greater to her than to her husband.

"We must go soon or not at all this year," added Mrs. L. "Winter will overtake us in the wilderness before we are ready for it."

"It will not take long to pull up stakes and locate in Indiana when we once get started," responded Mr. Lincoln.

"Perhaps not; but it will be time enough to think of that after we sell," suggested his wife, as if she had little faith that a purchaser of their farm could be found. "We must learn to labor and wait."

"We've got that lesson pretty well learned now," responded Mr. Lincoln. "About all I've ever done is to labor and wait; and if I wait much longer I may lose what title I have to my land now, as others have."

"That is not impossible, as everybody about here knows," added Mrs. Lincoln.

"The chances are that the title to this place may prove worthless, judging from the experience of others," continued Mr. Lincoln. "A man don't know whether he owns an acre of land or not about here."

Great excitement prevailed in Kentucky relative to land-titles. Many settlers, after toiling for years for a livelihood, found their titles to their farms defective. The heirs of Daniel Boone were cheated out of every acre of land purchased by their illustrious ancestor. So many had experienced trouble and heavy losses in this way, that almost every landholder feared his title might prove invalid. Thomas Lincoln shared this fear in common with others. One of his biographers maintains that he removed to Indiana solely on this account; — that the curse of slavery in Kentucky, or the advantages of freedom in the new State of Indiana, had nothing to do with his decision. But we beg leave to dissent from this conclusion. There can be no doubt that the uncertainty of land-titles in Kentucky was one important reason for his removal, but it was by no means the only reason. Another

reason, without doubt, was his love of change. His roving disposition was not entirely eradicated. But, more than all, the excitement over the making of another free State, with the rose-colored views promulgated concerning the advantages of a free State to poor men like himself, influenced him to make the change. It is positive that he would not have removed to Indiana at all had it come into the Union as a Slave State. The general enthusiasm over its admission in the interest of freedom, lured him thither as it did hundreds of others. The very rapid immigration to that State, commencing immediately after its admission, is conclusive proof of this statement. The reason of his locating just where he did in Indiana was, probably, because a former acquaintance — Thomas Carter — had removed thither. But the next chapter will disclose the details of this affair.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD HOME SOLD.

ABOUT the middle of October (1816) a stranger appeared at the cabin. It was Colby.

"You want to sell your place, I hear," he remarked, after introducing himself.

"I'm thinking of it," answered Mr. Lincoln. "Gallaher told me that you would come to see me about it. So we've been expecting you, and rather making arrangements to sell the farm. This is about what you would like?"

"Yes, from Mr. Gallaher's description of it. I can't handle much of a place; I'm too poor for that."

"In the same boat with the rest of us, then," suggested Mr. Lincoln. "Not much money in these diggings. How much money can you put into a place?"

"Not much, just now. I must make a barter trade if I buy now. What's the damage for such a place as this?"

"Three hundred dollars," answered Mr. Lincoln promptly. "That is the price I've settled on."

"Cash?"

"Yes; that's what I've been expecting, though I might take something else for part of the pay."

"Well, I haven't much money," continued Mr. Colby; "but I have what is good as money in the market."

"What is it?"

"You see I've been specilatin' a little since I gave you a call in the summer. I used up my grain for whiskey, and I bought some, too, thinkin' that I should make a spec out of it; but I hain't sold but a trifle on't yet. Now, if I could pay you mostly in whiskey, I would strike the bargain at once; and may be that over in Indiana you'll find a ready market for it."

"I hadn't thought of taking pay in such an article," answered Mr. Lincoln; "and I don't know as I could ever sell it. I'm going to strike right into the wilderness."

"That may be; but you'll have neighbors within a few miles; and over there they hain't got the knack of manifacturin' it, I s'pose, and this would make it easier to sell it."

"It's awkward stuff to carry on such a trip, though I expect to move on a flat-boat."

"Just the easiest thing in the world to carry this; you can carry it as well as not on a boat. You won't have half a load of other stuff. And it will bring you double there what it will here, I'm thinkin'."

"That's all guess-work."

"But don't it stand to reason that whiskey would bring more where they can't make it, as they can here?"

"Yes, I admit that it may probably bring more there, and it ought to bring more to pay for the trouble of taking it there. But can't you turn it into money some way?"

"I don't see how I can; I've done the best I could about it. The fact is, the folks in this part of Kentucky have laid in largely for whiskey. I can sell it in time, I have no doubt, at a stiff price, but that won't help me just now."

"Of course not; but this is unexpected, though I'm determined to sell out at some rate. You look over the place; it's all in a stone's throw, and I will talk with my wife, and see what we can do."

So Lincoln left Colby to examine the premises, after having shown him the limits of the place, and proceeded to consult his wife. Mrs. Lincoln looked surprised and amused over the proposition to turn the farm into whiskey. "A queer bargain," she said. "Something I never dreamed of."

"Nor I; but I must sell the place, and this may be my last chance this season."

"That is very true, and the matter must be looked at carefully. It may be that the whiskey can be sold in Indiana more readily than we expect. I scarcely know what to say. You must do as you think best."

"Well, I think it is best to sell out at some rate, and if I thought that this was my last chance to sell this fall, I should take the whiskey, and run the risk."

"As to that, I think it likely that you won't have another chance this fall. It isn't often that you can sell a place in this part of the country."

"I'm inclined to think, then," continued Mr. Lincoln, musing, with his eyes fastened upon the earth-floor of their cabin, as if scarcely knowing what to do, "that I shall take the whiskey if I can't do any better with him."

"Just as you think best," answered his wife. "You can judge better than I can whether it will do or not."

After going to the man, and satisfying himself that he must take the whiskey, or fail to sell, Mr. Lincoln introduced the subject of the price of it, about which nothing had been said.

"How much a gallon?" he inquired. "You'll of course sell it at a discount, seeing I take such a quantity."

"Certainly; I shall sell it to you for five cents a gallon less than the wholesale price of a barrel; and you can't ask anything better than that."

"That's fair, I think; and now let me see, how much will it take?" The reader must remember that Mr. Lincoln never studied arithmetic, though he could solve such a problem as this, only give him time. He had been obliged to think and act for himself from boyhood, and, of course, contact with men and things had given him some knowledge of figures, or, at least, the ability to perform some problems mentally.

Mr. Lincoln continued: "Seventy cents a gallon—that will be—let me see—seventy cents a gallon—that will—"

"Why, one hundred gallons would come to seventy dollars," interrupted Colby, "and four hundred would come to two hundred and eighty dollars."

"Yes, I see it—four hundred gallons, and the rest in money."

"That is it; it will make just ten barrels of forty gallons each, and twenty dollars in money."

"I see it. I will agree to that. Ten barrels, and

the balance in money. And when shall we close the bargain?"

"Just as soon as you propose to leave."

"That will be about the first of November. I shall want the whiskey and money, though, a week before that, so as to be all ready to start."

"A week before that it is, then. I agree to that, and shall be here promptly at the time. Perhaps I shall bring the whiskey before that, if it comes right."

"Just as well, — as soon as you please."

So the bargain was struck, and Colby left.

Let the reader stop here to ponder this trade. A homestead sold for ten barrels of whiskey and about twenty dollars in money! Surely Abraham's father could not boast much of this world's goods! And then what an article to take in exchange for a homestead! What a prospect for his son! Many a homestead is now bartered away for whiskey, or some other intoxicating beverage, and haggard want is all that remains. But not so in this case. Mr. Lincoln did not countenance immoderate drinking. He used whiskey to some extent, in common with everybody else, but he frowned upon intemperance.

Such a transaction as the above was not thought singular at that day. Good people sold and drank whiskey. There was no temperance movement in Kentucky at that time. Indeed, it was not until about that time that the subject of temperance attracted attention in New England, and then it did not assume the form of total abstinence. The pledge required persons to abstain from immoderate drinking. It was

not till fifteen years thereafter that the pledge of total abstinence was adopted.

At the present day the sale of a place for whiskey would excite surprise and amazement, and subject the character of the recipient of the whiskey to suspicion, at least. People would make remarks about it, and strongly suspect that the man loved whiskey more than real estate. But not so at that time, when the sale and use of it was regarded as right and proper in every part of the country.

It was necessary to hasten preparations for removal, as Colby desired to take possession as soon as he could. Mr. Lincoln must take his goods to Indiana by flat-boat, and return for his family, which would require time as well as despatch. He had no flat-boat, and, therefore, was under the necessity of building one. This would require several days of hard labor. He was competent for such an emergency; for he had constructed and run a flat-boat, on one or two trips, to New Orleans, in the company and employment of Isaac Bush. His trade and experience served him a good purpose now.

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Arrangements were completed for the flat-boat trip. Colby had arrived with the whiskey and made a settlement with Lincoln; and the singular cargo was loaded. The heavy wares, like his carpenter's tools, pots, kettles, stools, puncheon-table, axes, etc., were loaded upon the boat with the whiskey; and the many other things necessary to be done before "pulling up stakes," as Lincoln called it, were attended to.

Mrs. Lincoln, Sarah, and Abraham, who had watched

the progress of the boat-building with peculiar interest, and seen the boat launched and loaded, waited upon the bank as the homely craft was pushed out into deep water and floated down the river.

We cannot stop to detail much that occurred on the voyage. One incident, however, deserves attention.

He had floated down the Rolling Fork into the Ohio River, and proceeded quite a distance on his voyage, experiencing no perils of wind or storm ; and he was congratulating himself upon his success, when he met with an accident. By some mishap, the boat tilted, and the whiskey rolled from its position to the side, causing him to upset. He sprung forward to the other side in order to save his boat, but it was too late. The whiskey was heavy, and, once started from its position, there was no saving it or the boat. In a moment he was tipped into the water, with all his cargo. It was a good place for the whiskey, but not so pleasant for him. However, he clung to the boat, and made the best of it.

"Hold on there!" shouted a man who was at work with three others on the bank of the river. "Hold on, and we'll come to your help." He was not more than three rods from the bank.

"Quick as you can," replied Mr. Lincoln.

"We'll be there in a jiffy," bawled one of them, and all ran for a boat that was tied about twenty rods below.

One of the number leaped into it, and, plying the oar with all his might, he soon reached the craft that was upset, and took Mr. Lincoln on board.

"Bad business for you," said the man.

"Not so bad as it might be," answered Mr. Lincoln. "Rather lucky, I think, to meet with such an accident where help is close by."

"But you've lost your cargo, though we may save some of it if we set about it."

"Won't save much of it, I'm thinking. The water is ten or fifteen feet deep there."

"Hardly that."

"Pretty near it, I'll warrant."

By this time they had reached the bank of the river, and the men were consulting together about righting Lincoln's boat and saving his cargo. Such accidents were not uncommon on the Ohio, and those who lived along the bank had lent a helping hand to many unfortunate adventurers. This was the case with the men who came to Lincoln's rescue. They were not long in laying their plans, nor dilatory in executing them.

In a short time they secured his boat, and succeeded in putting it in good trim. They proceeded, also, to save so much of his cargo as they could. They called other men in the neighborhood, and, with such apparatus as the vicinity afforded, they raked the river, and recovered a part of his carpenters' tools, axes, a spider, and some other articles. By much perseverance and hard labor they succeeded in saving three barrels of the whiskey. All these articles were reloaded upon Lincoln's boat, and, with many thanks to the kind-hearted men for their assistance, he proceeded on his way.

Before starting again, however, he consulted the men who aided him with regard to the future of his

way; and he decided, in view of the information derived from them, to land at Thompson's Ferry, and there secure a team to convey his goods into the interior. He had previously settled in his mind, as we have said, what part of Indiana he should make his home.

Accordingly he took his boat and goods to Thompson's Ferry, and there he found a man by the name of Posey, whom he hired to take him eighteen miles, into what is now Spencer County. This Posey owned a yoke of oxen, and was quite well acquainted with that section of country.

"No road into that county," said he. "We shall have to pick our way, and use the ax some at that."

"I am sorry for that," answered Lincoln. "Are there no settlers in that region?"

"Yes; here and there one, and they'll be right glad to see you. We can put it through, if you say so."

"Put it through, then, I say," replied Lincoln.

The man agreed to carry his goods to his place of destination, and take his boat for pay. Lincoln would have no further use for his boat, so that it was a good bargain for him, and equally good for Posey, who wanted a boat.

Accordingly, the team was loaded with his effects, and they were soon on their way. But, within a few miles, they were obliged to use the ax to make a road.

"Just as I expected," said Posey. "I have been through the mill."

"How far do you expect we shall have to cut through places like this?" inquired Lincoln.

"Far enough, I have no doubt; this is a real wilderness."

"Then, we must go at it, if we'd see the end soon."

"Yes; and hard work, too, it will be." And, without wasting time or breath on words, they proceeded to cut a road before them.

"I've cut through miles of just such a wilderness as this," said Posey; "and I shouldn't be surprised if we had to cut a road half the way."

"I hope not," answered Lincoln. "If I thought so, I should almost wish myself back in Kentucky."

"Should, hey?"

"Yes; it would be an everlasting job to cut through to where I am going."

"Well, I don't suppose it will be as tough as this much of the way, but bad enough, no doubt."

So with the resolution of veteran pioneers they toiled on, sometimes being able to pick their way for a long distance without chopping, and then coming to a stand-still in consequence of dense forests. Suffice to say, that they were obliged to cut a road so much of the way that several days were employed in going eighteen miles. It was a difficult, wearisome, trying journey, and Mr. Lincoln often said that he never passed through a harder experience than he did in going from Thompson's Ferry to Spencer County, Indiana.

Some two or three miles south of their place of destination they passed the cabin of a hospitable settler, who gave them a hearty welcome, and such refreshments as his humble abode contained. He was well acquainted with all that region, too, and suggested to

Mr. Lincoln the spot upon which he decided to erect his cabin, and also volunteered to accompany them thither.

The settlers at that day delighted to see others coming to their vicinity to dwell, thus increasing their neighbors, and removing somewhat the loneliness of pioneer life. They were ever ready to lend a helping-hand to new-comers, and to share with them the scanty blessings that Providence allowed them.

Mr. Lincoln was glad to reach the end of his journey; and he found the spot suggested by his new friend in the cabin, whose name was Wood, a very inviting one.

"Better than I expected," said Lincoln. "I wouldn't ask for a better place than this."

"I've had my eye on it some time," replied Wood.

"Chance for more settlers, though," continued Lincoln. "One cabin in eighteen miles ain't very thick."

"That's so," added Posey. "There's elbow-room for a few more families, and it won't be long before they'll be here."

"But you've neighbors nearer than that," said Wood. "There's one family not more than two miles east of here."

"Then I shall have two neighbors," said Lincoln.

"And there are two other families within six or eight miles,—one of them is north, and the other west," continued Wood. "The fact is, people are flockin' into this free State fast."

We must not dwell. Posey returned with his team to Thompson's Ferry, and Mr. Lincoln, having deposited his goods, and secured Mr. Wood's promise to

look after them, directed his steps on foot back to his family. It was about one hundred miles from his old home in Kentucky to his new one in Indiana. This was the distance, in a direct line. It was twenty-five miles further, the way Mr. Lincoln came. It was a part of his plan to return on foot. A direct line, about southeast, would bring him to Hardin County, — a three days' journey.

His family gave him a cordial welcome, and Abraham was somewhat taken with the story of his father's adventure, particularly the part relating to his plunge into the Ohio River.

Hasty preparations were made to remove the family, and such things as he did not take with him on the boat. He took no bedding or apparel with him on the boat. These were left to go with the family, on horseback. Two horses were provided, and on these were packed the aforesaid articles, — Mrs. Lincoln, her daughter, and Abraham sometimes riding and sometimes walking.

They were seven days in performing the journey, camping out nights, with no other shelter than the starry skies over them, and no other bed than blankets spread upon the ground.

It was a novel experience even to them, nor was it without its perils. Yet they had no fears. In that country, at that day, neither men nor women allowed themselves to cower in the presence of dangers.

Females were not the timid class that they are now. They were distinguished for heroism that was truly wonderful. Inured as they were to hardships and perils, they learned to look dangers steadily in the

face, and to consider great privations as incidental to pioneer life. Experiences that would now destroy the happiness of most of the sex then served to develop the courage and other intrepid virtues that qualified them for the mission God designed they should fulfil.

Many facts are found in history illustrating the heroism of Western females in the early settlement of that part of our country. Soon after Abraham's grandfather removed to Kentucky, an Indian entered the cabin of a Mr. Daviess, armed with gun and tomahawk, for the purpose of plundering it, and capturing the family. Mrs. Daviess was alone with her children. With remarkable presence of mind she invited the Indian to drink, at the same time setting a bottle of whiskey on the table. The Indian set down his gun to pour out a dram, and at once Mrs. Daviess seized it, and, aiming it at his head, threatened to blow his brains out if he did not surrender. The Indian dropped the bottle, sat down upon a stool, and promised to do no harm if she would not fire. In that position she kept him until her husband arrived.

In another instance, about the same time, the house of a Mr. Merrill was attacked in the night by several Indians, and Mr. Merrill was seriously wounded as he went to the door. The savages attempted to enter the house, when Mrs. Merrill and her daughter shut the door against them, and held it. Then the Indians hewed away a part of the door, so that one of them could get in at a time. But Mrs. Merrill, though her husband lay groaning and weltering in his blood, and her children were screaming with fright, seized an ax, when the first one had got partly into the room, and

dealt upon him a mortal blow. Then she drew his body in and waited for the approach of another. The Indians, supposing that their comrade had forced an entrance, were exultant, and proceeded to follow him. Nor did they discover their mistake until she had despatched four of them in this way. Then two of them attempted to descend the chimney, whereupon she ordered her children to empty the contents of a bed upon the fire; and the fire and smoke soon brought down two Indians, half suffocated, into the room. Mr. Merrill, by a desperate exertion, rose up, and speedily finished these two with a billet of wood. At the same time his wife dealt so heavy a blow upon the only remaining Indian at the door, that he was glad to retire.

Volumes might be filled with stories that show the heroism of Western women at that day. We have cited these two examples simply to exhibit their fortitude. Mrs. Lincoln was a resolute, fearless woman, like her pioneer sisters, and hence was cool and self-possessed amidst all exposures and dangers.

We said they were seven days on the journey. Two miles from their destination they came to the cabin of their nearest neighbor, Mr. Neale, who treated them with great kindness, and promised to assist them on the following day in putting up a dwelling. It was a pleasant proffer of assistance, and it served to make them happier as they lay down in their blankets on the first night of their residence in Spencer County, Indiana.

We have been thus particular, in this part of the narrative, because this experience had much to do with the development of that courage, energy, decision, and perseverance for which Abraham was thereafter distinguished.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW HOME MADE.

IT was in the new home in Indiana that Abraham began to be a genuine pioneer boy. The ax was the symbol of pioneer life; and here he began to swing one in dead earnest. From the time he was eight years old until he had past his majority, he was accustomed to the almost daily use of the ax. His physical strength developed with wonderful rapidity, so that he became one of the most efficient wood-choppers in that region. After he became President, and the "War of the Rebellion" was on his hands, he visited the hospitals at City Point, where three thousand sick and wounded soldiers were sheltered. He insisted upon shaking hands with every one of them; and, after performing the feat, and friends were expressing their fears that his arm would be lamed by so much hand-shaking, he remarked, — "The hardships of my early life gave me strong muscles." And, stepping out of the open door, he took up a very large, heavy ax which lay there by a log of wood, and chopped vigorously for a few moments, sending the chips flying in all directions; and, then pausing, he extended his right arm to its full length, holding the ax out horizon-

The Pioneer Boy.

tally, without its even quivering as he held it. Strong men who looked on — men accustomed to manual labor — could not hold the same ax in that position for a moment. When the President left, a hospital steward gathered up the chips, and laid them aside carefully, "because they were the chips that Father Abraham chopped."

It was necessary for the Lincoln family to erect a habitation as soon as possible, and "a half-faced camp" could be more easily and quickly built than a cabin, because it could be constructed of "poles" instead of logs. For this reason, Mr. Lincoln decided to erect the "camp" for a temporary abode, and the next year build a substantial log-cabin. He could cut the logs and prepare slabs during the winter, so that the labor of erecting a cabin would not be great after the planting of the next spring was done.

A "half-faced camp" was "a cabin enclosed on three sides and open on the fourth," a very poor habitation for the cold winters of Indiana. But pioneers accepted almost any device for a shelter, and made the best of cold, hunger, and hardship.

Abraham began pioneer life by assisting his father in erecting the "camp." Cutting "poles" was an easy method of initiating him into the hard work of chopping wood. It was not, however, until the following summer when the more substantial cabin was erected, that Abraham engaged in the enterprise with all his heart. A severe winter and unusual exposure caused him to appreciate a better habitation.

After "clearing some land, and planting corn and vegetables," in the spring of 1817, and the summer

work was well under way, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to erect his log-cabin. His nearest neighbor rendered him essential aid, and Abraham proved himself very efficient for a boy of eight years. One who often found shelter under the hospitable roof of this cabin has furnished the following description of it: —

"It was sixteen by eighteen feet in size, without a floor, the unhewn logs put together at the corners by the usual method of notching them, and the cracks between them stopped with clay. It had a shed-roof, covered with slabs or clapboards split from logs. It contained but one room, with a loft, slabs being laid on the logs overhead, so as to make a chamber, to which access was had by pins driven into the logs in one corner. It had one door and one window. The latter, however, was so ingeniously constructed, that it deserves particular attention. Mr. Lincoln made a sash of the size of four six-by-eight squares of glass; and, in place of glass, which could not be obtained in that region, he took the skin that covers the fat portion of a hog, called the leaves, and drew it over the sash tight. This furnished a very good substitute for glass; and the contrivance reflected much credit upon the inventive genius of the builder."

The cabin was furnished by Mr. Lincoln and Abraham, and we will give some account of the way of doing it.

"Bring me the auger, Abe," said his father, "and that measure, too; we must have a bedstead now."

"I can bore the holes," answered Abraham, at the same time bringing the auger and measure.

"No, you can't. It's tough work to bore two-inch

holes into such logs as these. But you can go and find me a stick for a post, and two others to lay on it."

"That all?"

"Yes, that's all. I'll just make it in that corner, and then I shall have but two holes to bore, and one post to set up. It's not more than an hour's work."

By making the bedstead in the corner, the work was but small. He measured off eight feet on one side, and bored one hole, then four and a half feet on the end, and bored another hole. Then, setting up the post in its place, two sticks from each auger hole would meet on the post, thus making the framework of the bed. This was soon done.

"Now for the bed-cord, Abe," said his father, jocosely. "We must have something to lay the bed on."

"I thought you laid on slabs," answered Abraham, not exactly comprehending the drift of his father's remark.

"We haven't any other bed-cord, so pass me some of those yonder." The slabs used to lay over the bed-frame were like those on the roof.

"How many shall I bring?" and he began to pass the slabs.

"About six, I think, will do it."

They were soon brought, and the bed was complete.

"Now, a sackful of straw on that will make a fine bed." Dry leaves, hay and husks were sometimes used for this purpose. Few had feathers in that region.

"You must keep on with your cabinet-making," said Mrs. Lincoln. "We need a table as much as a bed."

"Of course. That comes next," replied her husband "The legs for it are all ready."

"Where are they?" inquired Abraham.

"Out there," pointing to a small pile of limbs, sticks, and slabs. Abraham went after them, while his father sawed off a puncheon of the required length for the table. A puncheon was made by splitting a log eighteen inches, more or less, in diameter, the flat side laid uppermost. Puncheons were used in this way to make tables, stools, and floors.

By the time Abraham had brought the sticks for the legs of the table, his father had the table part all ready, and was proceeding to bore the holes for the legs.

"Now you may bring some more of those sticks in the pile, — the shortest of them I shall want next."

"What for?"

"Oh, we must have some chairs now; we've sat on the ground long enough. I want the sticks for legs."

"Enough for one stool each now will do. We'll make some extra ones when we get over our hurry. Four times three are twelve; I shall want twelve."

"Must they be just alike?"

"No; you can't find two alike, hardly. If they are too long, I can saw them the right length."

All this time the work of making the table went on. As Abraham had so large a number of stool-legs to select and bring from the pile, the table was nearly completed when his part of the work was done.

"A scrumptious table, I'm thinking," said Mr. Lincoln, as he surveyed it when it was fairly on its legs. "Pioneer cabinet-work ain't handsome, but it's durable."

"And useful, too," said his wife. "Two of them wouldn't come amiss."

"No; and when I get time we'll have another. Perhaps Abe can make you one some time. Can't you make a table, Abe?"

"I can try it."

"Well, you ought to succeed, now you have seen me do it. You can try your hand at it some day. But now for the stools."

A good slab was selected, of which four stools could be made; and before night the house was furnished at small expense. A bed, table, and stools constituted the furniture of this pioneer home, in which Abraham spent twelve years of his eventful life.

Abraham occupied the loft above, ascending to his lodgings by the ladder. It was his parlor-chamber, where he slept soundly at night on the loose floor, with no other bedding than blankets. Here, year after year, he reposed nightly with as much content and bliss as we usually find in the mansions of the rich. He had never known better fare than this; and perhaps, at that age, he did not expect a larger share of worldly goods.

By this time the loss of the family by the accident on the Ohio River was nearly made good, except one or two iron kettles, and a little very poor crockery. The puncheon table and stools were replaced by better ones. Through the winter and spring, the family had got along as they could, anticipating an improved condition in the autumn.

The pioneer families of that day needed the means of converting their corn into meal. Meal was a staple article of food, without which they could scarcely survive, but there were few grist mills in all the region

for many miles around. The nearest was Thompson's Ferry, where Lincoln landed on his way to Indiana. They were hand-mills, and could grind but little faster than corn could be pounded into meal with mortar and pestle.

"I'll have a mill of my own," remarked Mr. Lincoln.

"How?" inquired Abraham.

"You'll see when it is done. This going eighteen miles to mill don't pay: we must have one right here."

"And it won't take you longer to make one than it would to go to the ferry once and back," said Mrs. Lincoln.

"It's an all-day job to go there, and a pretty long day at that." She knew what kind of a mill he referred to, for she had seen them.

"We'll have one before to-morrow night," added Mr. Lincoln, with a shrug of the shoulder.

"How will you make it?" inquired Abraham, who was growing interested.

"You'll see when it's done: I shall need some of your help, and if you do first rate, you may try the rifle some day." The boy had been promised before that he should learn to shoot.

"I like that," said the lad.

"And so shall I, if you make a marksman. You can be a great help to us by killing game to cook. When you get so that you can pop over a turkey or a deer, I sha'n't need to hunt any."

"Will you let me do it?"

"Yes, and be glad to have you. The woods are full of game, and you shall have a chance to make a good shot."

Abraham was delighted with the prospect of making a gunner, and he went to his hard bed that night with glowing thoughts of the future. The morrow's sun found him up and ready to assist his father in making a grist-mill.

"The first thing is a log," said his father; and he proceeded to look for a tree of suitable dimensions; nor was he long in finding one.

"When I get it ready, I shall want you to make a fire on't, Abe," he continued.

"What! burn it up?" screamed the boy, not understanding what his father meant.

"Ha! not quite so bad as that. It wouldn't be worth much for a mill if 'twas burnt up."

"Didn't you say make a fire on it!"

"Yes, on the top of it; we must burn a hole in it a foot deep, to put corn in; so get your fire ready."

It was not long before the tree was prostrate, and a portion of the trunk cut off about four feet long. Setting it upon one end, Mr. Lincoln continued, "Here, Abe, that's what I mean by making a fire on't. You must make a fire right on the top of it, and burn a hole in it well nigh a foot deep. I'll help you."

The fire was soon kindled, and Abraham's curiosity was at the highest pitch. What was coming next was more than he could tell,— and no wonder.

"Now, bring some water; we must keep it wet."

"And put out the fire?" said Abraham, inquiringly.

"No, no; we must keep the outside of it wet, so that the whole of it won't burn. We don't want to burn the outside — only a hole in the centre."

Abraham saw through it now, and he hastened to get the water. The fire was kept burning while Mr. Lincoln looked up a spring-pole, to one end of which he attached a pestle.

"What is that for?" asked Abraham.

"You'll see when I get it into working order," replied his father. "Keep the fire a-going till it's burnt deep enough."

"It'll never burn as deep as you say."

"Yes, it will, only keep doing. That's the way pioneers have to make grist mills."

"It'll take more than one day to burn it anyhow, at this rate."

"No, it won't. It will burn faster when it gets a little deeper. We'll have it done before night. You must have patience and keep at it."

And they continued at the work. Mr. Lincoln prepared the spring-pole somewhat like an old-fashioned well-sweep; and it was ready for use before the hole was burned deep enough in the log. Then, with his additional help, the log was ready before night, and the coal was thoroughly cleaned out of the hole, and the pestle on the pole adapted thereto.

This was all the mill that he proposed to have. It was the kind used by many settlers at that day. It was a mortar and pestle on a large scale, and, on the whole, was much better than to go twenty miles to a real mill that could grind but little faster. About two quarts of corn could be put into the hole in the log at once, and a few strokes from the pestle on the spring-pole would reduce it to meal. In this way the family could be provided with meal at short notice.

The apparatus, too, corresponded very well with all the surroundings. For a Dutch oven and spider constituted the culinary furniture of the cabin. All their other articles of iron-ware were at the bottom of the Ohio River. The spider was used for griddle, stew-pan, gridiron, kettle, and sundry other things, in addition to its legitimate purpose; proving that man's real wants are few in number. It is very convenient to be provided with all the modern improvements in this line; but the experience of the Lincoln family shows that happiness and life can be promoted without them.

This mill served the family an excellent purpose for several years. It was so simple that it needed no repairs, and it was not dependent either on rain or sunshine for the power to go. Any of the family could go to mill here. Abraham could carry a grist on his arm and back, and play the part of miller at the same time.

The Lincoln family was not fairly settled in Indiana until they moved into their new log-cabin in the autumn of 1817. By that time, Abraham had become a thorough pioneer boy. He had made considerable improvement, too, in "reading and writing." The impulse that Hazel gave him in Kentucky was not lost in Indiana. The three books of the family library continued to supply his intellectual wants.

During the long winter evenings of that first winter in Indiana, he read by the light of the fire; for they could not afford the luxury of any other light in their cabin. This was true, very generally, of the pioneer families: they had no more than was absolutely neces-

sary to supply their wants. They could exist without lamp-oil or candles, and so most of them did without either. They could afford the largest fire possible, since wood was so plenty that they studied to get rid of it. Hence the light of the fire was almost equal to a good chandelier. Large logs and branches of wood were piled together in the fireplace, and its mammoth blaze lighted up every nook and corner of the dwelling. Hence lamps were scarcely needed.

He practised penmanship with a charred stick on the bark of trees and on slabs. In the winter, he wrote his name in the snow with a stick; and, in the summer, he wrote it on the ground in the garden. In this way he increased his ability to write, along with his ability to read. Still, we can scarcely conceive of a more unpromising situation for a bright boy.

The exact location of Mr. Lincoln's cabin was between the forks of Big Pigeon and Little Pigeon Creeks, one mile and a half from what is now the village of Gentryville. His cabin was surrounded with a dense forest of oaks, walnuts, sugar-maples, and other varieties of trees found in the woods of North America. The trees were of the largest growth, affording a refuge and shelter for birds and beasts, which abounded here. Deer and wild turkeys furnished abundant food for the settlers, whose experience with the rifle was their assurance of enough to eat. Lincoln was expert with the rifle, and in the forests of Indiana game met him on every hand. There was a small open space, or prairie, within a short distance from his cabin, where the deer resorted; and here he made many a good shot to supply his larder with venison.

The situation of his cabin was all that Mr. Lincoln could desire. There was one drawback, however,—there was no spring of water within a mile. One of the most fatiguing "chores" that Abraham and his sister did, in those days of hardship, was to bring water from the spring, one mile away. This need was subsequently supplied in some way. Dennis Hanks says that Mr. Lincoln "riddled his land like a honeycomb" in search of water; and, perhaps, he found it through this "riddling" process. There is a story that he employed a Yankee with a divining-rod, who directed him to excellent water for five dollars; but it is only a story.

How he obtained possession of this farm is explained by Dennis Hanks, who says, "He settled on a piece of government land,—eighty acres. The land he afterwards bought under the Two-Dollar Act; was to pay for it in instalments; one-half he paid, the other half he never paid, and finally lost the whole of the land."

We have said that Mr. Lincoln settled in Spencer County. The location of his cabin was in Perry County; but, within a few years, through increasing immigration and rapid changes and improvements, he found himself in Spencer County, with the court-house at Rockport and the village of Gentryville springing up about a mile and a half distant. Nine years after he settled in Indiana, a post-office was established at Gentryville.

David Turnham, who was a boy with Abraham in Spencer County, furnishes an interesting account of that country when he first removed thither, as follows:

"When my father came here in the spring of 1819,

he settled in Spencer County, within one mile of Thomas Lincoln, then a widower. The chance for schooling was poor; but, such as it was, Abraham and myself attended the same schools.

"We first had to go seven miles to mill; and then it was a hand-mill that would grind from ten to fifteen bushels of corn in a day. There was but little wheat grown at that time; and, when we did have wheat, we had to grind it on the mill described, and use it without bolting, as there were no bolts in the country. In the course of two or three years, a man by the name of Huffman built a mill on Anderson River, about twelve miles distant. Abe and I had to do the milling on horseback, frequently going twice to get one grist. Then they began building horse-mills of a little better quality than the hand-mills.

"The country was very rough, especially in the low-lands, so thick with bush that a man could scarcely get through on foot. These places were called Roughs. The country abounded in game, such as bears, deer, turkeys, and the smaller game.

"At that time there were a great many deer-licks; and Abe and myself would go to these licks sometimes, and watch of nights to kill deer, though Abe was not so fond of a gun as I was. There were ten or twelve of these licks in a small prairie on the creek, lying between Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Wood's.

"The people in the first settling of this country were very sociable, kind, and accommodating; but there was more drunkenness and stealing on a small scale, more immorality, less religion, less well-placed confidence."

Mr. Turnham's allusion to the prevalence of drunkenness, at that day, renders it necessary to state that the prevalence of this evil was the source of much anxiety to Mrs. Lincoln. The danger to her boy was imminent; and many a word of warning and counsel dropped from her lips into his young ears. When Abraham began his public career, and he fearlessly and firmly avowed his total abstinence principles, he said that he owed much to one counsel of his mother; viz., "Men become drunkards because they begin to drink; if you never begin to drink, you will never become a drunkard."

The sagacity and wisdom of the mother in this striking remark will not appear to the reader until it is remembered that, at that day, there was not a total abstinence society or pledge in the world. Mrs. Lincoln had never heard of a temperance movement; for, indeed, there had been none, except on the smallest scale, in a few localities. Yet, she proposed the only safeguard to her boy, — one that proved of inestimable value to him, as he publicly and privately acknowledged many years thereafter.

We have given in detail the time, place, and circumstances of Abraham's discipline in early life, that the reader may appreciate the force of character which lifted the incubus of poverty and obscurity, and made him famous in the world.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER GAME.

IT was in the spring of 1817, when Thomas Lincoln was preparing to put his first seed into the soil of Indiana, that Abraham made his first shot at game. His parents were discussing the old subject — their loss on the Ohio River; when Mrs. Lincoln remarked, —

"I'm thoroughly convinced that our loss was all for the best. I think I can see it."

"Glad if you can," replied Mr. Lincoln, "you're pretty good for seeing what nobody else can;" and he uttered this sentence rather thoughtlessly, as his mind was really absorbed in another subject.

"I don't know about that; but what in the world would you have done with all the whiskey, if we had not lost any of it in the river? Never could sell it all here, — and what a job it would have been to get it here from the Ferry!"

"Well, if I didn't sell it, we should be about as well off as we are now."

"Except the cost of getting the barrels here."

"That wouldn't be much."

"Then there's the danger of the evil it might do. It's dangerous stuff any way, as the case of many men shows."

"I know that; but I don't fear for myself."

"Neither do I fear for you; but I was thinking of Abe. You know how it is with boys in these times, and how much misery whiskey makes in a great many families. And I can't help thinking that it is all for the best that most of it is in the river."

"I can't say but what it is; I hope it is. It makes mischief enough, if that's all; and if I dreamed it would make any in my family, I should wish that all of it was at the bottom of the river."

"You may as well be glad now; for we have less to fear; and perhaps the Lord thought it was best to put so much of it where it could injure no one."

"So be it, then; but I must go to my work. This weather is too fine to be lost in doing nothing. The stuff is all sold now, so that there is no fear on that score." He sold a barrel to Posey, the teamster, who hauled his goods from the Ferry, and the remainder he disposed of in the course of the winter.

Mr. Lincoln arose and went out to his work, and within ten minutes afterwards Abraham came rushing into the cabin in a state of great excitement.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "there's a flock of turkeys right out here that I can shoot. See there," and he directed her to look through a crack in the cabin where the clay had fallen off. "Let me shoot, mother."

"Sure enough, Abe, there is a flock," responded his mother, as she caught sight of the turkeys; "a fine shot it is," and she hastened for the rifle that was always kept loaded.

"Be quick, mother, I'll fire right through the hole," continued Abe, under increasing excitement.

His mother was not long in bringing the rifle, and adjusting it through the loop-hole between the logs, when, with a few quick words of caution, she allowed him to fire.

"Bang!" went the rifle, and resounded through the forest with unusual volume, as Abraham thought in his intense earnestness. Both mother and son ran out to discover the result of the shot, and by the time they reached the spot, the smoke had cleared away, and there lay one of the flock dead.

"Killed one," shouted Abraham, as he lifted an extra large turkey from the ground.

"So you have," answered his mother, under almost as much excitement as her son.

"A monster!" continued the lad, surveying the lusty fellow with boyish pride. "Did you ever see such a big one?"

"It is a very large one," replied his mother; "that was a good shot, Abe."

By this time Mr. Lincoln had reached the spot. Hearing the report of the gun, he left his work, and hurried back to learn the cause.

"What's the firing for?" he asked hurriedly.

"I've killed a turkey," answered Abraham, exhibiting in triumph the dead bird.

"Did you do that, Abe?"

"Nobody else did it," was the boy's rather characteristic reply.

"A capital shot, Abe; you'll make a good one with the rifle if you keep on," his father added, intending to praise the boy. The fact was it was not a capital shot at all: he accidentally killed the turkey. He did not

understand the use of a gun well enough to make a "capital shot." The turkey happened to sit in the way of the bullet, and was killed in consequence — that was all there was of it.

We have already said that pioneer families were dependent upon game for food. On this account fathers and sons became good marksmen, and even females were often expert with the rifle. Mrs. Lincoln could load and fire off a gun if necessary. In common with her sex, she was accustomed to such things, and adapted herself to circumstances.

Marvellous stories are told about the skill of the pioneers in the use of the rifle, and good authority substantiates their truthfulness. One writer says: "Several individuals who conceive themselves adepts in the management of the rifle, are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill; and they put up a target, in the centre of which a common-sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds its length. The marksmen make choice of what they consider a proper distance, and which may be forty paces. Each man clears the interior of his tube, places a ball in the palm of his hand, and pours as much powder from his horn as will cover it. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance short of a hundred yards. A shot that comes very close to the nail is considered that of an indifferent marksman: the bending of the nail is of course somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. One out of three shots generally hits the nail; and should the shooters amount to half a dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot."

The same writer continues: "The snuffing of a candle with a ball I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River, not far from a large pigeon-roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I had heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went forward toward the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen tall, stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night, at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf by torchlight. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, but which, in reality, was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle, should it chance to go out, or to replace it, should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh, while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, while all the other shots either put out the candle or cut it immediately under the light."

Such was the skill of riflemen at that day. Hence it was of considerable importance that boys should learn how to fire accurately. Not as a pastime

was it valued, but as a means of gaining subsistence. In addition to procuring game for the table, furs were in great demand, and there were many animals valuable on this account. It was necessary, therefore, that Abraham should learn the art.

The summer of 1817 passed away, and early in the autumn the loneliness of their wilderness-life was somewhat relieved by the coming of old friends. Thomas and Betsy Sparrow, who reared Nancy Hanks (Mrs. Lincoln), came to settle by their side. Mr. Lincoln had just removed into his *new* cabin, so the Sparrows at once began housekeeping in the half-face camp. Dennis Hanks, also, had a home with the Sparrows, and Betsy was his aunt; so Dennis removed to Indiana with them.

It was a happy day for the Lincolns when the Sparrows became their neighbors. "Sparrows on the house-top," had often regaled them with song, but the human Sparrows from Kentucky were to them more than song — they were society. To Abraham especially was their coming a real godsend; for now he had an intimate and constant companion in his jolly cousin, Dennis Hanks. Such an acquisition to a boy in the woods was more of a boon than language can describe.

CHAPTER VI.

DARKER DAYS.

ABRAHAM continued to peruse the three books of the family library, — the Bible, Catechism, and Spelling-Book. There was no prospect that another book of any sort would be added to the number. The thirst for knowledge begotten in his soul already was forced to find its aliment in this narrow compass. The result was, that he knew the Spelling-Book and Catechism by heart; and he could repeat much of the Bible. His mind was hungry for knowledge; but could not find enough to eat. It was daily put upon "short allowance."

In these circumstances he longed for other books. He began to tire of the Bible. "I don't want to read the Bible all the time," he often remarked; "I wish I could have some other book to read." He did not know what other books were in existence. His parents were not wiser than he in that respect. But his mind was ravenous, and would have accepted almost any sort of a literary dish, good, bad, or indifferent. It pleaded for books.

While he was in this famishing intellectual state, a fearful disease broke out among the settlers, called

"the milk disease." Cows that gave the milk, and the people who drank it, became sick, suffered, and died. The first case was fifteen or twenty miles away, but near enough to create alarm in the Lincoln cabin. It was not long, however, before the dreaded visitor came to their door. Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow were stricken down by the disease nearly at the same time. It was in the summer of 1818. Consternation now turned the attention of Abraham from books to the perils of the hour. His longing for other books was exchanged for fear of sudden death.

The Sparrows were very sick, and no doctor within thirty or forty miles. Mr. Lincoln and his wife, together with other settlers, rendered all the assistance in their power to the ill-fated couple. Week after week their sufferings were prolonged, sometimes worse, sometimes better, hope rising or waning accordingly.

"We must remove them into our cabin," said Mrs. Lincoln to her husband; "they must have better quarters and care." Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow were as father and mother to Mrs. Lincoln, and her love for them was like that of a daughter.

"Perhaps it will be best; they can't live long anywhere in my opinion," Mr. Lincoln replied.

"I can look after them much better here," continued Mrs. Lincoln; "and whether they live or die, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we did everything in our power for them."

The sick couple were removed into the Lincoln cabin in September, and no one was more rejoiced over the event than Dennis Hanks, to whom, also, the Sparrows were as father and mother. Dennis emphasized

his joy over the removal by saying he was glad "to get out of the *mean little half-face camp.*"

The removal brought no relief to the sinking patients. In a few days both of them died, spreading gloom over the neighborhood, and creating the saddest experience Abraham and Dennis ever knew.

A spot was selected for the burial-place of the dead, about one half mile from the cabin, on a beautiful knoll that nestled under the shadow of mammoth trees. Mr. Lincoln was the only settler in the vicinity capable of making a coffin ; and he set about the sorrowful work, making them out of "green lumber, cut with a whip-saw." They were rough and heavy, like everything else connected with pioneer life ; but answered their purpose well. Without funeral ceremonies, the neighbors gathered from far and near, and tearfully committed their deceased friends to the dust.

A few days only elapsed after the burial, before Mrs. Lincoln was attacked, much more violently than the Sparrows, with the same dreaded disease. It was about three o'clock in the morning. Abraham was awakened out of a sound sleep, and hurried away for the nearest neighbor, Mrs. Woods, and, at the same time, Dennis, who became a permanent member of Lincoln's family after the death of the Sparrows, and was Abraham's bed-fellow in the loft, made his appearance, to render any assistance within his power. In the absence of physicians, a strong bond of sympathy united pioneer families, and the feminine members were always ready to tender their best nursing abilities to the sick. Nor were they altogether unsuccessful in their treatment. Some of them exhibited

much skill in managing diseases, having been thrown upon their own resources for a long period, reflecting and studying for themselves. As physicians could not be had, they were compelled to do the best thing possible for themselves.

Mrs. Woods was not long in coming to her relief, and before the close of that day several other neighbors, who were notified of Mrs. Lincoln's sickness, came to proffer assistance. The tidings of her sudden attack spread so rapidly, that, within two or three days, all the pioneer families in the vicinity heard of it, and their proffers of assistance were prompt and tender. But the patient steadily grew worse, and soon became satisfied that her sickness would prove fatal. Some persons attacked with that singular disease lingered for weeks, as the Sparrows did; but Mrs. Lincoln's sickness was violent and brief. On the fifth day of October, she expired, leaving the Lincoln cabin more desolate than ever. Coming so speedily after the Sparrows passed away, death had additional terrors to the living. Dennis Hanks remembers the woe-begone appearance of Abraham from the time his mother's life was despaired of until weeks after she was laid in her grave. He was nine years old, thoughtful and sensible, not much inclined to talk about the event, but ever looking as if a pall were drawn over his heart. The reader can imagine, perhaps, what no language can convey, the loss of a good mother to a bright, obedient, and trusting boy, hid away in the woods, where a mother's presence and love must be doubly precious. The bitter experience was well suited to make the loneliness of pioneer life vastly more lonely, and its real hardships vastly harder.

Preparations were made for the burial. With his own hands, Thomas Lincoln constructed a rough coffin for his wife, and she was laid beside the Sparrows on the knoll. One party thinks that one neighbor read the Scriptures and another offered prayer; but it is probable that she was buried, as her foster-parents were, without any ceremonies — silently deposited in the ground with no special tribute, save honest tears.

Here, better than elsewhere, we can describe an event that is worthy of record. It occurred several months after the death of Mrs. Lincoln.

"You must write a letter for me, Abe, to Parson Elkins," said his father, one evening. "You can write well enough now to do that." Abraham had passed his tenth birthday.

"If you can tell me what to write, I can do it," answered the boy.

"That I will do. It will be your first letter, you know, and you must remember that your father never wrote one — never knew enough to write one."

"What do you want I should write about?" inquired Abraham.

"Write about the death of your mother. He knows nothing about it yet; and I want to ask him to visit us, and preach a funeral sermon."

"When do you want he should come?"

"When he can, I s'pose. He'll take his own time for it, though I hope he'll come soon."

"He may be dead," suggested Abraham.

"What makes you think so?"

"He's as likely to die as mother, ain't he? and he

MOTHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

may be dead when we don't know it, the same as she's dead when he don't know it."

"Well, there's something in that," answered his father; "but we'll see how you can make out writing a letter."

Pen and paper were provided, and Mr. Lincoln proceeded to dictate the letter. He directed him to write about the death of Mrs. Lincoln, when it occurred, and under what circumstances, and to invite him to visit them, and preach a funeral sermon. He also gave a description of their new home, and their journey thither, and wrote of their future prospects.

"Now read it over," said Mr. Lincoln.

"The whole of it?"

"Of course; I want to hear it all. I may think of something else by that time."

Abraham commenced to read it, while his father sat the very picture of satisfaction. There was genuine happiness to him in having his son prepared to write a letter. Never before had there been a member of his family who could perform this feat. It was a memorable event to him.

"See how much it is worth to be able to write," said he, as Abraham finished reading the letter. "It's worth ten times as much as it cost to be able to write only that one letter."

"It ain't much work to learn to write," said Abraham; "I'd work as hard again for it before I'd give it up."

"You'd have to give it up, if you were knocked about as I was when a boy."

"I know that."

"You don't know it as I do; and I hope you never will. But it's worth more than the best farm to know how to write a letter as well as that."

"I shall write one better than that yet," said Abraham. "But how long will it take for the letter to go to Parson Elkins?"

"That's more than I can tell; but it will go there some time, and I hope it will bring him here."

"He won't want to come so far as this," suggested Abraham.

"It ain't so far for him as it was for us."

"Why ain't it?"

"Because he lives nearer the line of Indiana than we did. It ain't more than seventy-five miles for him to come, and he often rides as far as that."

The letter went on its errand, and Abraham was impatient to learn the result. On the whole, it was rather an important event in his young life, — the writing of that first letter. Was it strange that he should query whether it would reach the good minister to whom it was sent? Would it be strange if the writing of it proved one of the happy influences that started him off upon a career of usefulness and fame? We shall see.

Mr. Lincoln had much to say to his neighbors about the letter that his son had written, and they had much to say to him. It was considered remarkable for a boy of his age to do such a thing. Not one quarter of the adults in all that region could write; and this fact rendered the ability of the boy in this regard all the more marvellous. It was noised abroad, and the result was, that Abraham had frequent applications from the

neighbors to write letters for them. Nor was he indisposed to gratify their wishes. One of his traits of character was a generous disposition to assist others, and it prompted him to yield to their wishes in writing letters for them. Nor was it burdensome to him, but the opposite. He delighted to do it. And thus, as a consequence of his acquiring the art of penmanship, far-distant and long-absent friends of the pioneer families heard from their loved ones.

The letter brought the parson. After the lapse of about three months he came. The letter reached him in Kentucky, after considerable delay, and he embraced the first opportunity to visit his old friends. Abraham had almost concluded that his letter was lost, as the favorite minister did not come. But one day, when the lad was about two miles from home, who should he see coming but Parson Elkins, on his old bay horse! He recognized him at once, and was delighted to see him.

"Why, Abe, is that you?" exclaimed the parson. "Am I so near your home?"

"Yes, sir; did you get my letter?" Abraham thought of the memorable letter the first thing. He had good evidence before him that the letter reached its destination, but he would know certainly.

"Your letter!" exclaimed Parson Elkins, inquiringly. "I got your father's letter." Abraham did not stop to think that the letter went in his father's name.

"I wrote it," he said.

"*You* wrote it! Is that so?"

"Yes, sir; father can't write, you know."

"O, yes; I do remember now that he couldn't write;

and so you did it? Not many boys that can write like that."

"It was the first letter I ever wrote."

"Better still is that, — the first one? Well, you needn't be ashamed of that."

They were advancing towards the cabin during this conversation, Abraham running alongside the horse, and the parson looking kindly upon him.

"There's our house!" exclaimed Abraham, as they came in sight of it. "We live there," pointing with his finger.

"Ah! that's a pleasant place to live. And there's your father, I think, too."

"Yes, that's he. He'll be glad to see you."

"And I shall be glad to see him."

By this time they came near Mr. Lincoln, who recognized Parson Elkins, and gave him a most cordial greeting. He was really taken by surprise, although he had not relinquished all expectation of the parson coming.

"You find me in a lonely condition," said Mr. Lincoln. "Death has made a great change in my family."

"Very great indeed," responded Mr. Elkins. "I know how great your loss is; but 'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.'"

Assenting to this, Mr. Lincoln continued, —

"Now, let me say, that, while you are here, I want you should preach a funeral sermon. You know all about my wife. You will stay over next Sunday, won't you?" It was now Wednesday.

"Why, yes, I can stay as long as that, though I must be about my Master's work."

"You will be about your Master's work, if you stay and preach a funeral sermon; and it may do a great sight of good."

"Very true; and I shall be glad to stay; for if any one ever deserved a funeral sermon, it is your wife. But where shall I preach it?"

"At her grave. I've had that arranged in my mind for a long time; and we'll notify the people; there will be a large attendance. The people thought a deal of her here."

It was arranged that Mr. Elkins should preach the funeral sermon at the grave of Mrs. Lincoln on the following Sabbath. Accordingly, notice was sent abroad to the distance of twelve or fifteen miles, and a platform was erected near the grave. Every preparation was made for the solemn event. Although nearly a year had elapsed since Mrs. Lincoln died, yet a sermon to her memory was no less interesting to her surviving friends.

In the mean time, Mr. Elkins busied himself in intercourse with the family; and he visited some of the neighbors, and conversed with them on spiritual things. Abraham, too, received his special attention. The boy had improved rapidly since he left Kentucky, and his remarkable precocity was suited to draw the attention of such a preacher.

The Sabbath arrived, — a bright, beautiful day. From a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, the settlers came to listen to the sermon. Entire families assembled, parents and children, from the oldest to the youngest. Hoary age and helpless childhood were there. They came in carts, on horseback, and on foot,

any way to get there. As they had preaching only when one of these pioneer preachers visited that vicinity, it was a treat to most of the inhabitants, and they manifested their interest by a general turn-out. The present occasion, however, was an unusual one, as the funeral sermon of Mrs. Lincoln was to be preached.

Parson Elkins was an earnest man, and the occasion inspired him with unusual fervor. None of the people had ever listened to him before, except the Lincoln family, and they were delighted with his services. His tribute to the memory of Mrs. Lincoln was considered just and excellent. None thought that too much was said in her praise. On the other hand, the general feeling was rather, as one of the number expressed it, that, "say what he might in praise of her, he couldn't say too much."

Abraham was deeply interested in the sermon, and it brought all his mother's tenderness and love afresh to his mind. To him it was almost like attending her funeral over again. Her silent dust was within a few feet of him, and vivid recollection of her worth was in his heart.

He drank in the sentiments of the discourse, too. He usually did this, as he was accustomed to think for himself. A few years later he often criticized the sermons to which he listened, much to the amusement of those with whom he conversed. He sometimes called in question the doctrines preached. This was one of the things in which his precocity appeared. It was at this point that his mental activity and power were often seen. But the sentiments of the aforesaid funeral sermon especially impressed his mind.

At this time of his life he was a close listener to the conversation of the neighbors; and he would become almost vexed over the conversation of some of them, who talked so unintelligibly through ignorance, that he could not understand them. His active brain labored to compass every subject, and he sometimes fretted over unlettered talkers whose meaning he failed to comprehend. After he came into the possession of additional books, he was wont to discuss their subject-matter, and express his own views freely.

In this respect he was unlike most boys, who are superficial in their views of things. They read, and that is the end of it. They think no more about it,— at least, they do not inquire into the *why* and *wherefore* of matters stated; and so the habit of sliding over things loosely is formed. They do not think for themselves. They accept things as true, because others say they are true. They are satisfied with knowing that things *are*, without asking *why* they are. But Abraham was not so. He thought, reflected; and this developed his mental powers faster than even school could do it.

The reader should understand more about these pioneer preachers, in order to appreciate the influences that formed Abraham's character, and therefore we will stop here to give some account of them.

They were not generally men of learning and culture, though some of them were men of talents. Few, if any of them, were ever in college, and some of them were never in school. But they had a call to preach, as they believed, and good and true hearts for doing it. Many of them preached almost every day, travelling

from place to place on horseback, studying their sermons in the saddle, and carrying about with them all the library they had in their saddle-bags. They stopped where night overtook them, and it was sometimes miles away from any human habitation, with no bed but the earth, and no covering but the canopy of heaven. They labored without a salary, and were often poorly clothed and scantily fed, being constrained to preach by the love of Christ. The following account of two pioneer preachers, by Milburn, will give the reader a better idea of this class of useful men than any description of ours, and it will be read with interest: —

"One of these preachers, who travelled all through the Northwestern Territory, a tall, slender, graceful man, with a winning countenance and kindly eye, greatly beloved by all to whom he ministered, was presented by a large landholder with a title-deed of three hundred and twenty acres. The preacher was extremely poor, and there had been many times when he received scarcely enough support to keep soul and body together. Yet he labored on, and did much good. He seemed pleased with his present of land, and went on his way with a grateful heart. But in three months he returned, and met his benefactor at the door, saying, 'Here, sir, I want to give you back your title-deed.'

"'What's the matter?' said his friend, surprised. 'Any flaw in it?'

"'No.'

"'Isn't it good land?'

"'Good as any in the State.'

"'Sickly situation?'

"'Healthy as any other.'

"'Do you think I repent my gift?'

"'I haven't the slightest reason to doubt your generosity.'

"'Why don't you keep it, then?'

"'Well, sir,' said the preacher, 'you know I am very fond of singing, and there's one hymn in my book the singing of which is one of the greatest comforts of my life. I have not been able to sing it with my whole heart since I was here. A part of it runs in this way:—

> "No foot of land do I possess
> No cottage in the wilderness;
> A poor wayfaring man,
> I lodge awhile in tents below,
> And gladly wander to and fro,
> Till I my Canaan gain;
> There is my house and portion fair,
> My treasure and my heart are there,
> And my abiding home."

"'Take your title-deed,' he added; 'I had rather sing that hymn with a clear conscience than own America.'

"There was another preacher of the pioneer class so intent upon his work that hunger and nakedness did not affright him. He was more scholarly than most of the preachers around him, and often sat up half the night, at the cabins of the hunters where he stopped, to study. These cabins were about twelve by fourteen feet, and furnished accommodations for the family, sometimes numbering ten or twelve chil-

dren ; and, as the forests abounded in '*varmints*,' the hens and chickens were taken in for safe keeping. Here, after the family had retired, he would light a pine knot, 'stick it up in one corner of the huge fireplace, lay himself down on the flat of his stomach in the ashes,' and study till far into the night.

"Many a time was the bare, bleak mountain-side his bed, the wolves yelling a horrid chorus in his ears. Sometimes he was fortunate enough to find a hollow log, within whose cavity he inserted his body, and found it a good protection from the rain or frost.

"Once, seated at the puncheon dinner-table with a hunter's family, the party is startled by affrighted screams from the door-yard. Rushing out, they behold a great wildcat bearing off the youngest child. Seizing a rifle from the pegs over the door, the preacher raises it to his shoulder, casts a rapid glance along the barrel, and delivers his fire. The aim has been unerring, but too late, — the child is dead, already destroyed by the fierce animal.

"That same year he had a hand-to-hand fight with a bear, from which conflict he came forth victor, his knife entering the vitals of the creature just as he was about to be enfolded in the fatal hug.

"Often he emerged from the wintry stream, his garments glittering in the clear, cold sunlight, as if they had been of burnished steel armor, chill as the touch of death. During that twelvemonth, in the midst of such scenes, he travelled on foot and horseback *four thousand miles*, *preached four hundred times*, and found, on casting up the receipts, — yarn socks, woollen vests, cotton shirts, and a little silver change,

— that his salary amounted to *twelve dollars and ten cents.*

"Yet he persevered, grew in knowledge and influence, became a doctor of divinity, and finally was made president of a university. He is known on the page of history as Henry Bidleman Bascom."

Such were the pioneer preachers of the West; of simple-hearted piety, lofty faith, a fiery zeal, unwavering fortitude, and a practical turn of mind, through which they did a great work for God.

We have made this digression from the thread of our story, to show what influences of the ministry were thrown around Abraham's early life. It is true the preachers to whom he listened were not "circuit-riders," as travelling preachers were called. They were Baptist ministers, who lived within twenty miles, and who occasionally preached in that neighborhood. During the first few years of Abraham's residence in Indiana, there was one Jeremiah Cash, who sometimes preached in the vicinity, and the young listener became much interested in him. A few years later, two others came to that section of country to live. Their names were John Richardson and Young Lamar. One of them dwelt seven or eight miles from Abraham's home on the north, and the other eight or ten miles to the south; and both of them were wont to preach at Mr. Lincoln's cabin, and at other cabins, as they had opportunity. Sometimes they preached in the open air, as Mr. Elkins did the funeral sermon. This was always the case when more people attended than could crowd into a log-house.

Such was all the pulpit influence that reached the boyhood and youth of Abraham. Yet it left indelible impressions upon his mind. Though it was small and inconstant, apparently, in comparison with the pulpit advantages that boys enjoy at the present day, it imbued his soul with sentiments that were never obliterated. He was much indebted to the unpolished eloquence of those pioneer preachers, whose sterling piety caused them to proclaim the truth with fidelity and earnestness. This was one of the few influences that contributed to make him a remarkable man.

CHAPTER VII.

BRIGHTER HOURS.

ABRAHAM deeply felt the change that death had wrought in his cabin home, and, for weeks, his mind was absorbed in his loss. Perhaps his oppressive sense of loneliness and his grief would have continued, but for an unexpected blessing that came to him in the shape of a book. His father met with a copy of The Pilgrim's Progress, at the house of an acquaintance, twenty miles away or more, and he borrowed it for Abraham. The boy was never more happily surprised than he was when his father, on his return, said:

"Look here, Abe, I've found something for you," at the same time exhibiting the book.

"Found it!" exclaimed Abraham, supposing that his father meant that he picked it up in the woods or fields.

"No, no; you don't understand me. I meant that I came across it at Pierson's house, and I borrowed it for you."

"Pilgrim's Progress," said Abraham, taking the book and reading the title; "that will be good, I should think." He knew nothing about the book; he never heard of it before.

"I shall want to hear it," said his father. "I heard about that book many years ago, but I never heard it read."

"What is it about?" asked Abraham.

"You'll find that out by reading it," answered his father.

"And I won't be long about it neither," continued Abraham. "I know I shall like it."

"I know you will, too."

"I don't see how you know, if you never heard it read."

"On account of what I've heard about it."

And it turned out to be so. Abraham sat down to read the volume very much as some other boys would sit down to a good dinner. He found it better even than he expected. It was the first volume that he was provided with after the spelling-book, Catechism, and Bible, and a better one could not have been found. He read it through once, and was half-way through it a second time, when he received a present of another volume, in which he became deeply interested. It was Æsop's Fables, presented to him, partly on account of his love of books, and partly because it would serve to occupy his mind and lighten his sorrow.

He read the fables over and over until he could repeat almost the entire contents of the volume. He was thoroughly interested in the moral lesson that each fable taught, and derived therefrom many valuable hints that he carried with him through life. On the whole, he spent more time over Æsop's Fables than he did over The Pilgrim's Progress, although he was really charmed by the latter. But there was a practical turn

to the fables that interested him, and he could easily recollect the stories. Perhaps his early familiarity with this book laid the foundation for that facility at apt story-telling that distinguished him through life. It is easy to see how such a volume might beget and foster a taste in this direction. Single volumes have moulded the reader's character and decided his destiny more than once, and that, too, when far less absorbing interest was manifested in the book. It is probable, then, that Æsop's Fables exerted a decided influence upon Abraham's character and life. The fact that he read the volume so much as to commit the larger part of it to memory adds force to this opinion.

With two new books of such absorbing interest, it was not strange that Abraham was disposed to neglect his daily labor. His father could readily discover that Æsop had more attractions for him than ax or hoe. Nor was he inclined to break the spell that bound him until he actually feared that the books would make him "lazy."

"Come, Abe, you mustn't neglect your work; we've lots to do, and books must not interfere," was his father's gentle rebuke.

"In a minute," answered the boy, just like most other boys of that age, who are "book-worms."

"That's what makes boys lazy, waiting to play or read, when they ought to be at work," continued his father. "All study and no work is 'most as bad as all work and no study."

"Only a minute, and I'll go," added Abraham, so absorbed in his book that he scarcely knew what answer he made.

"It must be a short minute," retorted his father in a tone of injured authority.

"I'll work hard enough to make it up when I get at it," said Abraham, still delaying.

"I don't know about that. I'm afraid that your thoughts will be somewhere else; so put down the book and come on."

With evident reluctance the young reader laid down his book, preliminary to obeying orders.

"Good boys obey at once," continued his father; "don't have to drive 'em like cattle."

"I only wanted to read a minute longer," answered Abraham, by way of palliating his offence.

"And I only wanted you shouldn't," exclaimed his father angrily. "I know what is best for you. I'm willing you should read and write, but you must work when work drives."

It was altogether new for Abraham to exhibit so much disobedience as he did after he became enthusiastic over The Pilgrim's Progress and Æsop's Fables. Nor was he conscious of possessing a disobedient spirit; for no such spirit was in his heart. He was simply infatuated with the new books.

We must not conceal the fact that his father had been somewhat annoyed by the boy's method of improving his penmanship by writing with chalk or a charred stick upon almost any surface that came in his way. But for his paternal pride over this acquisition of his boy, he might have checked him in this singular way of improvement. One incident occurred that served to reconcile his father in the main to his scrawls here and there, although he may have

thought still that Abraham was carrying the matter too far.

An acquaintance came into the field where father and son were at work, when his eye was arrested by letters cut in the mellow soil.

"What's that?" he inquired.

Abraham smiled, and let his father answer.

"What's what?"

"Why, this writing, — it looks as if somebody had been writing on the ground."

"Abe's work, I s'pose."

"Abe didn't do that!" answered the neighbor.

"I did do it with a stick," said the boy.

"What is it?" The man couldn't read.

"It's my name."

"Your name, hey? Likely story."

"Well, 'tis, whether you believe it or not;" and he proceeded to spell it out, — "A-B-R-A-H-A-M L-I-N-C-O-L-N."

"Sure enough, it is; and you certainly did it, Abe?"

"Yes, sir; and I will do it again, if you want to see me;" and, without waiting for an answer, he caught up a stick, and wrote his name again in the dirt.

"There 'tis," said Abraham.

"I see it, and it's well done," answered the neighbor.

And there, on the soil of Indiana, Abraham Lincoln wrote his name, with a stick, in large characters, — a sort of prophetic act, that students of history may love to ponder. For, since that day, he has written his name, by public acts, on the annals of every State in the Union.

From the time, however, that Abraham became absorbed in The Pilgrim's Progress and Æsop's Fables, he was subject to the charge of being "lazy." The charge gained force, too, as he grew older, and more books and increasing thirst for knowledge controlled him. Dennis Hanks said: "Abe was lazy, very lazy. He was always reading, scribbling, ciphering, writing poetry, and such like." John Romine declared that "Abe was awful lazy. He worked for me; was always reading and thinking; I used to get mad at him. He worked for me pulling fodder. I say Abe was awful lazy. He would laugh and talk, and crack jokes, and tell stories all the time; didn't love work, but did dearly love his pay. He worked for me frequently, a few days only at a time. He said to me one day, that his father taught him to work, but never learned him to love it."

Mrs. Crawford, for whose husband Abraham worked, and in whose cabin he read and told stories, said: "Abe was no hand to pitch into work like killing snakes." At the same time, Mr. Crawford could find no man to suit him as well as Abraham, when the latter was but fifteen years of age.

We protest, here and now, against this charge of laziness which some biographers have made so prominent. Nothing was ever more common than to charge studious boys and girls with laziness. A great many men and women, who know no better, bring the same charge against professional gentlemen. Any person who is not obliged to work on the farm, or at the forge, or engage in some other manual labor, for a livelihood, they pronounce lazy and aristocratic. Through sheer ignorance, studying and literary aspirations are re-

garded as proof of laziness. It was so in Abraham's time. Because he possessed talents that craved knowledge as the appetite craves food, leading him to snatch fragments of time for reading, and perhaps to devote hours to the bewitching pastime that ought to have been given to hard work, careless, ignorant observers called him "lazy." It is a base slander. There was not a lazy bone in him. The boy who will improve such bits of time as he can save from his daily toil for study, and sit up nights to read the Life of Washington, or master a problem in mathematics, is not lazy. He may love a book more than he loves chopping or threshing, just as another may love the latter more than he does the former; but he is not lazy. Laziness wastes the spare hours of the day in bringing nothing to pass, and gives the night to sleep instead of mental improvement. As many of the busiest and most cheerful workers in our country are its scholars, without a particle of the element of laziness in their composition, so many of the most industrious and noble boys are those who prefer a book to the plow, and would rather go to school than to harvesting. That was true of Abraham Lincoln. His heart was set on books; but his hands were so ready for hard work, that any farmer was glad to hire him at the age of fourteen or fifteen years of age, because he would do more work than any youth of his age. He would chop more wood in a day, lift larger logs, and "pull more fodder," boy as he was, than half the men who hired him.

True, from the time that John Baldwin, the blacksmith, came into the neighborhood, when Abraham was about ten years old, he would steal away to the

smithy's shop to listen to his stories. John was a great story-teller, and he was fond of children also, and these were attractions enough for such a precocious boy. His mind yearned for thoughts; it was desperate for entertainment; and the blacksmith's stories, and incidents of his life, supplied both thoughts and entertainment. He spent much time with this jolly son of Vulcan before he began to tell stories himself, and, after that, he exchanged them with the smutty toiler at the forge. But there was no evidence of laziness in those visits to the blacksmith's shop. And when we place this freak of a singularly bright boy, together with all his other acts that denoted laziness to the ignorant pioneers, beside the fact, that in manhood, to the day of his death, Abraham Lincoln was one of the hardest workers who ever lived, both at manual and intellectual labor, ignoring all ten hour systems, and toiling fifteen, sixteen, and even eighteen hours a day, to satisfy his honorable ambition, the charge of laziness is branded as slander on the part of those who make it. "The boy is father to the man," — the lazy boy makes the lazy man, and *vice versa.* If Abraham was a lazy boy, his manhood completely belied his youth, and the old maxim is exploded.

We have seen that they who called him lazy coupled the charge with the statement that he was always "reading and thinking," evidently considering that his love of books was proof of a disposition to shirk labor. Their ignorance is the explanation of, and excuse for, their charge.

We have made this digression, at this point, in order to direct the attention of the reader to an impor-

tant element of Lincoln's character, that will find ample support in the sequel.

Now that we are speaking of Abraham's books, we may record the facts about two other volumes, that came into his hands within two years after Æsop's Fables. They were Ramsay's Life of Washington, and Robinson Crusoe.

Dennis Hanks came home one day and said to Abraham, —

"Don't you want to read the life of Washington?"

"Of course I do," was his reply. "What do you ask me that for?"

"Because I've seen one."

"Where?"

"Down at Anderson's Creek."

"Whom did it belong to?"

Dennis told him, adding, "He offered to lend it to me."

"Then *I* can borrow it?"

"Any time you are there; there's no doubt of it."

Without recording the details of this affair, it will answer our purpose to say that Abraham embraced the first opportunity to secure the loan of that valuable biography. He knew that Washington was called the "father of his country" — that he was commander-in-chief of the army in the American Revolution. He had been told, also, of the part his grandfather took in the "war of independence." This was all he knew of the illustrious statesman whose life he purposed to read; but this was quite enough to awaken his enthusiasm over the volume. It was read and re-read with the deepest interest, and

its contents discussed with his father and Dennis, both of whom learned more about Washington and his times from Abraham than they ever knew before.

It is not known how he came into possession of Robinson Crusoe. Doubtless the book was borrowed; and it proved a source of genuine satisfaction to him. Once reading it only created the desire to read it a second time, and even a third time. There was a kind of witchery about the book to his active mind, different from that exerted over him even by The Pilgrim's Progress. He could scarcely command language to express his admiration of the volume.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW MOTHER AND SCHOOLS.

MR. LINCOLN remained a widower until December, 1819. During this time his only housekeeper was his daughter Sarah. Abraham was a "handy boy" about the cabin, and often rendered timely aid to his sister in her daily work. He became so expert in household matters, that, a few years later, when he "worked out" among the farmers, their wives pronounced him the "best hand" because he was so "handy," and was willing to make fires, bring wood and water, or tend the baby. It was evidently a good school for him, since his manhood was characterized by being "handy about the house." A dweller in Springfield, Illinois, where Abraham commenced his public life, in 1837 remembers how he "used to draw the baby back and forth in front of his house, early in the summer morning, while his wife was getting breakfast, at the same time reading a book that he held in one hand."

But Thomas Lincoln needed a wife, and his son needed a mother. Household affairs had been left "at loose ends," as they are likely to be where there is no mother to superintend. There was not that

neatness and order necessary to make even a cabin home attractive; and what clothes the children had were in a very dilapidated condition. It was both wise and necessary for Lincoln to go in search of a wife.

He remembered Sally Bush, of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, to whom he once proposed, but who preferred another, one Johnson by name. She married the latter instead of Lincoln. Her husband died three years before Mrs. Lincoln did, and Thomas Lincoln knew that she was a widow. Where would he be so much inclined to go as there for a good wife? Where could he go with more hope of success?

Lincoln posted away to Kentucky, found Widow Johnson, proposed, and was accepted. On the following day they were married. Mrs. Johnson possessed a good supply of furniture for that day, so much as to require a four-horse team to remove it to Indiana. She owned a bureau that cost forty dollars, a clothes-chest, table and six chairs, together with a quantity of bedding, crockery, tin-ware and iron-ware. Ralph Browne, Mr. Lincoln's cousin, removed both goods and bride, with her three children — John, Sarah and Matilda — to Indiana. With this rather large accession for one match, Thomas Lincoln numbered eight souls in his household — all to dwell in a cabin with a single room and loft. Still, it was, on the whole, as the sequel will show, the best bargain that Thomas Lincoln ever made.

Abraham was filled with wonder on the arrival of his new mother and her goods. Such a quantity of "household stuff" his eyes never beheld before; and

he could scarcely believe that his home would boast, henceforth, a "bureau, clothes-chest and real chairs." His stepmother, too, won his heart at once. He thought she was just the woman to own such a bureau — the latter was a fitting accompaniment to the former.

The second Mrs. Lincoln was better educated than the first. She could not only read and write, but she was reared in girlhood under more favorable circumstances than Nancy Hanks. In her teens she was rather the belle of the town, or, at least, she was one of them. One person said, "she was the best and proudest of the Bushes." She dressed better, was more tidy and brighter than most of the girls around her. The girl was mother to the woman, so that Thomas Lincoln found he had a wife in her who was ambitious for personal appearance and comfort. One of the first things she set her husband about, after settling in Indiana, was to make a floor to the cabin. Then she posted him away to the only place where he could buy window-sashes and doors, twenty or thirty miles distant, for these indispensable articles. When the Lincoln cabin had a floor, a real door and real windows, and was furnished with a veritable bed, bureau, chairs, crockery, etc., it presented quite a respectable appearance. It was certainly a much neater, more orderly and attractive abode than it ever was before. The change which Mrs. Lincoln wrought in the habitation, in a very short time, was indicative of a smart, enterprising woman, possessing much executive ability.

It was a glorious day for Abraham when a faithful

and intelligent stepmother was installed over his dreary home. Her advent brought such cheerfulness to him as he had not known since his own mother was laid in her grave. He gave her a hearty welcome, and a large place in his heart. Her son and daughters, too, he received as a true brother. They were better clad than himself and more tidy; but soon, under his good stepmother's care, he was made as neat and prim as they. The two families of children became as one family soon, and no discord ever rose among them. Abraham became strongly attached to the two Johnson girls, who were bright and social; and they came to regard him, not only as a brother, but also as a prodigy. Their coming lifted Abraham into a higher plane of social life.

Dennis Hanks, who was a member of the family at the time, says, "In a few weeks all had changed; and where everything was wanting, now all was snug and comfortable. She was a woman of great energy, of remarkable good sense, very industrious and saving, and also very neat and tidy in her habits, and knew exactly how to manage children. She took an especial liking to young Abe. Her love for him was warmly returned, and continued to the day of his death. But few children loved their parents as he loved his stepmother. He was encouraged by her to study, and any wish on his part was gratified when it could be done. The two sets of children got along finely together, as if they had been children of the same parents. Mrs. Lincoln soon discovered that Abraham was a boy of uncommon natural talents, and that, if rightly trained, a bright future was before him, and she did all in her power to develop those talents."

We may add, here, once for all, that Dennis Hanks subsequently married one of the Johnson girls, and Allen Hall, another cousin of Abraham, the other. A granddaughter of Dennis Hanks, Mrs. H. A. Chapman, says of Mrs. Lincoln, "My grandmother was a very tall woman, straight as an arrow, fair complexion, and was, as I first remember her, very handsome, sprightly, talkative, and proud; wore her hair curled till gray; was kind-hearted, and very charitable, and also very industrious."

A new mother was not the only boon that Abraham received in that winter of 1819–20. For the first time in Indiana a school opened for him.

"I hear that a man by the name of Dorsey is going to keep school," said Mr. Lincoln to his son; "and you can go, and the other children too." He learned the news of a neighbor whom he met on that day.

"Who is Dorsey?" inquired Abraham.

"I don't know, only he is a man who is going to keep school down by Little Pigeon Creek; and he's good in reading, writing, and ciphering."

"A good chance for you, Abe," remarked his stepmother, whom we shall know hereafter only as mother. "You want to know something about arithmetic as soon as you can; the sooner the better."

"Where shall I get an arithmetic to study?"

"As to that, I can find one somewhere," replied his father. "I shall go to market before the week is out, and I will see what I can find among the settlers there on the way. You must study arithmetic somehow."

"A good day for you, Abe, when you learn to cipher," added his mother. "Even a poor chance to

learn that is better than none. Two miles will be just far enough for you to walk to keep your legs limber."

Settlers had come into that region rapidly, and had put up a log-house, two miles from Lincoln's, to serve as a schoolhouse whenever an occasion might arise. It was a poor affair. Dorsey could just stand up under the roof, and he was no taller than Abraham. It had "holes for windows," in which greased paper was used instead of glass. A large fire-place, that would admit logs four feet in length, was the only cheerful object within; and the boys appeared to think so; for they piled on the fuel by the half cord, and made the biggest blaze possible.

To this pioneer school Abraham went with a glad heart. His father found an old arithmetic somewhere, in a damaged condition, and he bought it for him. His mother made him a new suit of clothes, for his old suit was much the worse for wear. It was not made of broadcloth or cassimere; but of such material as could be obtained. It consisted of a linsey-woolsey shirt, buckskin breeches, low shoes made of leather tanned in the family, and a cap of coon-skin. Overcoats were unknown.

Here Abraham became particularly interested in arithmetic and "spelling for places." In reading and writing, he was fully equal to his teacher, and, also in spelling. But he never spelled in classes before for places, an exercise which the boys christened with the name, "trapping up and down." Abraham always "trapped up," so his contestants said. He never missed a word, and was always found at the head of his

class, except when he took his place at the foot, according to the custom, to "trap up" again.

This school continued but a few weeks; and, as Abraham never had but two more opportunities to attend school, we shall devote the remainder of this chapter to the details of his experience.

Four years later — in 1823 — one Andrew Crawford, who lived in Spencer County, opened a school in the same log-house in which Dorsey taught. He was much better educated than any of Abraham's previous teachers. He was first-class for that day and place. He was a master, too, with whom boys could not trifle. He was "great on thrashin'," one boy said.

Abraham attended this school, and became more enthusiastic than ever over his studies. He had found a more congenial teacher; and Crawford appeared to understand him thoroughly, and to know how to lead him. Teacher and pupil were never on better terms than were Crawford and Abraham. Crawford saw in the lad the foreshadowing of a great man. He had no doubt of it, and he did not hesitate to express his admiration of the boy. He said to Mr. Lincoln one day:

"Abe is a wonderful boy — the best scholar I ever had. He's never satisfied without knowing all about his lessons. He wants to know every thing that anybody else knows, and he don't see why he can't."

"That's Abe exactly," responded Mr. Lincoln. "He cares more for a book than anything else. I sometimes wish he liked work as much as he does a book."

"He couldn't like both equally well," continued Crawford; "that's impossible. If he liked work with all his soul, he would not be so great a scholar — he *could not* be such a scholar."

"May be; but work is more necessary to backwoods life than books," said Mr. Lincoln, who failed to look into the future as Mr. Crawford did. "Pioneers ought to know more than I do, but they needn't know every thing."

"But Abe will not live in the backwoods all his days. Even if he should continue to live in Spencer County, he will not be a backwoodsman long. As immigration is going on now, by the time he is thirty years old he will be out of pioneer life. But such a boy will rise above such a life. His ability and perseverance will overcome obstacles, and he will make his mark. Abe is as good, too, as he is bright."

"Yes; Abe's a good boy," responded his father. "We can't expect boys will do right always, you know; but Abe's good to mind. His mother thinks there never was such a boy." And this last testimony was a confirmation of what we have said of his filial love and obedience.

"I was struck with his honesty the other day," added Mr. Crawford. "I saw that a buck's horn that was nailed on the schoolhouse was broken off, and I concluded that some of the boys did it. So I asked them the next day, when they had all got still, which of them broke it, and Abe answered promptly, 'I did it.'"

"Just like him," said his father.

"'I said, how happened that, Abe?'"

"I didn't mean to do it," he replied. "I hung on it, and it broke. I wouldn't have done it if I had thought it would break."

"I dare say he spoke the truth," said his father.

"I have no doubt of it; but few boys would own up like that. Most boys would try to conceal what they had done, and wouldn't own it till they were obliged to."

"That's so; and I've thought that it might be owing a little to the Life of Washington that he read some time ago. He seemed to think a sight of his owning up that he cut the cherry tree with his new hatchet; and he spoke of it ever so many times."

"Well, this was certainly like that," said Mr. Crawford; "and I took occasion to say that it was a noble trait to confess a wrong that was done, instead of trying to conceal it."

"He never was disposed to conceal his wrong-doings. He takes all the blame to himself, and don't try to put it on to anybody else."

"I should think so; and such truthfulness is worthy of all praise," said Mr. Crawford.

Nat Grigsby attended Crawford's school, and he says: "Essays and poetry were not taught in this school, but Abe took them up on his own account. He first wrote short sentences on 'cruelty to animals,' and finally came out with a regular composition on the subject. He was very much annoyed and pained by the conduct of the boys, who were in the habit of catching terrapins and putting coals of fire on their backs. He would chide us, tell us it was wrong, and would write against it."

This statement shows that Abraham's teacher encouraged him in just those exercises that contributed to his rapid mental growth. Evidently he understood the boy, as we have said, and gave him an impulse, onward and upward, that he never ceased to feel. Here he first attempted the rôle of poet, as well as essayist; and, also, played the part of orator. He possessed a remarkable memory, and could repeat long paragraphs from the books he had read and the sermons he had heard. He was wont to recite these for the amusement of his companions; and, one day, he was displaying his oratorical powers upon a stump, when one of the boys threw a terrapin against a tree near the speaker, crushing the poor animal so cruelly that he writhed upon the ground, exciting the tender sympathies of Abraham, and causing him to strike out upon an oration or sermon (whatever we may call it) against cruelty to animals, denouncing the act as inhuman, and holding up the boy who did it to scorn until he writhed under the scorching rebuke well nigh as much as the terrapin did through his thoughtless act.

At another time he became the counsel for a terrapin on whose back the boys were putting coals of fire.

"Don't," exclaimed Abraham, as if he felt the burning coals upon his own back.

"Don't what?" responded a boy, at the same time giving the terrapin a punch with a stick.

"Don't be so cruel," continued Abraham; "how would you like to have coals put on your own back?"

"Try it, and see," shouted one.

"Well, it is cruel to treat him so—and mean, too," persisted Abraham.

"Why, Abe, it's nothin' but a terrapin," interjected a boy.

"Don't terrapins have feelings?" responded our hero.

"I don't know whether they do or not," replied the first named boy, at the same time adding another coal of fire to the animal's back.

"You shan't do it, Nat, unless you are stronger than I am," exclaimed Abraham, knocking the last coal from the animal's back, and pushing the boy with the stick aside.

"You're a chicken-hearted feller, Abe, as ever lived," continued Nat. "I should think the terrapin was your brother."

"Whether he is or not, you won't burn him any more while I'm 'round."

"That's it," said Dave Turnham, who stood looking on. "I go in for Abe. He would n't hurt a fly."

"He would if he trod on it," retorted Nat, aiming to be funny.

Mr. Crawford had witnessed a part of this scene, and he came out at this stage of the affair, and rebuked the cruelty of the boys who were torturing the terrapin, while he commended Abraham for his tenderness.

"We are coming to the Rule of Three now," said Mr. Crawford to Abraham, "and that will be all you can learn of me."

"Is it hard?" asked the boy.

"It won't be for you. I think you can get through it by the time your father wants you this spring."

"Why is it called the Rule of Three?"

"I hardly know. Some call it Simple Proportion, and that is the true name for it. You will see a reason for it, too, when you come to master it."

"What if I don't master it?"

"I'll risk you on that. It won't be of so much use to you as what you have been over already. Some people don't study it."

"My father never studied arithmetic," said Abraham.

"Nor mine. Not half the folks about here have studied it."

"Father never had a chance to study it when he was a boy."

"That's the case with a good many."

"Well, I can cipher now in Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division."

"Yes, you understand these rules well, and you will always find use for them."

Encouraged by his instructor, Abraham grappled with the so-called "Rule of Three." It was somewhat more difficult for him to comprehend this rule than it was the previous ones; yet he was not discouraged. His discriminating mind and patient labor did the work for him, and he enjoyed the happiness of understanding Proportion by the time his school-days were over. We do not mean that he comprehended it fully, so as to be complete master of it, but he understood it, as we are wont to say that pupils understand the rules they have been over at school. At least, he made such progress that he was prepared to become master of all the rules he had studied, by devoting his leisure moments to them thereafter.

We must stop here to relate another incident of those school-days, because it illustrates a trait of character for which Abraham was well known in his youth. We often find the key to a boy's character by observing his intercourse with companions at school.

It was near the end of his term of school at Crawford's. Several boys were on their way home at the close of school in company with Abraham, when a difficulty arose between two of them about spelling a word.

"You didn't spell it right," said John.

"Yes, I did spell it right," replied Daniel. "I spelt it just as Mr. Crawford did."

"He said you didn't spell it so."

"I know he said so, but he didn't understand me. I spelt it just as he did."

"I know you didn't," continued John.

"And I know I did," retorted Daniel. "You are a liar, if you say so."

"Don't call me a liar!" exclaimed John, doubling up his fist. "You'll get it, if you say that again!"

"I stump you to do it, old madpiece!" said Daniel, putting himself in an attitude of defiance.

"Come, Dan, don't," said Abraham, throwing one of his arms over his neck.

"Let him come, if he wants to," said John, in a great rage; "I'll give it to him: he's a great coward."

"What's the use, John?" interrupted Abraham, throwing his other arm around John's shoulders, so as to bring himself between the two wrathy boys; "that ain't worth fighting about."

"Yes, it is, too," answered John. "You wouldn't

be called a liar by anybody I know, and I won't neither." Abraham was now walking along between the two boys, with his arms over their shoulders.

"Yes, I would, too; and I shouldn't care neither, if it wasn't true."

"Nobody would think of calling you a liar," added John.

"They wouldn't call you so, if you didn't care anything about it," answered Abraham; and there was much truth in the remark.

By this time the two combatants had cooled off considerably, and Daniel put out the last spark of fire by adding, "I'll take it back, John."

"That's a good fellow," said Abraham, while John was mute. Five minutes thereafter the two vexed boys were on good terms, their difficulties having been adjusted by Abraham, "the peace-maker," as he was often called. He could not endure to see broils among his companions, and he often taxed all his kind feelings and ingenuity to settle them. This trait of character was prominent through all his life. Last, though not least, we had an exhibition of it, when, at the outbreak of the Rebellion in 1861, he put his arms around the neck of both North and South, and attempted to reconcile them. But his effort proved less successful than it did in the case of John and Daniel; for the southern combatant was fully determined to fight.

Abraham was by far the best speller in Crawford's school. It was not expected by teacher or pupils that he would miss a word. More than that he sometimes taxed his ingenuity to help others out of difficulty in their spelling classes. One day a class was spelling,

and Crawford put out the word DEFIED. The girl to whom the word was given spelled it de-f-i-de. The next one, d-e-f-y-d; the third, d-e-f-y-d-e; the fourth, d-e-f-y-e-d; and soon, not one spelling the word correctly, Crawford became angry.

"What!" he bawled out, "these big boys and girls not able to spell the simple word *defied!* There shan't one of you go home to-night if you don't spell it, you lazy, ignorant louts."

Just then, a girl in the class by the name of Roby, to whom Abraham was somewhat partial, looked up, and took a valuable hint from his smiling face. To use her own language, as she described the scene many years thereafter:—

"I saw Abe at the window; he had his finger in his *eye*, and a smile on his face. I immediately took the hint, that I must change the letter *y* into an *i*. Hence I spelled the word,—the class was let out. I felt grateful to Abe for this simple thing."

Notwithstanding Crawford's was a "pioneer college," he taught "manners." He rather prided himself on teaching his pupils etiquette, at least, as far as he knew. Imparting to his scholars some idea about cultivated society in thoroughly civilized places, he converted his school-room into a parlor of "ladies and gentlemen." One pupil was required to go out, then re-enter in the rôle of a gentleman or lady stranger, whom another pupil introduced to every one in the room. Imagine Abraham, almost six feet high, though but fifteen years of age, homely as he could well be, clumsy and gawky in his appearance, clad in pioneer style, with legs and arms out of all proportion to his

head and body, going through this ordeal of refinement! Nat. Grigsby describes Abraham, at that time, thus: "He was long, wiry and strong; while his big feet and hands, and the length of his legs and arms, were out of all proportion to his small trunk and head. His complexion was very swarthy, and his skin was shrivelled and yellow even then. He wore low shoes, buckskin breeches, linsey-woolsey shirt, and a cap made of the skin of an opossum or coon. The breeches clung close to his thighs and legs, but failed by a large space to reach the tops of his shoes. Twelve inches remained uncovered, and exposed that much of shin bone, sharp, blue, and narrow." It must have been a comical sight, when this overgrown and awkward boy was required to play the gentleman, and was put through a course of "manners" indispensable to pioneers, as Crawford thought. It did him good, however, as we judge from the words of Mrs. Josiah Crawford, for whose husband Abraham subsequently worked. She said, "Abe was polite; lifted his hat on meeting strangers; and always removed it from his head on coming into the house."

Three years after Abraham attended Crawford's school, he attended another, nearly five miles distant, taught by one Swaney. He continued but a short time at this school, since the great distance consumed too much of his time. But John Hoskins, who was a fellow-pupil, declares that "Abe took the lead, and was big in spellin'," when "we would choose up, and spell every Friday night."

Here, Abraham's school-days ended; and all his schooling amounted to less than one year. Neverthe-

less, according to David Turnham, he completely drained his teachers. We have his word for it, that "Abe beat all his masters, and it was no use for him to try to learn any more from them."

We may add, in closing this chapter, that about this time, Levi Hall, a relative of the Lincolns, removed from Kentucky with his family, and settled near them. Also John Hanks, cousin of the first Mrs. Lincoln, and son of Joseph Hanks of Elizabethtown, of whom Tom Lincoln learned the carpenter's trade, came to live with the latter. John had no education; could neither read nor write; but he was a temperate, upright, truthful man, without a particle of Abraham's wit, and none of his extreme awkwardness. He lived four years with Mr. Lincoln; then returned to Kentucky; whence he removed to Illinois, where we shall meet him again.

CHAPTER IX.

BORROWING, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"THE greatest man that ever lived!" said Abraham, as he sat upon a log in the woods, conversing with David Turnham. "This country has a right to be proud of Washington."

"That is your opinion; but I guess the British won't say so," answered David.

"And that is just because they were whipped by him; and they don't want to own up."

"How do you know so much about Washington, Abe?"

"Because I have read about him, and I always heard that he made the red-coats run for life."

"Who do you mean by the red-coats?"

"Why, the British, to be sure. They were called 'red-coats,' because they wore coats of that color. I expect that they looked splendidly, though they did n't feel very splendidly, I guess, after they got whipped."

"Have you read the Life of Washington?"

"Of course I have, a good while ago. I read Ramsay's Life of Washington, and that shows that he was the greatest man who ever lived."

"Is that like the one Josiah Crawford has?"

"I did n't know that Mr. Crawford had a Life of Washington."

"Well, he has; for I heard him talking with father about it."

"How long ago?"

"Not more than two or three weeks ago."

"You don't know the name of the author? There are lives of Washington written by different men."

"I don't remember who wrote this. I did n't mind much about what they were saying."

"I can find out," added Abraham; and he did find out. He embraced the first opportunity to inquire of a neighbor, and learned that it was Weems's Life of Washington that Mr. Crawford owned.

"Can I borrow it?" he inquired of his parents, for he was very anxious to read it.

"Perhaps he won't like to lend it," answered his mother.

"I shall find that out when I ask him," said Abraham.

"And you should tell him that you will not take it unless he is perfectly willing to let you have it."

"Then I may ask him, may I?"

"If you are very desirous to read it."

"Well, I am, and I will go there to-night when I get through work."

Abraham was elated with the idea of getting hold of this new work. He viewed the character of Washington with admiration, and he would know what different biographers said of him. He was not a little impatient for his day's work to be done. He toiled as

usual, however, with a good degree of interest in his work, until night, when he prepared himself to call on Mr. Crawford.

The family gave him a cordial welcome, and Mrs. Crawford said: "I wonder what has brought you out to-night. I have n't seen you here for a long time."

"Perhaps you won't be so glad to see me after you learn what I came for," replied Abraham.

"And what did you come for, that makes you think so?" asked Mr. Crawford.

"I came to borrow a book."

"A book, hey! That is a good errand, I am sure."

"But I did not know as you would be willing to lend it."

"What book is it?" asked Mr. Crawford. "I have no doubt that I can accommodate you."

"It is the Life of Washington. I was told that you had it, and I want to read it."

"I wish all the boys wanted to read it," said Mr. Crawford. "I will lend it to you, Abe, with great pleasure. I am glad to see that you like to read."

"I will not take it unless you are perfectly willing to lend it," said Abraham.

"If I did not want you should have it, I should tell you so. I am not one of those persons who are afraid to tell what they think. I am glad that I have the book to lend you."

"I will take good care of it, and return it to you all safe," responded Abraham. This was just like him. So considerate a boy would not ask the loan of a book without some diffidence, and when it was borrowed, he would feel that great care must be used to preserve it.

He valued the few books which he himself possessed so highly as to lead him to think that other people held their volumes in equal estimation. It was really an excellent trait of character that caused him to use so much discretion in borrowing books, for the borrowing of this single article has been the occasion of much trouble in neighborhoods. In consequence of thoughtlessness and less regard for the interests of others than their own, many persons have borrowed books and never returned them, or else returned them in a much worse condition than when they were received. Frequently books are lost in this way from Sabbath-school and other libraries. Borrowers do not return them. They think so little of their obligations, that the books are forgotten and lost. Book-borrowers are very apt to be negligent, so that when we see a lad so particular as Abraham was, it is worth while to take note of the fact.

"It will take me some time to read so large a work," said he, as he took it from Mr. Crawford. "Perhaps you will want it before I get through with it."

"Oh, no; you are such a great reader that you will finish it in short metre. Keep it as long as you want it, and I shall be suited."

"I thank you," Abraham replied, as he arose to leave. "Good night."

"Good night," several voices responded.

It was a very joyful evening to Abraham as he bore that Life of Washington home, and sat down about the middle of the evening to read the first chapter therein.

"Keep it nice," said his mother. "Remember that it is a borrowed book."

"I will try" he replied. "Mr. Crawford was perfectly willing to lend it, and I shall be none the less careful on that account."

Those were pleasant hours of leisure that he devoted to reading Weems's Life of Washington. Every evening, after his day's labor was completed, he read the work with absorbing interest, and at other times, when he could find a spare moment, it was in his hand. He had nearly completed it, when the following mishap caused him many unpleasant thoughts and feelings.

A driving storm was raging, so that he could perform little labor except what could be done under cover. Of course his book was in his hand much of the time, and the whole of the dreary evening, to a late hour, was his companion. On going to bed, he laid it down directly under a large crack between the logs, and the wind changing in the night, the rain was driven into the house, and the book was wet through. The first sight that met Abraham's eyes in the morning was the drenched book, and his feelings can be better imagined than described.

"O dear!" he exclaimed. "That book is spoiled!" And he could scarcely restrain the tears that welled up to his eyes.

"How did you happen to lay it there?" asked his mother.

"I never thought about its raining in there. But only look at it! it is completely soaked!" and he lifted it up carefully to show his mother.

"Oh, I am so sorry! it is ruined!" she said.

"I can dry it," answered Abraham, "but that will not leave it decent. See! the cover will drop off, and there is no help for it. What will Mr. Crawford say? I told him that I would keep it very carefully, and return it to him uninjured."

"Well, it is done, and can't be helped now," added his mother; "and I have no doubt that you can fix it with Mr. Crawford."

"I have no money to pay him for it, and I don't see how I can make it good to him. He ought to be paid for it."

"Of course he had, and he may want you to do some work for him, which will be the same as money to him. You'd better take the book to him to-day and see what you can do."

"I am almost ashamed to go. He will think that I am a careless fellow."

"Never be ashamed to do right, my son."

"I am not ashamed to do right. I was only saying how I felt. I told him that I would keep it nicely."

"And so you meant to; but accidents will happen sometimes, even if we are careful."

"He shall be paid for it somehow," continued Abraham. "I will see him today."

The volume was exposed to the heat of the fire that day, and when Abraham was ready to go to Mr. Crawford's in the evening, it was dry enough for transportation. The storm had passed away, and the stars were looking down from the skies, as he took the book, carefully wrapped in a cotton handkerchief, and pro-

ceeded to Mr. Crawford's. His heart was heavy and sad, and he dreaded to open the subject to him.

"Good evening, Abe! Got through with the book so quick?" said Mr. Crawford.

"Good evening," responded Abraham, in his usual manly way. "I have brought the book back, although I have not finished it."

"Keep it, then, keep it," replied Mr. Crawford, before the lad could tell his story. "I told you to keep it as long as you wanted it."

"Perhaps you won't want I should keep it when you hear what has happened to it." And he proceeded to untie the handkerchief in which it was wrapped.

"There," continued Abraham, exhibiting the book; "it is ruined. I laid it down last night where the rain beat in and wet it through, and it is spoiled. I'm very sorry indeed, and want to pay you for it in some way."

Josiah Crawford was a hard man by nature, and an excess of whiskey made him harder. He was not a relative of Andrew Crawford, the teacher, although he was like him in one particular—he had an ungovernable temper. At sight of the ruined volume his countenance changed, and he snapped out in his wrath:

"Carelessness! Pretty mess for a borrowed book."

Had he not been a good friend of Abraham, there is no telling what abuse he might have heaped upon the boy. As it was, with all his regard for Abraham as an uncommon youth, he poured out large vials of wrath upon him, the boy all the while declaring that he was willing to pay for it.

"I've ruined the book, and I'll do any work you say to pay for it. Have you any work I can do?"

Crawford's wrath abated somewhat when he heard the word *work*. The idea of getting *work* out of the lad was tempting to him; for he was an unscrupulous, avaricious, stingy man, and now was his time to take advantage of Abraham's generosity.

"Yes, work enough," he growled, angry as a panther that prowled about the forest at night.

"How much was the book worth?" asked Abraham.

"Mor'n I'll ever get," Crawford growled again.

"I'll work to pay its full value, and keep it for my own, if you say so," continued Abraham.

After further parleying, Crawford, seeing his opportunity to make something out of Abraham, cooled down to ordinary heat, and proceeded to say:

"I tell you what it is, Abe, I'm in great trouble about my corn. You see the whole of my corn has been stripped of the blades as high as the ear, and is now ready to have the tops cut off for winter fodder; but my hands are full of other work, and how it is to be done is more than I can tell. Now, if you can help me out of this scrape, we can square the account about the book."

"I'll do it," replied Abraham, with emphasis. "How much of it shall I cut?"

"All of it, of course," answered Crawford, unpleasantly; "you can't expect to get such a book for nothing."

Abraham was taken somewhat by surprise by this exorbitant demand; nevertheless, he was equal to the occasion, and promptly responded:

"Well, then, I'll cut the whole of it; when shall I begin?"

"To-morrow morning;" and the exacting manner in which he thus proceeded awakened Abraham's contempt for him. Still he answered:

"To-morrow morning it is, then; I'll be on hand as early as you want to see me."

Abraham hastened home and reported. His parents united with him in the opinion that it was one of Crawford's acts of extortion. Still, they were glad that their son could settle the affair in some way.

Abraham undertook to redeem his pledge on the next day, and, bright and early, he was in Crawford's cornfield. There were several acres of the corn, and several days of very hard work would be required to finish the job. Abraham bent himself to the task with more than usual determination, and completed it in about three days, although ordinarily, a man would have needed nearly five days in which to perform the work.

Abraham never forgot the extortion which Crawford practised upon him, and he always despised his overreaching propensity. Still, he was glad to own another volume, especially one of so much value as Weems's Life of Washington. That Crawford forgot his own meanness, is quite evident from the fact, that, subsequently, he sought Abraham's services, and those of his sister to assist his wife. Both Abraham and Sarah were glad of the opportunity to earn an honest dollar, and accepted his proposition. They lived with Crawford several months during that year, and pleased the crabbed old fellow mightily. Abraham finished his loghouse by "daubing it," that is, filling the interstices between the unhewn logs with clay, especially the loft in which he lodged.

He split many rails for Crawford during that season, planted, sowed and harvested, receiving only twenty-five cents a day. If he lost only a few minutes from hard work, as he would on some days, his employer deducted it from his small wages, thereby exposing his contemptible spirit, though Abraham never protested.

Abraham might not have remained at Crawford's during the whole season, but for the presence of his sister there, and his high respect for Mrs. Crawford, who was an excellent woman; "nothing that her husband was, and everything that he was not."

He found several books there which he had never seen before; and these he read over and over at night. One of them was the Kentucky Preceptor, which he pored over with unusual interest, because it contained dialogues and declamations. Many of these he committed to memory; indeed, when his time was up at Crawford's, he had no need to carry away the books, for the contents of them were in his head. Although his employer paid him little more than half of what the boy ought to have had, it proved to be a good place for him on account of the books that he used for his own personal improvement.

Josiah Crawford was as homely as he was ill-tempered. The lids of his eyes were red as a lobster's claw, and his nose was considerably longer than it should have been for symmetry and beauty; and what was worse yet, a bad habit had pimpled and reddened the end of it as if purposely to make him ugly-looking. Abraham celebrated the characteristics of Crawford's nose in verse, sometime after he ceased laboring for him, perhaps the following winter. Afterwards when he was indulging

his gift for "Chronicles," he embalmed the memory of it in that style of composition. These literary efforts spread both the fame of Crawford's nose and the talents of the writer. How widely the subject-matter of his "verse" and "chronicles" were discussed and enjoyed, is learned from the fact that one of his biographers says, that the fame of Crawford's nose spread "as wide as to the Wabash and the Ohio." We cite the incident only to show that Abraham wielded a facile pen at that early day, and that the people regarded him as a marvellous boy.

Mrs. Josiah Crawford records a curious incident concerning Abraham. During the season he worked for her husband, he frequently lingered after dinner to have a frolic with the girls in the kitchen. One day he became unusually boisterous, when Mrs. Crawford reproved him for "fooling," and asked, "What do you think will ever become of you?" Abraham replied promptly, "be President of the United States." Nor was this the only occasion of his making a similar remark. He often used it in his boyhood and youth. As his miserable surroundings absolutely precluded any such idea, and he was wont to joke about his homeliness, poverty and future promise, some of his friends suppose that he made the remark in a vein of pleasantry. But whether so or not, the fact is worthy of record.

Long before this time, Mr. Lincoln had discontinued the use of his domestic grist-mill, for Hoffman built a mill to run by water, on Anderson's Creek, twelve miles away. To this mill Abraham and David Turnham carried their grists, until Gordon built a horse-mill within a few miles of Lincoln's cabin. Then their

patronage was transferred to Gordon's. To the latter place Abraham carried a grist one day, and safely tied the "old mare" while waiting for the grinding. When the time came to start for home, he untied the mare, jumped on, and started the animal so suddenly with a "cluck," and stroke of a stick, that she kicked furiously, and knocked him head over heels, from the cart to the ground. He was picked up in a state of insensibility, the bystanders fearing that life was extinct. For several minutes he remained insensible, and when consciousness returned, he finished the "cluck," that was only half uttered when the ugly beast knocked him over. Many years afterward, he had discussions with his law partner at Springfield, Ill., Mr. Herndon, as to the psychological explanation of this remarkable phenomenon. One person remarked that it "was an illustration of Abe's perseverance — he always accomplished what he undertook."

The next chapter will disclose the manner in which Abraham worked and studied, growing in knowledge and popularity daily.

CHAPTER X.

WORKING AND WINNING.

THE reader should understand the society in which Abraham mixed, in order to appreciate fully the elements of character which enabled him to work and win from fifteen to eighteen years of age. Mrs. Crawford, whom we have already quoted, in a letter to Mr. Herndon, furnishes rather a vivid picture of the social state at that time. She says: —

"You wish me to tell you how the people used to go to meeting, — how far they went. At that time we thought it nothing to go eight or ten miles. The old ladies did not stop for the want of a shawl, or cloak, or riding-dress, or two horses, in the winter time; but they would put on their husband's old overcoats, and wrap up their little ones, and take one or two of them up on their beasts, and their husbands would walk, and they would go to church, and stay in the neighborhood until the next day, and then go home. The old men would start out of their fields from their work, or out of the woods from hunting, with their guns on their shoulders, and go to church. Some of them dressed in deerskin pants and moccasins, hunting-

shirts with a rope or leather strap around them. They would come in laughing, shake hands all around, sit down and talk about their game they had killed, or some other work they had done, and smoke their pipes together with the old ladies. If in warm weather, they would kindle up a little fire out in the meeting-house yard, to light their pipes. If in the winter-time, they would hold church in some of the neighbors' houses. At such times they were always treated with the utmost kindness; a bottle of whiskey, a pitcher of water, sugar and a glass, were set out, or a basket of apples, or turnips, or some pies and cakes. Apples were scarce at that time. Sometimes potatoes were used as a treat. The first treat I ever received in old Mr. Lincoln's house (that was our President's father's house), was a plate of potatoes, washed and pared very nicely, and handed round. It was something new to me, for I had never seen a raw potato eaten before. I looked to see how they made use of them. Each took off a potato, and ate it like an apple. Thus they spent the time till preaching commenced; then they would all take their seats; the preacher would take his stand, draw off his coat, open his shirt-collar, commence service by singing and prayer; take his text and preach till the sweat would roll off in great drops. Shaking hands and singing ended the service. The people seemed to enjoy religious service more in those days than they do now. They were glad to see each other, and enjoyed themselves better than they do now."

The population had increased very much at the period of which Mrs. Crawford speaks, and log meeting-houses were found here and there, at least for sum-

mer use. Some of them were too open and cold for winter use.

The people were very superstitious, as unlettered people usually are. Mr. Lamon has recorded their superstitious notions in a single paragraph, thus:—

"They firmly believed in witches and all kinds of witch-doings. They sent for wizards to cure sick cattle. They shot the image of the witch with a silver ball, to break the spell she was supposed to have laid on a human being. If a dog ran directly across a man's path whilst he was hunting, it was terrible 'luck,' unless he instantly hooked his two little fingers together, and pulled with all his might, until the dog was out of sight. There were wizards who took charmed sticks in their hands, and made them point to springs of water and all kinds of treasure beneath the earth's surface. There were 'faith doctors' who cured diseases by performing mysterious ceremonies and muttering cabalistic words. If a bird alighted in a window, one of the family would speedily die. If a horse breathed on a child, the child would have the whooping-cough. Every thing must be done at certain 'times and seasons.' They must make fence 'in the light of the moon,' otherwise the fence would sink. Potatoes and other roots were to be planted 'in the dark of the moon,' but trees and plants which bare their fruits above ground must be 'put out in the light of the moon.' The moon exerted a fearful influence, either kindly or malignant, as the good old rules were observed or not. It was even required to make soap 'in the light of the moon,' and, moreover, it must be stirred only one way, and by one

person. Nothing of importance was to be begun on Friday. All enterprises inaugurated on that day went fatally amiss."

Abraham Lincoln was reared from infancy to manhood among these people. Their manners, customs, habits, and opinions, were familiar to him, and he knew no others by which to judge of them by contrast. The children of those people were his daily companions. He worked for and with their parents, heard their conversation, witnessed their want and ignorance, and nowhere found those intellectual conditions which could satisfy a mind like his. It is not strange that some of the peculiarities of the people, with whom he was reared, became his, and clung to him through life.

The incidents of this chapter will serve to magnify the mental and moral qualities of Abraham, which enabled him to improve and rise higher and higher even with such unfavorable surroundings.

James Taylor, who lived at the mouth of Anderson's Creek, was anxious to secure Abraham's services.

"I will give him six dollars a month and his board," said Mr. Taylor to Mr. Lincoln; "and that is good pay for a boy sixteen years old."

"Fair pay," responded Mr. Lincoln. "You want him to run your ferry-boat?" Mr. Taylor ran a ferry-boat across both the Ohio and Anderson's Creek.

"Yes, and other jobs that I want done; some farm-work; to take care of the horses, and chore about," was Mr. Taylor's reply.

"Abe can do as well by you in such work as a man grown, though I don't expect to get a man's wages for him," added Mr. Lincoln.

"That is the reason I want him," said Mr. Taylor. "I would n't give many boys that price anyhow; but I know that Abe is reliable, and he knows which side his bread is buttered."

"For how many months will you pay him six dollars a month?"

"For nine months certainly, and perhaps longer."

"That's satisfactory; perhaps I won't want he should stay any longer."

"Well," continued Mr. Taylor, "do I understand that he may go? I want him at once."

"He may go," answered Mr. Lincoln; "and he may begin at once if you say so."

"I say so; and shall expect to see him to-morrow," added Mr. Taylor, as he turned away and drove off.

Abraham was duly installed ferryman by his employer, though he was given to understand that, at times, he would be expected to act as farmer, hostler, and house-servant. He particularly enjoyed being ferryman, as it was new business for him; and, like most boys, he loved boating. He was very large of his age and very strong, and could therefore handle a boat as easily and effectively as a man. He was growing rapidly still, and, at seventeen years of age, he was six feet and four inches high — both the tallest and strongest person in Spencer County.

Abraham was expected to be the first one up in the house in the morning, "build the fire," "put on the water in the kitchen," and "get things prepared for cooking," before Mrs. Taylor put in her appearance. Other things, such as bringing wood and water, he attended to with scrupulous exactness. It was not

strange that the mistress of the house soon came to regard him as the most wonderful boy she ever knew. We doubt if she had ever found a man or boy, not excepting her own husband and son, who was so "wonderful" as to "chore about" as Abraham did, without protesting. He was in the truest sense a "man-of-all-work" at Taylor's, doing whatsoever his hands found to do with all his might.

Here Abraham found a History of the United States, and two or three other volumes, that engrossed his attention at night. He slept up stairs with Green Taylor, son of his employer, a young man older than himself, without any of his brightness or ambition; and there he often extended his reading far into the night, much to the annoyance of his bedfellow.

"Blow out that light and come to bed, Abe," he exclaimed more than once. "I'll be bound if you shall spoil my sleep for a book."

"Let me read you a page or two," Abraham provokingly, though jocosely, answered. "A snooze is of no account in comparison with the History of the United States." And he continued to read until interrupted by another appeal out of the bedclothes.

"Abe, I say, if you don't come to bed, I'll get up and blow your light out."

"Will? Well; I would if I was in your place. Perhaps you can blow it out without getting up. Try it; there is a good amount of *blow* in you."

The fretted sleeper could get no satisfaction in appealing to the midnight reader. A good-natured humorous reply was all Abraham would yield to him.

Once Green Taylor struck the "hired boy," in an angry mood, but Abraham did not strike back again. He was indignant enough to do it; but, being a greater warrior than he who taketh a city, he controlled his own spirit, and continued to read on. Years afterwards Green Taylor lived to rehearse his experience with Abraham, and tell what a marvellous boy he was.

"Why, he would work hard all day, read till midnight, and then get up before anybody in the morning. I never saw such a fellow. He was like Abe Lincoln and nobody else." Referring to his act of striking him, he said, "Abe was mad, but he didn't thrash me." The language implies that Abraham could easily have avenged himself by whipping the offender, but that he forbore — his better judgment and nature controlling instead of passion.

At Taylor's, Abraham tried his hand at hog-killing for the first time. He had *assisted* many times in the slaughtering of hogs, but never before had played the part of butcher.

"You can try it, Abe," said Mr. Taylor, who saw that the boy could do anything he would undertake. "What do you say?"

"Just as *you* say," answered Abraham; "if you'll risk the hogs I'll risk myself." Mr. Taylor, laughing at this reply, responded:—

"I'll take the risk; so you may go ahead."

In this way Abraham became a butcher, and soon grew so expert in the rough business that farmers employed him. He slaughtered hogs for John Dathan, Stephen Mc Daniels, John Woods, and others; and Mr. Taylor received thirty-one cents a day for the

boy's services in this line. He did the business *well*, and for that reason, his labors were demanded for hog-killing.

Ferryman, farmer, hostler, house-servant, butcher — all for one man, and all well done. Mr. Taylor unwittingly paid him a high compliment, when he remarked to a neighbor, "Abe will do one thing about as well as another." Perhaps he did not know the reason, which was, plainly, that *thoroughness* was a rule with him. Whatever he did, he did *as well as he could.*

At the expiration of nine months, Abraham returned home. His sister married Aaron Grigsby soon after his return, and the event was celebrated in pioneer style, in Lincoln's cabin. Abraham composed for the occasion, what he entitled "Adam and Eve's Wedding Song," two verses of which were, —

"The Lord was not willing
That man should be alone,
But caused a sleep upon him,
And took from him a bone.
. . . .
The woman was not taken
From Adam's feet we see;
So he must not abuse her,
The meaning seems to be."

This song was sung at the wedding with much *eclat.* We may add, in this connection, that Abraham had become an almost indispensable appendage to festive occasions in all that region. He was the only person who could furnish any literary production for the amusement of either the old or young. He was surcharged with wit and humor, also, and it was only

necessary to touch him, on such occasions, and he emitted both like electric sparks. He could recite pages of poetry and prose, and somehow he could adapt them to any exigency that might arise. In short, his talents and unusual acquisitions made him a favorite in all social gatherings.

One year after Sarah Lincoln was married, she died, and was laid beside her mother on the knoll. This was a great sorrow to Abraham, who loved his sister tenderly; and, for a time, his spirits were considerably depressed.

Some time after he served Taylor, he went to live with the storekeeper Jones, at Gentryville, only one mile and a half from his home. He was now a giant in stature — six feet and four inches tall — almost too tall to have about in log-cabins. Jones was an admirer of Abraham, and admitted him at once to his confidence.

"You can cut up pork, can't you, Abe?" Jones asked.

"Yes; I can do anything about pork, from killing and dressing to eating it." Jones bought dressed hogs, exchanging goods for them; also venison hams, corn, wheat, and corn-skins. Corn was ten cents a bushel, and wheat twenty-five cents.

"How about the store, Abe? Can you keep store?"

"I've never tried it," answered Abraham. "I'm so stylish and graceful that I might attract customers possibly." He was always jocose over his awkward and homely bearing, and so he replied to Jones in this facetious way.

"Well, I'll give you a chance to display your attractions," continued Jones. "There's a great variety of

work to be done in such a place as this — teaming, cutting up and curing pork, packing and unpacking goods, measuring corn and wheat, drawing molasses and whiskey, and tending store generally."

Into this work Abraham was inducted at once, a new field of labor to him in some respects. He drove team, packed and unpacked goods, drew liquids in the cellar when required, exhibited and sold crockery, and other heavy goods, to customers. Nor did he fail to render good service to Mrs. Jones, who soon discovered how "handy" he was about the house.

Mr. Jones possessed several books which Abraham had not read, among them the Life of Franklin. He, also, took a newspaper which Abraham read from beginning to end. He was quite a politician, too, a Jackson democrat, and he often discussed political questions with Abraham. In fact, he made a Jackson democrat of Abraham, and the latter continued in that faith, unshaken, until the Life of Henry Clay came into his hands, a few years later. Reading that life of the famous "Harry of the West," rather shook his confidence in Jackson's political creed. He was particularly taken with the discouraging surroundings of Clay in his boyhood and youth, when he was known as the "mill-boy of the slashes," because those surroundings were so much like those of his own boyhood. Some of his friends believe that reading the Life of Clay turned his thoughts or aims, perhaps unconsciously to himself, in the direction of a public career. It is certain that he became a "Clay Whig," and continued so until the question of liberty engaged his heart and soul in Illinois.

After Abraham ceased to serve Mr. Jones, he continued to visit his grocery often, in the evening, in company with Dennis Hanks and other companions. Here politics were discussed, stories told, jokes cracked, and general good friendship established. Abraham was the star of the group, because he was full of wit, an expert story-teller, and the only one of the number who could recite prose and poetry, and write them too.

One night, when he was returning from the grocery quite late, in company with David Turnham and others, a man was discovered lying beside a mud-puddle.

"Hallo!" exclaimed David, "what's this, Abe?" stopping, and pulling the unknown man over.

"Dead or drunk," remarked Abraham, at the same time proceeding to shake up the man. "Who is it?"

"More'n I know; nobody that I ever saw before," David answered. "Shake him up more and see whether there's any life in him." And they shook him thoroughly to arouse him, but in vain.

"Plenty of rum in him if there is no life," remarked Abraham, after satisfying himself that the man was dead drunk. "But his case must be attended to."

"You may attend to him if you want to, but I sha'n't," said Nat Grigsby. "Come, let's go home."

"So I say," added David; "it's too cold to fuss about here. If the fellow likes such a bed he may sleep it out for all me."

"He'll freeze to death before morning if we leave him here," responded Abraham.

"That's about all he's good for," chimed in Nat. By this time they had discovered that the man was a miserable drunkard who lived some miles away. "Come

on, I'm going home, whether the old fellow freezes or not." And Nat started on.

"Well, I sha'n't go home until I make out what is going to become of this chap," said Abraham. "It would be inhuman to leave him to freeze here."

"Perhaps it would, and perhaps it wouldn't," replied David. "Nobody is any better for his living, and some folks are worse. He's a good-for-nothing fellow any way."

"That's no reason why we should let him die here like a dog or hog," retorted Abraham with some spirit. "Come, Dave, let that go, and we'll take him over to Dennis' cabin." At this time Dennis Hanks was married and lived in a cabin a half mile away.

"I think I see myself tugging the miserable wretch a half mile at this time of night," retorted David. "*You* may make a fool of yourself over him if you want to, but I am going home." And David started for home, hearing, as he hurried away, Abraham saying,—"Go, then, you hard-hearted fellow."

Abraham was not more than a minute in determining what to do. He put his long strong arms around the drunken man, raised him up, flung him over his shoulder as he would a bag of corn, and started for Dennis Hanks' cabin, where he safely deposited him.

"Look here, Dennis, I've brought you company," said Abraham, as he laid down his burden. "More of a job to carry him than a log."

"Where did you find that fellow, Abe?" inquired Dennis, getting out of bed.

"In the road, where he would have died before morning, if I'd left him there."

"I know him of old, not much account any way," added Dennis.

"Account enough to fix up a little," retorted Abraham. "We ought to be human beings so long as we pretend to be."

"Go ahead, then," said Dennis, acquiescing; "see how you come out." And he proceeded to assist Abraham in his merciful work. They built a fire, warmed him, and Abraham rubbed him until consciousness was restored. In fact, he remained all night with the intemperate man, and left him in the morning well satisfied with the part he had played as "good Samaritan." Afterwards, the wretched man said to John Hanks, "It was mighty clever in Abe to take me to a warm fire that cold night. Abe's strength and kindness saved my life."

CHAPTER XI.

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

HE brief remarks made about Abraham at this time show his standing.

"He is always ready to do everything for everybody," remarked his mother.

"He is good-natured as the days are long," said Dennis Hanks.

"Always reading when he is not working," said Josiah Crawford.

"More fun in him than there is in all the rest of us put together," remarked David Turnham.

Such remarks as these were common concerning Abraham Lincoln from the time he was fourteen years of age. John Hanks, who went to live with the Lincolns, as we have said, when Abraham was fourteen, says:—

"When Abe and I returned to the house from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take down a book, sit down on a chair, cross his legs as high as his head, and read. He and I worked barefooted, grubbed it, ploughed, mowed, and cradled together; ploughed corn, gathered it, and shucked corn. Abraham read constantly when he had an opportunity."

Mr. Lamon says: "Abe loved to lie under a shade-tree, or up in the loft of the cabin, and read, cipher, and scribble. At night, he sat by the chimney "jamb," and ciphered, by the light of the fire, on the wooden fire-shovel. When the shovel was fairly covered, he would shave it off with Tom Lincoln's drawing-knife, and begin again. In the day time, he used boards for the same purpose, out of doors, and went through the shaving process everlastingly."

His mother says: "Abe read every book he could lay his hands on; and when he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would re-write it, look at it, and repeat it. He had a copy-book, a kind of scrap-book, in which he put down all things, and thus preserved them."

There is no record of how and where he obtained the scrap-book. The idea was entirely original with him, since he had never heard of any such device in his part of the country. There is no question that he possessed a scrap-book, and that it became an important agent in making him a scholar and statesman. He copied into it chiefly from the books he borrowed, thinking he would not have the opportunity to see them again. Books that he owned, as well as those belonging to his parents, he marked, that he might refer to striking passages at his leisure. Also, he frequently wrote brief compositions in that scrap-book, improving his talent for the art thereby. As an invention, at that time, the scrap-book was worthy of his genius, and, as a source of mental improvement, its value was never over-estimated.

A Flat-Boatman.

One of the finest and most touching tributes ever paid to his memory was spoken by his mother to Mr. Herndon, and we quote it here because it had reference to his early life. She said:—

"Abe was a poor boy, and I can say what scarcely one woman — a mother — can say, in a thousand. Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do any thing I requested him. I never gave him a cross word in all my life. . . . His mind and my mind — what little I had — seemed to run together. . . . He was here after he was elected President." Here she stopped, unable to proceed any further, and after her grateful emotions had spent themselves in tears, she proceeded: "He was dutiful to me always. I think he loved me truly. I had a son, John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys; but I must say, both being now dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw, or ever expect to see. I wish I had died when my husband died. I did not want Abe to run for President; did not want him elected; was afraid somehow, — felt it in my heart; and when he came down to see me, after he was elected President, I felt that something would befall him, and that I should see him no more."

Mr. Lamon relates that, when this interview closed, and Mr. Herndon was about to retire, Mrs. Lincoln took one of his hands in both of hers, and wringing it, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, as if loath to separate from one who knew her "Abe" so intimately, said: "Good-by, my good son's friend. Farewell."

Abraham tried his father often by his persistent efforts to gain time to read and study, and by his disposition to turn night into day, that he might pore over some engrossing book, or compose a "poem" or "chronicle" upon some passing event, pleasant or otherwise. He was more tried, however, by Abraham's "preaching about" and "making "political speeches" on stumps, than anything; for this interfered with business. His step-sister, Matilda Johnson, says he was remarkable for preaching and speech-making. On Monday mornings, after he had listened to a sermon, he would mount a stump, and deliver the sermon, which his memory retained with wonderful accuracy. In the field, he often amused his working companions with a speech upon some subject that was uppermost; and, when he began to orate, there was an end of labor. All hands gathered about him in admiration, and cheered him on. Thomas Lincoln thought Abraham was carrying the matter too far. But he said nothing, especially authoritative, until the community was visited by a preacher of singular eccentricities. He bellowed like a bull of Bashan in the pulpit, a fearful nasal twang accompanying his cracked voice; and he pounded the desk in his excitement, as if determined to reduce it to kindling wood. His performance was fun for the young people; and Abraham was especially amused. His gift of imitation enabled him to reproduce the sermon, with its nasal twang and other oddities, so that the eccentricities of the preacher were reproduced and re-repeated, over and over, on the stumps of the field, and at evening gatherings. When Abraham began to preach that sermon, in cabin or

field, his audience could attend to nothing else until the discourse was finished. The exercise of laughing over it was well-nigh as exhaustive and violent as that of chopping. Even the old people, who thought it was not quite right to make so much merriment over a sermon, could not help laughing when Abraham became the eccentric pulpit orator. But his father felt obliged to interfere with this habit of public speaking. It became too much of an interruption to necessary work.

"You must stop it, Abe. I won't have it. You'll get to liking fun more than work; guess you do now. I've put up with it long enough,—shan't any longer. Don't let me have to speak to you about it again." So Mr. Lincoln interrupted Abraham's practice of stump-speaking, in his irritation manifesting considerable feeling on the subject.

Yet there is no doubt that Mr. Lincoln was proud of the ability of his son, and, at heart, enjoyed his precocity. In his ignorance, he might have feared that his habit of speech-making would make him lazy or shiftless. Whether he did or not, Abraham evidently laid the foundation of his future greatness as an orator and debater in those remarkable days of his youth. A better practice to discipline him for public service could not have engaged his attention. The pioneer boy was unconsciously schooling himself for the highest position in the land.

Abraham worked often for William Wood, who lived one mile and a half away. Mr. Lincoln worked there, also, as a carpenter, whenever labor in his line was demanded. Abraham loved to work for Mr. Wood, for

he took two papers, which the boy could read through and through. One of them was a temperance paper, and its contents interested him more even than the political paper.

"I did not know that a paper like this was ever printed," he said to Mr. Wood, who was one of the most intelligent and well posted men of Spencer County. "It's true, every word of it."

"Of course it is," replied Mr. Wood. "Rum is well enough in its place, but there's no reason in men making such beasts of themselves as many do about here."

"I shouldn't care if the whole of it was at the bottom of the Ohio River, where most of my father's whiskey went," continued Abraham. "It does a great sight more evil than good any day."

"Good! It would puzzle most any one to tell what good whiskey does," responded Mr. Wood. "The evil it does is known to everybody; we can see that everywhere. It adds very much to the hardships of life in this part of the country."

Abraham became so enthusiastic over the temperance paper and the cause which it represented, that he wrote a long composition on the subject of "Temperance," and submitted it to Mr. Wood's examination.

"Did you write all this yourself, Abe?" remarked Mr. Wood, before reading it, but noticing its length.

"Every word of it; and I want you to read it over, and tell me what you think about it."

"I will read it to-night without fail," and Mr. Wood did read it. His opinion of it is learned from the fact,

that he remarked to a Baptist minister who called at his house: —

"I have here a composition on Temperance, written by Abe Lincoln, and I think it is a wonderful production for such a boy to write. I want you should read it, and see if you do not agree with me."

"I should be glad to read it, here and now," replied the minister. "I'm glad that Abe is writing on that subject." And he applied himself to reading the composition at once.

"I agree with you entirely," said the minister, completing the reading;" it is a remarkable production for such a boy."

"I would like to see it printed in this temperance paper," continued Mr. Wood, holding the paper up.

"It is worthy of a place in it," added the minister.

"They publish articles that are not half as good," responded Mr. Wood. "You can get this composition to the editor; it is right in your way."

"Yes, I can take it there, and should be glad to do it."

"Well, you take it, and I'll make it right with Abe."

"He won't have any objection, if he is like most boys," remarked the minister. "He'll be a little proud to appear in print."

The minister took the article along with him, and, subsequently, it appeared in the columns of the paper. Mr. Wood read it over again in print, and remarked: "It excels anything there is in the paper." Abraham was both gratified and encouraged by the publication of his article. The paper was lent to the families in the neighborhood, after they heard that

Abraham was a writer for its columns, and the universal verdict was, "a remarkable composition for a boy."

"Can't you write on politics, Abe?" said Mr. Wood to him, one day.

"Yes, sir; I have written some pieces on that subject."

"Well, I mean an article to be printed in some political paper."

"I can try," continued Abraham, elated with the idea of writing for a political paper. "What shall I write about?"

Mr. Wood made some suggestions about the subject; and, in the course of a week, Abraham brought him the article. Mr. Wood remembers enough of it to furnish the drift of the composition:—

"That the American Government is the best form of government for an intelligent people; that it ought to be sound, and preserved forever; that general education should be fostered and carried all over the country; that the Constitution should be saved, the Union perpetuated, and the laws revered, respected, and enforced."

Mr. Wood was even more gratified and surprised on reading this article than he was on reading the other. We think that the composition is more remarkable now than it was then, on account of subsequent events. For it surely contained the gist of Abraham Lincoln's inaugural address when he became President. On that occasion he said:—

"I hold, that, in the contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in

the fundamental law of all national governments. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution, and the Union will endure forever. . . . I consider that in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken ; and to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed."

How wonderful that the pioneer boy who wrote the aforesaid article for a political paper should become President of the United States thirty-three years thereafter, and reiterate in his inaugural address the same sentiments, when the enemies of the country were seeking to overthrow the Constitution, abrogate its laws, and sever the Union ! Truly

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

A lawyer, by the name of Pritchard, was passing by Mr. Wood's house, when the political article in question was in his hands. Mr. Wood called him in, remarking,

"I want you should read an article I have here, and see what you think of it." He did not disclose who was the author of it.

"Your own ?" inquired Pritchard.

"That's no matter ; read it."

"I will, if that is your wish ;" and Pritchard sat down to its perusal. As he read the last sentence, he remarked, in a very enthusiastic way, —

"It can't be beat. Is it yours ?"

"No ; it is not mine. Tom Lincoln's son, Abe, wrote it, and I think it is wonderful for a boy."

"More than that," added Pritchard, still more interested when he learned that a boy wrote it. "Let me have it to publish in our paper," meaning the paper of his section.

"That's what it was written for, —to be published in some political paper," answered Mr. Wood. "An article of Abe's was published in my temperance paper not long ago, and it was the best thing it had. Abe is a great temperance boy."

The last remark makes it necessary to interject a paragraph here. We have undoubted testimony that Abraham was the only person in that region, at that time, who refused on all occasions to partake of intoxicating liquors. His opposition to the practice was so well known, that, at house-raisings, log-rollings, huskings, and parties, it was not expected that he would touch anything which would intoxicate. It was his decided stand against intoxicants that caused his mother to say, "I think Abe carries his temperance notions to extremes."

It was arranged that Pritchard should take the article to the editor of a political paper for publication; and, in due time, it appeared, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Wood, the joy of Abraham, and the pride of the neighborhood. Abraham wrote other articles which he submitted to the examination of Mr. Wood; and the exercise of writing composition became to him an excellent discipline, and did much to help him upward and onward.

A Mr. Richardson, who lived in the vicinity at that time, says:

"Abe was the best penman in the neighborhood.

One day, while he was on a visit to my mother's, I asked him to write some original copies for me. He very willingly consented. He wrote several of them, but one of them I have never forgotten, although a boy at the time. It was this:—

> 'Good boys, who to their books apply,
> Will all be great men by and by.'"

Abraham came into the possession of a copy-book (not the scrap-book spoken of) in which he wrote original copies. Here is one:—

> "Abraham Lincoln, his hand and pen;
> He will be good, but God knows when."

In the same book he wrote the following:—

> "Time! what an empty vapor 'tis!
> And days, how swift they are!
> Swift as an Indian arrow,
> Fly on like a shooting-star,
> The present moment just is here,
> Then slides away in haste,
> That we can never say they're ours,
> But only say they're past."

Many such "pieces," in poetry and prose, he wrote, exhibiting thought, genius, noble aspirations, and marked talents.

We have intimated that Abraham's love of books prevented his becoming a hunter. He could not spare the time. If he were not at work, he had a book in his hand. Other boys became hunters. It was necessary for them to be in order to procure food and a livelihood. Dennis Hanks says, "When we had spare

time we picked up the rifle, and brought in a fine deer or turkey; and in the winter-time we went coon-hunting, for coon-skins were considered legal tender, and deerskins and hams." The woods were full of rabbits, partridges, squirrels, and other game, but these were not shot much for food. Deer and turkeys were more desirable for the larder. The smaller game mentioned was so plenty, that the settlers resorted to various devices to destroy them. They devastated gardens and grain-fields, and the pioneers made war upon them as a nuisance.

Bears, wild-cats, and panthers, also, were quite numerous, and these were shot in self-defence. The scream of the latter often filled the forest with terror at night, in Abraham's early life. Yet, our hero never did much at hunting. A book, instead of a gun, captivated his heart, and he read and studied when other boys hunted and had rare sport. We do not mean that he never engaged in this pastime; for he did occasionally accompany companions upon hunting excursions. But, compared with the average boy of the county, he was not a hunter.

Abraham enjoyed certain "plays" and games more than he did hunting. His social qualities and genuine humor fitted him for this sphere more than for the other. These "plays," without Abraham, were the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. He made things lively by his wit and geniality. Exactly what the "plays" were, we cannot affirm: we can only give their names as furnished by Dennis Hanks. "Throwing the mall," "cat," "four-corner bull-pen," "hopping and half-hammon," and "Sister Feby," an evening game.

Whatever these "plays" were, Abraham was "a bright particular star" in them, whenever and wherever his presence could be secured.

From the time Abraham was eighteen years of age, his physical strength was remarkable. Some of the stories about his strength, told by the neighbors, are almost incredible. He was not only a giant in stature, but a giant in strength. Observers looked on amazed at the exhibition. Richardson, a neighbor, declares that he could carry a load to which the strength of three ordinary men would scarcely be equal. He saw him quietly pick up and walk away with "a chicken-house, made of poles pinned together, and covered, that weighed at least six hundred, if not much more." At another time, the Richardsons were building a corn-crib; Abe was there; and, seeing three or four men preparing "sticks" upon which to carry some huge posts, he relieved them of all further trouble by shouldering the posts, single-handed, and walking away with them to the place where they were wanted. "He could strike with a mall," says old Mr. Wood, "a heavier blow than any man. . . . He could sink an axe deeper into the wood than any man I ever saw."* Wrestling was a common and popular sport among pioneers, and here Abraham excelled all his companions. The sequel will show how his remarkable physical strength aided him in the labors, burdens, trials, and responsibilities of his public life.

* Lamon's Life of Lincoln, p. 52.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE FLAT-BOAT.

ON the first of March, 1828, Abraham went to work for old Mr. Gentry, the proprietor of Gentryville. Here, again, he was a "man-of-all-work," doing whatsoever his employer found for him to do. Mr. Gentry had a son by the name of Allen, with whom Abraham worked. He was a little older than Abraham, and a suitable companion for him.

"How would you like to run a flat-boat to New Orleans, Abe?" said Mr. Gentry to him, early in April. "I believe you are used to boating."

"I know something about it," Abraham replied. "I should like to go to New Orleans. How far is it?"

"About eighteen hundred miles. I'm thinking of letting Allen take a trip there if you will go with him."

"How soon?"

"Just as soon as you can get ready. I have a load of bacon and other produce on hand now. It's some work to get ready."

"Well, I'll be ready any time you say, if father don't object, and I don't think he will," added Abraham.

"He won't care if I pay you well for it," responded Mr. Gentry. "I shall give you eight dollars a month, and pay your passage home on a steamer. You and Allen together can manage such a trip well."

Abraham's service of four or five weeks had satisfied Mr. Gentry that he was just the hand to send on a trading expedition to New Orleans. His tact, strength and fidelity were three essential requisites to ensure a successful expedition. Flat-boating on the Western waters, at that time, was an exciting and perilous business; and some account of it here will reflect light upon Abraham's venture.

For some years there had been a class of boatmen, fearless, hardy, athletic men, who "traversed the longest rivers, penetrated the most remote wilderness upon their watery routes, and kept up a trade and intercourse between the most distant points."

They were exposed to great perils, and were out shelterless in all kinds of weather. With no bed but the deck of their boats on which to lie at night, and no covering but a blanket, they spent months and years of their existence.

It was on such boats that the rich cargoes ascending the Mississippi were carried. By human labor they were propelled against the strong current for nearly two thousand miles; and it was a labor that required great muscular strength and remarkable powers of endurance. The result was that a class of men were trained in this business, of unusual courage, and proud only of their ability to breast storms and endure hardships.

In addition to this class, whose life-business it was to propel these Western boats, there were those who occasionally made a trip to New Orleans to sell their stores. Sometimes several farmers, or other persons, would club together and make out a cargo, and send it down to New Orleans; and sometimes one alone would do the same. This was the case with Mr. Gentry. He had a quantity of stores suited to meet the wants of the sugar plantations in Louisiana, and he wanted to convert them into cash. Money was very scarce, and many families, like that of Mr. Lincoln, saw but little. What was in circulation was brought into the Western country by people moving thither from the East, or was obtained, as Mr. Gentry proposed to obtain some, by sending a boat-load of stores to New Orleans.

Abraham consulted his father, who readily consented. His mother remarked:—

"Eighteen hundred miles is rather of a long trip for a fellow who hasn't seen more of the world than you have, Abe."

"None too long, mother. I shall see some of the world now if I never have before."

"And perhaps see the bottom of the Mississippi," suggested his mother.

"I'm not afraid of that."

"But many have lost their lives in this way, and men who have been used to the business, too."

"That's no sign I shall."

"It's no sign you won't."

"But I shan't borrow any trouble about it."

"I don't ask you to do that; but it's worth while to think of these things."

"If you don't wan't I should go, I will give it up now." Abraham inferred from his mother's manner of speaking, that she was unwilling he should go.

"I *do* want you should go. I was only telling some of my thoughts. I can't help thinking."

"It may be the best thing for me that I ever did," suggested Abraham.

"Yes, if no accident happens to you, I have no doubt it will be a real good school for you. But it's a long ways to go, and a long time for you to be gone."

"But I have got to go away some time, and I may as well begin now."

"Very true; but that makes it no easier for me to have you go. But it don't do any good to talk about it now."

Preparations were made at once for the voyage. A boat was provided at Gentry's Landing, which was at Rockport, on the Ohio River, and Abraham and Allen proceeded to load the cargo. Here Abraham met with his old schoolmate, Miss Roby, whom he assisted, at Crawford's school, to spell *defied* correctly. She had grown into a winsome girl; at least Allen Gentry thought so; for he afterwards courted and married her. At the close of one day an incident occurred that shows how Abraham was wont to pick up knowledge. He was sitting with Miss Roby on the boat, when she remarked:—

"The sun is going down."

"No; it isn't," Abraham replied naïvely.

"You've lost your sight, then," suggested the girl, at the same time anticipating that Abraham was indulging in some roguery.

"I can see as well as you can," responded Abraham, "and I say, honestly, the sun is not going down, and what is more, *it never will go down.*"

"Wait and see," continued Miss Roby, laughing.

"It will *seem* to go down," added Abraham, in an explanatory way.

"I rather think it will," Miss Roby answered curtly.

"*We* go down, not the sun," Abraham continued. "The sun stands still."

"It moves enough for me," interrupted Miss Roby.

Abraham went on to explain:—

"You see the *earth* turns from west to east, and the revolution of the earth carries us under, as it were; *we* do the sinking, as you call it. The sun does not really *set*; it only appears to."

"Abe! what a fool you are!" exclaimed the surprised girl, who began to think that too much learning had made her friend mad.

Forty years afterwards, Miss Roby, who became Mrs. Gentry, said:—

"Now I know that I was the fool, not Lincoln. I am now thoroughly satisfied that Abe knew the general laws of astronomy and the movements of the heavenly bodies. He was better read then than the world knows, or is likely to know exactly. No man could talk to me that night as he did unless he had known something of geography as well as astronomy. He often and often commented or talked to me about what he had read, — seemed to read it out of the book as he went along, — did so to others. He was the learned boy among us unlearned folks. He took great

pains to explain, and could do it so simply. He was diffident then, too."

To return to the trip to New Orleans. As soon as the cargo was loaded, the two boys started upon their voyage, Abraham serving as "bow-hand, to work the front oars." It was a very important event in the life of our young friend, and his heart was greatly elated. He was floating out into the broad world now. His young eyes would behold its sights and scenes for the first time. It is not strange that he pushed out into the Ohio with a glad heart, and moved down towards the "father of waters" with such anticipation as never fired his breast before.

"I say, Abe, how many times are you going to upset before reaching the Mississippi?" asked Allen.

"I hardly think we shall do it more than once," answered Abraham, "unless you have a better faculty than I have for loading up again in the water."

"I didn't think of that; it would be a hard matter to reload at the bottom of the river."

"Yes; and we must look out for accidents, or your father will wish he had never sent us. I hope we shall make a capital thing of it."

"I hope so too, or we shall never have another such a chance. The old man never would have sent me if it had n't been for you, Abe."

"How so?"

"Because he thinks you can do most anything that's possible, and so he was willing to risk me and all the cargo with you."

"Pshaw! You are fooling now."

"No such thing; it's the living truth. I expect he

thought that you could keep me and the cargo from sinking if we did upset."

"Well, my mother rather expects the opposite, I judge by her talk," replied Abraham. "She thinks it is rather of a risky piece of business to send us on such a trip."

"I 'spose 'tis," was Allen's thoughtful reply; "and it stands us in hand to do the very best we can."

It must suffice to say that their trip proved to be a pleasant one. Many incidents occurred which we cannot relate here, nor is it necessary for our purpose. They lived upon the flat-boat, of course. At night they drew it up to the bank of the river, in some favorable spot, and tied it safely; then laid down on their "running board," as a flat-boat was sometimes called, to sleep. They had no bed and nothing but a blanket to cover them. True, this was not so great a change for boys who were reared in the wilderness, as it would be for boys of this day who are used to the comforts and conveniences of affluent homes. Still it was a change, and many of their nights were extremely lonely.

Their voyage was not monotonous. The scenery was continually changing, and they frequently passed other boats with their merry crews, and held conversations with people who flocked to the banks of the river from adjacent villages. "Where are you from?" "Where are you bound?" "What are you loaded with?" were questions that they frequently had to answer.

The days were not all sunshine. Heavy storms sometimes descended upon them, and they had to

exert themselves to the utmost to keep their little craft right side up. Day after day they were drenched with rain, and still they must keep on the voyage. Violent storms sometimes raged at night, the wind blowing almost a hurricane, and the rain pouring down in torrents, and still there was no alternative, — they must make their bed on their little boat and take the pelting of the storm. Those were times that tried their spirit, and yet they had no complaints to utter. Never for a moment did Abraham wish he had not undertaken the voyage. The object of his expedition had taken complete possession of his soul.

At Madame Bushane's plantation, six miles below Baton Rouge, they had an adventure that is worthy of rehearsal here. The boat was tied up, and the boys were fast asleep in the stern when footsteps on board awoke them. After listening a moment, Abraham whispered:

"Foul play, Allen! A gang of niggers come to rob us!"

Thinking to frighten them away, Allen shouted, "Bring the guns, Abe, shoot 'em."

But the negroes did not flee, and the silence was as oppressive as the darkness.

"Trouble for us," said Abraham in a low tone, as he sprung to his feet and put his hand upon a billet of wood. "We must fight for our lives. Come."

Waiting and listening again for a moment, and hearing nothing, Abraham cried out:

"Who's there?" No response.

"*Who's there?*" he called with more emphasis.

The voices of several negroes, in threatening tones, responded.

"What are you here for, you rascals?" thundered Abraham. "Be off with yourselves, or we'll throw you into the river." And he dashed after them in the darkness, followed by Allen. The negroes stood their ground, armed with cudgels, and a fearful battle began at once.

"Kill them!" shouted Abraham to Allen. "They mean to kill us. Knock the scoundrels into the water."

And the clubs flew, and heavy blows were dealt back and forth, until the contest became so close and hot that clubs were useless, and a hand-to-hand fight was inevitable. For ten minutes or more the conflict raged, spattering the deck with blood, and threatening the saddest results. At length, however, Abraham threw one of the number into the river, when the others leaped from the boat upon the shore.

"Let's after them!" shouted Abraham, so thoroughly aroused and excited as to banish all fear. "Show them no quarter."

And the boys pursued them with their clubs for half a mile, yelling at such a rate that the negroes thought, no doubt, that a half score of boatmen were after them. They were Madame Bushane's slaves, seeking plunder on the boat, and they were thoroughly terrified. They had not counted upon such a belligerent reception. Abraham and Allen saw at once that it was a case of life and death, and therefore they fought with desperation. The negroes left some of their best blood on deck, and it was mingled with that of our two young

boatmen. For they received blows well nigh as hard as those they gave, and their blood told of their wounds. Abraham received a blow over his right eye, the scar of which he carried through life.

"We must get the boat off now as quick as possible," said Allen, as they returned from the pursuit. "The scamps may come back with twice the number."

"I was just thinking of that," replied Abraham, "Jump aboard, and I will untie the boat. We must lose no time."

In a minute Allen was aboard, and scarcely another minute had passed before Abraham followed him, having loosed the boat.

"We are safe now, if the whole plantation comes," said Allen, as they shoved off into the stream.

"We sha'n't need to go far," added Abraham. "Only change our position, and we are safe."

"That may be, but I think I shall sleep with my eyes open the rest of the night."

"And I will keep you company," responded Abraham. "The next time I come to New Orleans, I shall come armed. This going to war without a gun is not quite the thing."

"I wish we had been armed," said Allen. "Would n't we have made the feathers fly?"

"The *wool*, you mean," replied Abraham, jocosely. He had become as cool as if nothing had happened.

"They meant to kill us."

"Of course they did. It would n't have done for them to rob us, and leave us to tell the story to their master. But they might have made way with us, and

robbed and sunk the boat, and nobody been any the wiser for it."

"They are no fools, if they be niggers."

"No; but after all they are not so much to blame," added Abraham. "Slavery has robbed *them* of everything, and so I s'pose they think it is fair play to take what they can get."

We shall only add that the voyage was continued to New Orleans, and the cargo of bacon and other produce disposed of to advantage. The boys returned to Indiana on the deck of a steamer, according to Mr. Gentry's arrangement before they started.

It is a remarkable fact, that Abraham, who fought the slaves to save his life, should become their emancipator, as we shall discover, thirty-five years thereafter!

CHAPTER XIII.

SUNDRY INCIDENTS.

THERE is very satisfactory evidence that Abraham went on a trading trip for his father before he served Mr. Gentry, and that he built a boat himself for the expedition. For Mr. Carpenter, the painter, in his "Six Months in the White House," has the following from Mr. Lincoln's lips, related to show how he came into possession of the first dollar he could call his own: —

In the Executive Chamber, one evening, there were present a number of gentlemen, among them Mr. Seward.

A point in the conversation suggesting the thought, the President said: "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" "No," rejoined Mr. Seward. "Well," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I was about eighteen years of age. I belonged, you know, to what they call down South, the 'scrubs;' people who do not own slaves are nobody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.

"After much persuasion, I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flat-boat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to New Orleans. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams; and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.

"I was contemplating my new flat-boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages, with trunks, and looking at the different boats, singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered, somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer.' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flat-boat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat.

"They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy,

had earned a dollar in less than a day, — that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me ; I was a more hopeful and confident being from that hour."

Abraham had earned money before, considerable of it, but it belonged to his father, who did not believe that a boy had any necessary use for it. The dollar received for carrying the trunks he regarded his own.

Abraham felt, after leaving Mr. Gentry, that he was competent to earn more than he had done. Doubtless, also, his success in flat-boating awakened a strong desire to continue in that business. For, one day, he went to Mr. Wood's house, and stood around for some time, as if he wanted to say something he lacked courage to express.

"What is it, Abe?" inquired Mr. Wood.

"I want to get a place to work on the river."

"That so? And what can I do for you?"

"I would like to have you give me a recommendation to some boat, if you will."

"But you are not of age yet, Abe. Your father has a claim on you." In that hard country, at that time, parents needed the help of their sons, and their claim upon their labor was enforced with rigor.

"I know that," continued Abraham; "but I want to get a start somewhere, and I can do more for father so than I can by staying around here."

"That may be; but that's no reason why I should interfere; you and your father must settle that."

Abraham turned away from this interview somewhat disappointed, yet disposed to make the best of it. He

abandoned the idea of life on the river, and continued about home. Not long afterward, Mr. Wood saw him cutting down a large tree in the forest to whip-saw into plank.

"What's up now, Abe?" Mr. Wood inquired.

"A new house; father is talking of putting up a new house."

"Ah! And you are getting the lumber ready?"

"Yes; going to have it all ready by the time he gets ready to build."

"A better house, I suppose?" said Mr. Wood. inquiringly.

"I hope so; mother wants it badly."

"Well, I don't blame her," added Mr. Wood, as he turned away.

But Abraham's father did not build the house, as we shall learn in the next chapter. The lumber was prepared, but the project of removing to Illinois changed his purpose, and the lumber was sold to Josiah Crawford — the man who extorted work from Abraham for the book.

David Turnham bought a copy of the "Statutes of Indiana," and Abraham heard of it, in consequence of which he called upon the neighbor.

"Can I see your copy of the Statutes of Indiana? I hear you have one," Abraham asked.

"Of course you can, Abe," answered David. "Going to study law? It wouldn't be bad business for you."

"I sha'n't begin to-day," responded Abraham; "but I want to take a look into the laws of Indiana. I don't know much about them."

"That's the case with me; and that's the reason I

bought the book. I can't spare it for you to take home, for I study it every minute I have to spare."

"I can read it here, just as well," replied Abraham, as David handed him the book. "It don't make any difference where I read it."

The result was that Abraham spent much time at David Turnham's in studying the statutes of his adopted State. When David wanted the book, Abraham turned to Scott's Lessons and Sinbad the Sailor, two books which David owned. He read these books through at David's house, besides studying the laws of Indiana quite thoroughly. To him the Statutes were by no means dry, as they would have been to most of his companions; for they opened a new and wide field of research to his inquiring mind. Without doubt, the influence of that study upon his future career was marked. It began to be seen very soon; for, one day, he said to David, —

"I'm going to Booneville to court; won't you go with me?"

"Going to be tried for your life?" replied David, in a vein of humor.

"Going to see how they try other folks for their lives," answered Abraham. "I never went into a court-room, and I'm going to before I'm a week older."

"How are you going, Abe?"

"Going to walk, of course; not much of a trip there."

"Well, it may not be much of a walk for your long legs, but it's a long one for mine," responded David. "I think I will be excused till you get to be a lawyer and have a case at the bar, then I'll walk fifteen miles to see and hear."

Abraham walked to Booneville, fifteen miles, to court, and was doubly paid for his trouble. The novelty and excitement of the scene captivated him so completely that he walked thither, again and again afterwards, to enjoy the treat. At one time a murder trial was on the docket, in which one of the best lawyers of the State was counsel for the defence — John Breckinridge, Esq. Abraham heard his able and eloquent plea, and would have sat a week to listen to the speaker. "If I could ever become such a speaker, I should be perfectly satisfied," he said within himself. He was so thoroughly charmed by the speech, that he forgot his usual modesty, and, at the close of the court, stepped up to Mr. Breckinridge and said, —

"That was the best speech I ever heard."

The lawyer looked at the shabby boy, as if surprised at his boldness; but did not deign a reply. He passed on, leaving Abraham to his own reflections. It deserves to be recorded here, that John Breckinridge met Abraham at Washington when the latter was President. Breckinridge was a resident of Texas then, and was a rebel. As he did not know who the shabby boy was who addressed him at Boonville, he did not know, of course, that it was he who had become President. But Lincoln recognized the eloquent pleader of Booneville at once, and kindly refreshed the rebel's memory. Breckinridge had applied for executive clemency, and that Booneville speech became a favorable introduction. Mr. Lincoln said to him, "It was the best speech that I ever heard up to that time. If I could, as I then thought, make as good a speech as that, my soul would be satisfied."

Through Abraham's influence a "speaking-meeting," or, as we call it now, a *lyceum*, was started at Gentryville.

"It will be very improving," said Abraham to Nat Grigsby, "to say nothing about the fun of the thing." He was making a plea for such an institution.

"If we were all like you, Abe, there would be both improvement and fun in the thing, but we are not," answered Nat. "I'll do what I can, though."

"And that is all any of us can do."

"What will you do at your speaking-meeting?" Nat continued.

"Speak pieces, discuss questions, and read compositions," answered Abraham. "We can have real good times."

"We might if we could all speak and write and argue as you can," responded Nat. "But most of us will have to take back seats in such a meeting, I tell you. But I go in for it."

All the young people favored the enterprise finally, and not a few of the older ones. It started with flying colors, and Abraham was in his element. The pieces he had committed to memory as a pastime now served him a good purpose, and, more than ever, the people extolled him. Old Mr. Gentry said, "Abe will make a great man sure as he lives." One of the enthusiastic women declared, "He will be President of the United States yet."

In the discussions, Abraham was logical and witty; and every body was on the alert to hear him speak. Among the questions discussed were, "Which is the stronger, wind or water?" and "Which has the most

right to complain, the negro or the Indian?" Abraham had picked up much information concerning wind and water, so that he was not at all limited for materials in the discussion. On the other question he had very definite views of his own, and not a little information collected from here and there. He hated Indians out of respect to his ancestors, if for no other reason; still, he considered them an abused race. But he spoke for the negro in that debate, and made his first public plea for the enslaved, at that time, on the free soil of Indiana.

That Abraham did not improve in his personal appearance, as he did in knowledge, is evident from a remark of Miss Roby, when he went to live with Mr. Gentry. She said, "Abe was then a long, thin, leggy, gawky boy, dried up and shrivelled." He appeared to be much older than he was. Caring little or nothing for dress, he continued to wear apparel of the genuine pioneer pattern, which made his homeliness more homely. A remark of Dennis, on one occasion, was quite expressive: "Abe has too much legs to be handsome;" and it was true.

Still, he was the centre of attraction in all circles. Men, women and children loved to hear him talk. They would gather about him to listen, whether in house or field. He continued to improve, too, in this regard. Nat Grigsby says:—

"When he appeared in company, the boys would gather and cluster around him to hear him talk. He was figurative in his speeches, talks, and conversations. He argued much from analogy, and explained things hard for us to understand by stories, maxims, tales,

and figures. He would almost always point his lesson or idea by some story that was plain and near us, that we might instantly see the force and bearing of what he said."

Later, Nat Grigsby and his brother were married at the same time, and brought their wives home to their father's cabin. They had a grand reception for pioneer life, but, in consequence of some pique, did not invite Abraham, who felt the slight keenly. In his chagrin, he wrote a piece of poetry, which he called "The Chronicles of Reuben," (Reuben was the name of one of the Grigsby brothers,) and dropped it in the road where he was quite sure it would fall into their hands. It was a very sarcastic production, and caused quite a sensation, not only in the family, but also in the neighborhood. It was a thoughtless act of Abraham, which he regretted afterwards; and the whole affair was subsequently settled on a lasting basis. Nat Grigsby wrote, after Abraham was distinguished in public life: —

"Lincoln did write what is called the 'Chronicles of Reuben' — a satire on the Grigsbys and Josiah Crawford, — not the school-master, but the man who lent Lincoln 'The Life of Washington.' The satire was good, sharp, cutting; it hurt us then, but it is all over now. There is no family in the land who, after this, loved Abe so well, and who now look upon him as so great a man. We all voted for him, — all that could, — children and grandchildren, first, last, and always."

Dennis Hanks, who ought to know more about Abraham, from fourteen to eighteen years of age, than

any of his companions, has so characteristically described his way of learning and making progress, that we quote his description here: —

"He learned by sight, scent and hearing. He heard all that was said, and talked over and over the questions heard; wore them slick, greasy and threadbare. He went to political and other speeches and gatherings; he would hear all sides and opinions, talk them over and discuss them, agreeing or disagreeing. Abe, as I said before, was originally a Democrat after the order of Jackson, so was his father, so we all were. He preached, made speeches, read for us, explained to us, etc. . . . Abe was a cheerful boy, a witty boy, was humorous always; sometimes would get sad, not very often. . . . He would frequently make political and other speeches to the boys; he was calm, logical and clear always. He attended trials, went to court always, read the Revised Statutes of Indiana, dated 1827, heard law speeches, and listened to law trials, etc. He was always reading, scribbling, writing, ciphering, writing poetry, and the like. . . . In Gentryville, about one mile west of Thomas Lincoln's farm, Lincoln would go and tell his jokes and stories, and was so odd, original, humorous and witty, that all the people in town would gather around him. He would keep them there till midnight. Abe was a good talker, a good reader, and was a kind of newsboy."

In consequence of the prevalence of the milk-disease, from time to time, the Lincolns discussed the subject of removal to Illinois. John Hanks had gone thither, and sent back favorable reports of the country. John returned to Kentucky after residing with the Lincolns

four years, as we have said before, and afterward removed to Illinois. It was natural, therefore, when the question of escaping from the dreaded milk-disease was raised, to turn towards that State. The next chapter will furnish an account of the removal.

CHAPTER XIV.

OFF TO ILLINOIS.

BEFORE the 1st of January, 1830, Mr. Lincoln decided to remove to Illinois. Dennis Hanks and Levi Hall, who had married Mrs. Lincoln's daughters, concluded to remove, also, with their families. Dennis had made a flying visit thither, after he had recovered from a severe attack of the milk-disease, and returned with marvellous stories about the country. He went to visit "Uncle John Hanks," who had settled four miles from Decatur, in Macon County. On this account, Mr. Lincoln decided to go directly to "Uncle John's."

He sold his farm to the senior Gentry, and his corn and hogs to David Turnham. He received ten cents a bushel for his corn, and sold the hogs for a "song." He took with him to Illinois "some stock-cattle, one horse, one bureau, one table, one clothes-chest, one set of chairs, working utensils, clothing, etc." The goods belonging to the three families were loaded upon Mr. Lincoln's wagon, an "ironed" wagon, which was the first one he ever owned. It was drawn by four yoke of oxen, two of them Lincoln's and the other two Hanks's; and Abraham drove the team. There

were thirteen persons in all who went — men, women and children.

Abraham was twenty-one years of age on the twelfth day of February, two or three days before they started upon their journey.

"You are your own man now," said his father.

"What of that?" was Abraham's reply, suspecting what thoughts were in his mind.

"Why, you can go or stay, though I don't see how I can get along without you."

"Nor I; and I want to go to Illinois more than you do, and I shall see you safely there, and settled down, before I leave you."

"I'm glad of that," continued his father. "I won't ask you to stay at home one minute after we get settled down. You ought to be looking out for yourself, now that you are of age."

"We'll talk about that when we get there. Perhaps I shall find enough to do for a while to get you fixed up, and I can attend to that better than you can."

"Well, it's a long ways there, and I'm almost sorry that I undertook it at my time of life. It looks like a great job to get there, and begin new."

"It don't to me. We'll be there, and have a roof over our heads, in less than four weeks."

"If nothing happens, you mean."

"There will something happen, I'm thinking," answered Abraham, dryly, "or we shall never get there."

"What?"

"I expect that it will happen that we shall go there

in about two weeks, by hard travelling. If that don't happen, I shall be sorry."

"We shall see," added Mr. Lincoln.

The fact was, Abraham thought too much of his father and mother to leave them to undertake such a journey alone. No money could have hired him to leave them before they were settled in Illinois. Mr. Scripps, who knows all the circumstances well, says: "He was the only son of his father, now advanced in years, and it was not in his nature to desert his aged sire at a time when all the hardships, privations, and toil of making a new home in a new country were about to be entered upon. Whatever the future may have seemed to hold in it, as a reward for effort specially directed to that end, he cheerfully put aside in obedience to his sense of duty, and engaged at once and heartily in the work before him."

The above writer, a Western man himself, describes the manner of moving in those days, as follows: —

"In those days, when people changed their residence from one State or settlement to another, they took all their movable possessions with them, — their household goods, their kitchen utensils, including provisions for the journey, their farming implements, their horses and cattle. The former were loaded into wagons, drawn, for the most part, by oxen; and the latter were driven by the smaller boys of the family, who were sometimes assisted by their sisters and mother. Thus arranged for a journey of weeks, — not unfrequently of months, — the emigrant set out, thinking but little of the hardships before him, — of bad roads, of unbridged streams, of disagreeable weather,

of sleeping on the ground or in the wagon, of sickness, accidents, and sometimes death by the way,—dwelling chiefly in thought upon the novelty and excitement of the trip, the rumored attractions of the new country whither he was going, and of the probable advantages likely to result from the change. By ten or fifteen miles per day, over untravelled roads, now across mountains, swamps and watercourses, and now through dense, umbrageous forests, and across broad prairies where the horizon alone bounded the vision, the caravan of wagons, men, women and children, flocks and herds, toiled onward by day, sleeping under the broad canopy of stars at night, patiently accomplishing the destined journey, sometimes of weeks', sometimes of months' duration."

In this way the Lincoln, Hanks and Hall families moved to Illinois. The distance was about two hundred miles—not much of an undertaking for the perseverance and heroism of pioneer families.

The weather proved favorable nearly all the way, though the roads were excessively muddy. For miles Abraham walked through mud a foot deep. Often, for a long distance, he waded in water up to his knees (and it is well known that his knees were not very low down). When they had performed nearly one hundred and fifty miles of the journey, they came to the Kaskaskia River, where they found the bottom lands overflowed, and the old corduroy road nearly gone,

"We're done to now," said Hanks.

"I don't know about that," answered Abraham. "Let us see about it."

"It is plain enough to see, I should think. The

man who directed us back there yesterday said, if the bottom was overflowed, it would be three miles through water, and I should think it was more than that."

"I don't care if it's twice three," replied Abraham, "if it's not too deep to wade."

"We can wait some days for the water to fall, or we can go up or down the river a few miles, and possibly find a better place to cross," suggested Hanks.

"That will take too much time. The water won't fall yet awhile. It is February yet, you know, and the rivers are always high. I am for going straight ahead through thick and thin."

"That's the only way, I think," said Mr. Lincoln, who had listened to the conversation, while he was looking rather doubtfully upon the flood of water before them.

"We can't stay here for the water to fall, that's certain," continued Abraham, "and as to finding a better place to cross, I don't believe we can, if we go around twenty miles."

"And that would take time, too," suggested his father.

"Yes, and I am for going right along. I will go forward; and if I go under, the rest of you may take warning." This remark was made rather in a strain of pleasantry, to inspire all hearts around him with courage. "Come, Dennis, what do you say? Will you follow me?"

"Of course; I can go where you can."

It was settled to go forward, turning neither to the right hand nor left. And for three miles Abraham

drove his team through water that was up to his waist, urging his oxen along, and cheering the hearts of the company with words of encouragement. Mr. Lamon says, "In crossing the swollen and tumultuous Kaskaskia the wagon and oxen were nearly swept away." But Abraham's pluck and energy overcame the difficulty, and, on the first day of March, 1830, they arrived at John Hanks' house, four miles northwest of Decatur. What kind of a cabin Uncle John possessed, we do not know, but the advent of thirteen visitors must have fully occupied all the spare room in it. But squeezing the largest number of persons into the smallest space was incidental to pioneer life.

"I've fixed on the spot for you to settle," said Uncle John to Mr. Lincoln, "and there's a lot of logs there for a cabin, which I cut last year."

"How far away is it?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"Only a few miles; and it will be a short job to put up a cabin, now the logs are all ready; and you are welcome to them."

"Well, that is a great lift," replied Mr. Lincoln; "with the logs all cut, Abe, Dennis, and I will make short work of building a shelter."

"And my help, too," added Uncle John; "nothing to do now but to get you fixed."

"I'm going to have a better house than we had in Indiana," chimed in Abraham, who was listening to the conversation. "Hewed logs, and less mud."

"I'll second that project," interjected his mother. "A little more labor and expense upon a habitation will increase comforts ten-fold."

The subject of a log-house was thus discussed, and

the following day, Mr. Lincoln, Uncle John, Abraham and Dennis repaired to the location selected, to investigate. It was on the north side of Sangamon River, about ten miles west of Decatur; and, perhaps, six miles, in a straight line, from Uncle John's cabin. All were delighted with the location, mainly because it was at the junction of the timber and prairie lands, and was well supplied with water.

Short work was made in erecting the best log-house the Lincoln family ever occupied. Abraham took charge of the work, because he was determined to have as good a house for his parents as could be built of logs. There was a good supply of material that Uncle John had prepared, from which Abraham selected the best logs, every one of which was carefully hewn, though the only tools they had to work with was a common axe, a broad-axe, a hand-saw, and a "drawer-knife."

After the cabin was built, a smoke-house and stable were erected near by. The doors and floor of the cabin were made of puncheon, and the gable-ends of the structure boarded up with plank "rived" by Abraham's hand out of oak timber. The nails used — and they were very few — were all brought from their old home in Indiana.*

"You never saw such land as this," remarked John Hanks to Mr. Lincoln. "The land in Indiana can't compare with this prairie land."

"I'm convinced of that," answered Mr. Lincoln; "the half wasn't told us. And we must turn over a big piece of it this spring for corn, and fence it, too. Abe is great on splitting rails."

* Dr. Holland.

"He can have a chance to split 'em to his heart's content now," continued John. "It 'll take a pile on 'em to fence fifteen acres, and you'll want to put in as much as that."

"And fifteen acres of such land as this will make such a corn-field as Indiana farmers are not acquainted with," added Mr. Lincoln.

"Abe and I can break it up," continued John; "and fence it into the bargain."

This was the final decision, after the Lincolns were settled in their new home — that Abraham and John should plough the fifteen acres, and then fence the field. With the four yokes of oxen, each driving two yokes, the fifteen acres were turned over within a week; and, as soon as the planting was done, the rail-splitting and fencing commenced in earnest. Abraham and John got out all the rails, and put up the fence around the fifteen acres. Those rails became historic after thirty years, and played an important part in an interesting chapter of our national career, as we shall learn hereafter.

With all his labor at home, Abraham found time to work out considerably in the neighborhood. Rev. A. Hale of Springfield, Illinois, visited the locality, after the death of Abraham Lincoln, and one Mrs. Brown related the following to him: —

"I remember Mr. Lincoln. He worked for my old man, and helped make a crap. We lived on the same farm we live on now, and he worked and made a crap, and the next winter they hauled the crap all the way to Galena, and sold it. At that time there was no public-houses, and travellers were obliged to stay at

any house along the road that could take them in. One evening a right smart-looking man rode up to the fence, and asked my old man if he could get to stay over night. 'Well,' said Mr. Brown, 'we can feed your crittur, and give you something to eat, but we can't lodge you unless you can sleep on the bed with the hired man.' The man hesitated, and asked, 'Where is he?' 'Well,' said Mr. Brown, 'you can come and see him.' So the man got down from his crittur, and Mr. Brown took him around to where, in the shade of the house, Abe lay his full length on the ground, with an open book before him. 'There,' said Mr. Brown, pointing to him, 'he is.' The stranger looked at him a minute, and said, 'Well, I think he'll do;' and he stayed and slept with the President of the United States."

It is claimed that Mrs. Brown was wrong in saying that Abraham worked for her husband, the fact being that he worked for one Taylor, near by, and boarded with her. It is probable, also, that he worked for him only at such times, during that first summer in Illinois, as he was not needed at home.

"Abe was the roughest looking fellow I ever saw," remarked George Cluse, who worked with him occasionally that year; "he was so tall, awkward and wrinkled!"

"Was he a good worker?"

"None better to be found; and he knew more than any man I ever saw; but his dress was comical."

"How did he dress?"

"He wore trousers made of flax and tow, cut tight at the ankles, and out at both knees. I looked bad

enough myself, but compared with him, my dress was superb." At the time Thomas Lincoln left Indiana, few families in that part of the country used woollen goods. They were unknown there until about 1825.

"I split rails with him a good deal," continued Cluse. "He'd split more rails in a day than any other man. He was strong as an ox, and never got tired. He made a bargain that season with Nancy Miller, to split four hundred rails for every yard of brown jeans, dyed with white walnut bark, that would be necessary to make him a pair of trousers; and that was the way he got trousers that were not out at the knees."

"What about reading? Was he fond of books?"

"When I worked with him, he'd not much chance to fool with books; but he was always talking history, and politics, and great men; and I have seen him going to his work with a book in his hand. Then, Abe walked five, six, and seven miles to his work."

It is quite evident that Abraham made himself extremely useful in Illinois in the year 1830 by his industry and hard labor. He made himself very agreeable, also, by his intelligence and social qualities. George Cluse says, "He was a welcome guest in every house in the neighborhood."

In the autumn of that year, fever and ague visited the region of Decatur, and every member of the Lincoln family were attacked by it — not severely, nevertheless with sufficient violence to make them "shake." Even Abraham's stalwart frame came under its power for a brief season; but he shook it off before it had much of a chance to shake him. The experience, however, satisfied the family that their location in Illinois

was not favorable to health. And we may state here as well as anywhere, that, in consequence of the appearance of this disease, Mr. Lincoln removed subsequently to a more favorable locality, and finally settled in Cole's County, where he died on the 17th of January, 1851.

The first winter of the Lincolns in Illinois was a very trying one. It was the winter of the "great snow," as it was called, when, for weeks, it averaged three feet deep. Being chiefly dependent upon the rifle for meat, the severity of the winter interfered somewhat with their supplies. But for the strength, endurance, and perseverance of Abraham, their comforts would have been abridged much more. His use of the rifle during that rigorous winter well nigh disproved what one of his early associates writes to us, viz.: "Abe was not much of a hunter; we seldom went hunting together. The time spent by us boys in this amusement was improved by him in the perusal of some good book."

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER TRIP TO NEW ORLEANS.

DENTON OFFUTT was a trader, residing at New Salem. Meeting John Hanks, one day, he said:—

"John! I want you to take a boat for me to New Orleans on a trading trip; you understand the business." John had some reputation as a waterman.

"I can't do it; don't fancy the bisness."

"Fudge! you can do it if you only think so. I'll pay you extra for it. You are the only man who can do it to suit me."

"I know of a man who can do it for you," said John. "Abe Lincoln understands it; and perhaps he'll do it."

"Who's Abe Lincoln?"

"He's a relative of mine; came to Illinois from Indiana about one year ago, and settled a few miles from me."

"Well, I don't know anything about him," continued Offutt, "and I do know about you. Say you'll go."

"Maybe I'll go if Abe and John Johnston will go."

"And who's John Johnston?"

"He is Abe Lincoln's step-brother, and lives with him. He came with him from Indiana."

"And you think they are good men for the business?'

"I *know* they are; Abe, especially, can't be beat on a boat. He's the tallest and strongest chap in Illinois."

"Well, now, John, I'll do most any way to get you to undertake the trip," continued Offutt; "and if you'll see your two friends, and get them to go, I'll see that they'll make a good thing of it."

"How much pay will you give?"

"I'll give you—all three of you—fifty cents a day; and, at the end of the trip, I will divide sixty dollars, in addition, equally between you."

"That's good pay, and no mistake," replied John, who was rather surprised at the generosity of the offer: "I think we'll be able to arrange it."

Offutt was a man of considerable property for that region, and he was generous, too, some said "too generous for his own good."

John Hanks lost no time in laying the subject before Abraham and Johnston.

"I should like the job," Abraham replied at once. "That is larger pay than I ever had, and I rather like the business."

"I can't say that I like the business," said Hanks; "but I think I'll accept this offer. Offutt is a capital fellow, and I would go on such a trip for him a little quicker than I would for anybody else."

"Agreed," was John Johnston's laconic way of saying that he would go. The fact was, Offutt had made them a very generous offer—larger pay than any one of them had ever received.

It was February, 1831, when Offutt made the offer; and, early in March, the fortunate trio left home to

meet Offutt at Springfield, according to arrangement. They proceeded down the Sangamon in a canoe to Jamestown (then known as Judy's Ferry) five miles east of Springfield. Thence they walked to Springfield, where they met Offutt at "Elliott's Tavern." Offutt met Abraham with a look of surprise. He was not expecting to see a giant, although Hanks told him that his relative was the tallest man in Illinois; nor was he expecting to see a man as green as he was tall. However, they were soon on the best of terms, and Offutt said:—

"I've been badly disappointed; expected a boat built by this time, at the mouth of Spring Creek, but I learned yesterday that it wan't touched; and now what's to be done?"

"Build a boat at once," answered Abraham, with a promptness that won Offutt's heart.

"Can you build a boat?" asked Offutt.

"Of course I can," replied Abraham. "We three can put the job through in three weeks."

"We'll have the boat, then, in short order," responded Offutt. "Plenty of timber at Spring Creek, and we can raft it down to Sangamontown, and build the boat there."

They repaired to Spring Creek, and spent about two weeks there cutting timber "on Congress land," boarding a full mile from their work. While there, Abraham walked back to Judy's Ferry, ten miles distant, and brought down the canoe which they had left there. The timber was rafted down to Sangamontown, where Abraham and his two companions erected a shanty for temporary shelter. Here they boarded themselves,

Abraham playing the part of "cook" to the entire satisfaction of the two Johns. The lumber was sawed at Kilpatrick's mill, one mile and a half distant. With all these inconveniences, the boat was ready for the trip within four weeks, and a very substantial boat it was.

Offutt joined the party at Sangamontown, and was present during the construction of the boat. He soon learned that the long, tall, and green Abraham was a young man of rare talents. Offutt was a Whig, and so was Abraham now, although the latter was not willing to hear the former abuse Jackson. Offutt indulged his pique in this line, and Abraham met him squarely, and hot discussions followed, enlivening the camp and making merry times. Offutt was quite a politician, but Abraham was more than a match for him. His familiarity with the lives of a few of the great men of the country, and the habits, customs and principles of their times, gave him a decided advantage over Offutt. Abraham often contributed to the merriment of the camp by reciting "prose-like orations" and quoting poetry. He also extracted a large amount of fun out of his new occupation — that of "cook." On the whole, the two weeks at boat-building were merry ones, and they quickly sped.

While the little company were employed at Sangamontown, a juggler gave an exhibition in the upper room of John Carman's house. Another says: "Abe went to it dressed in a suit of rough bluejeans. He had on shoes, but the trousers did not reach them by about twelve inches; and the naked shin, which had excited John Romine's laughter years ago in Indiana,

was still exposed. Between the roundabout and the waist of the trousers there was another wide space uncovered; and, considering these defects, his attire was thought to be somewhat inelegant, even in those times. His hat, however, was a great improvement on coon skins and opossum. It was woollen, broad-brimmed and low-crowned. In his hat 'the showman cooked eggs.' Whilst Abe was handing it up to him, after the man had long sought for a similar favor from the rest of the audience, he remarked, 'Mister, the reason I didn't give you my hat before was out of respect to your eggs, not care for my hat.'"

As soon as the boat was completed, a partial cargo of barrel-pork, hogs and corn was taken on board, and the craft started down the river. Offutt went in the capacity of merchant, to make purchases along the way. Just below New Salem, of which we shall hear and see much hereafter, the boat stuck fast on Rutledge's dam through one night and part of a day — "one end of it hanging over the dam and the other sunk deep in the water behind."

"A pretty fix now," cried out Offutt; "it will take longer to get out of this scrape than it did to build the boat."

"Guess not," replied Abraham, who took in the situation at a glance. "We must unload, though."

"Into the river, I s'pose," responded Offutt.

"Borrow a boat, and transfer the cargo to it, and let us see what can be done," continued Abraham.

This was in the morning, after the boat had "stuck" through the night. Nearly all the people of New Salem had assembled on shore watching the movements.

"Your boat will sink or break in two pieces, if you are not in a hurry," cried out a looker-on. And such a result seemed inevitable. For the cargo was sliding backwards, and the peril increased with every passing minute. But, under Abraham's direction, the cargo was soon shifted to a borrowed boat, when he immediately bored a large hole in the bottom of that part of the boat extending over the dam. Then he erected "queer machinery" for tilting the part of the boat under water, and holding it in position until the water was emptied through the hole bored. Stopping up the hole after the water had run out was the work of only a few minutes, when the relieved craft was pushed over the dam, and glided into the deep pool below amidst the hurrahs of the many beholders. Offutt was particularly elated.

"That's real skill, Abe," he cried; "one in a thousand couldn't do that. Three cheers for Abe Lincoln," he shouted, swinging his hat, and leading the cheers vociferously.

It was a hearty tribute to Abraham's ingenuity in which the observers joined without reserve.

"When I get back from New Orleans," shouted Offutt, turning to the beholders on shore, "I'll build a steamboat to navigate the Sangamon River, and make Abe captain. I'll build it with runners for ice and rollers for shoals and dams, and, by thunder, it will have to go, with Abe for captain."

This funny way of putting it awoke another burst of applause from the spectators, while the tall, awkward Abraham shook his sides with laughter.

This mishap to their craft set Abraham to thinking

of ways to overcome the difficulties of navigating Western rivers. It was several years, however, before his thoughts and studies thereupon took tangible shape in the form of an invention. After he was elected President, the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* wrote as follows concerning it: —

"Occupying an ordinary and common-place position in one of the show cases in the large hall of the Patent Office is one little model which, in ages to come, will be prized as at once one of the most curious and one of the most sacred relics in that vast museum of unique and priceless things. This is a plain and simple model of a steamboat, roughly fashioned in wood, by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. It bears date in 1849, when the inventor was known simply as a successful lawyer and rising politician of Central Illinois. Neither his practice nor his politics took up so much of his time as to prevent him from giving much attention to contrivances which he hoped might be of benefit to the world and of profit to himself.

"The design of this invention is suggestive of one phase of Abraham Lincoln's early life, when he went up and down the Mississippi as a flat-boatman, and became familiar with some of the dangers and inconveniences attending the navigation of the Western rivers. It is an attempt to make it an easy matter to transport vessels over shoals and snags and sawyers. The main idea is that of an apparatus resembling a noiseless bellows placed on each side of the hull of the craft, just below the water-line, and worked by an odd but not complicated system of ropes, valves and pulleys. When the keel of the vessel grates against the sand or obstruction, these bellows are to be filled with air; and thus buoyed up, the ship is expected to float lightly and gayly over the shoal which would otherwise have proved a serious interruption to her voyage.

"The model, which is about eighteen or twenty inches long, and has the air of being whittled with a knife out of a shingle and a cigar-box, is built without any elaboration or ornament, or

any extra apparatus beyond that necessary to show the operation of buoying the steamer over the obstructions. Herein it differs from very many of the models which share with it the shelter of the immense halls of the Patent Office, and which are fashioned with wonderful nicety and exquisite finish, as if much of the labor and thought and affection of a lifetime had been devoted to their construction. This is a model of a different kind; carved as one might imagine a retired rail-splitter would whittle, strongly, but not smoothly, and evidently made with a view solely to convey, by the simplest possible means, to the minds of the patent authorities, an idea of the purpose and plan of the simple invention. The label on the steamer's deck informs us that the patent was obtained; but we do not learn that the navigation of the Western rivers was revolutionized by this quaint conception. The modest little model has reposed here sixteen years; and, since it found its resting-place here on the shelf, the shrewd inventor has found it his task to guide the Ship of State over shoals more perilous, and obstructions more obstinate, than any prophet dreamed of when Abraham Lincoln wrote his bold autograph on the prow of this miniature steamer."

When the boat was safely over the dam, in the deep pool below, it was re-loaded, and then sped on its way. At Salt Creek, Offutt stopped to make a purchase of live hogs, but the wild vicious animals were determined not to go on board; and they were full of fight. Once on board, they might make fearful war upon each other, causing much trouble to the trader and his crew. After vainly trying to drive the hogs towards the river, Abraham remarked: —

"It's no use; they are too ugly to go where you want them to go."

"They wouldn't be hogs, if they did," responded Offutt. "You'll have to get up some sort of a tackling, Abe, to get them aboard, as you got the boat

over the dam." The last remark was made partly in praise of Abraham, and partly in a vein of humor.

"Sew up their eyes and tie their legs," exclaimed Abraham; "there's no other way to get them aboard and keep them still after they get there."

"That's it, exactly, Abe," replied Offutt; "I knew that you could find a way out of the trouble. Let's see you put your theory in practice."

Abraham seized a hog by the ears, and directed Hanks to hold him by the tail, while Offutt should tie his legs and sew up his eyelids. "If he fights, he must fight in the dark," he added.

The experiment proved successful; and the hogs were loaded into a cart and drawn to the river, where Abraham took them up in his long arms, one by one, and carried them aboard.

"Rather cruel," he said, "but there's no help for it. In a battle with wild hogs we must use war-tactics."

"You're a genius, Abe," said Offutt; "ugly hogs and dams and shoals are of little account to you."

Before leaving Salt Creek, Abraham rigged up "curious-looking sails," with plank and cloth to increase their speed. The device accomplished his purpose; but it "was a sight to behold," as one reliable witness declared. When they "rushed down through Beardstown," the craft presented such a comical appearance that "the people came out and laughed at them."

"Let them laugh and take it out in laughing, so long as the thing works well," said Abraham, rather enjoying the singular exhibition because it attracted attention.

They stopped only at Memphis, Vicksburg and Natchez, after leaving Salt Creek, during the whole distance to New Orleans, where they arrived without another drawback. Offutt disposed of his goods readily, and made a very profitable trip of it. At the same time, he obtained such an insight into Abraham's character and abilities that he resolved to make the best use of him possible in future.

"Inhuman," exclaimed Abraham, one day, when they saw a gang of slaves chained together, and a merciless driver cracking his whip about their heads. "A nation that tolerates such inhumanity will have to pay for it some day."

"They are used to it," replied Offutt, "and mind no more about it than cattle."

"What if they don't?" retorted Abraham. "You can't make cattle of men without being inhuman. I tell you, the nation that does it will be cursed."

"Not in our day," remarked Offutt.

"In somebody's day, though," responded Abraham, promptly.

That Abraham's visits to New Orleans served to increase his hostility to slavery, there can be no doubt, especially his visit in 1831. For John Hanks said, thirty years afterwards, recalling the incidents of that memorable trip:—

"There it was we saw negroes chained, maltreated, whipped and scourged. Lincoln saw it, and his heart bled. It made him sad, he looked bad, felt bad, was thoughtful and abstracted. I can say, knowing it, that it was on this trip that he formed his opinions of slavery. It ran its iron into him then and there,—

May, 1831. I have heard him say so, often and often."

Providence was leading Abraham in a way that he knew not, disciplining him for the day when he would be forced to grapple with the system of American slavery, to overthrow it. All such incidents as these become more interesting and important in their providential connection with his future public career.

In June, Offutt, with his men, was ready to return, and he engaged passage for all on a steamer up the Mississippi to St. Louis. On the way up the river, Offutt surprised Abraham by saying:

"Abe, I think you can sell goods for me; how would you like it?"

"What kind of goods?" Abraham asked.

"Store goods, such as country stores keep," Offutt answered. "How would you like to run my store at New Salem?"

"I should like it well enough provided I could do it."

"You can do it well enough; I have no fear of that. If you'll say the word, I will put you in charge of my store at New Salem."

"I'll say the word, then," continued Abraham, "if we can agree on the terms."

They did agree upon the terms, and, before they parted company at St. Louis, it was arranged to transform Abraham into a "storekeeper." Offutt had so exalted an idea of Abraham's tact and ability, that he was prepared to commit almost any trust to his keeping. Abraham was to return home, visit his

parents, and then repair to New Salem to be installed over a country store.

At St. Louis, Offutt's business made it necessary for him to separate from his efficient trio; so Abraham, Hanks, and Johnston started on foot for the interior of Illinois. When they reached Edwardsville, twenty-five miles from St. Louis, Hanks took the road to Springfield, and Abraham and Johnston took that to Cole's County, whither Thomas Lincoln removed after Abraham left home.

A few days after Abraham reached his father's house in Cole's County, a famous wrestler, by the name of Daniel Needham, called to see him. Needham had heard of Abraham's great strength, and that he was an expert wrestler, and he desired to see him.

"S'pose we try a hug," suggested Needham.

"No doubt you can throw me," answered Abraham. "You are in practice, and I am not."

"Then you'll not try it?" continued Needham.

"Not much sport in being laid on my back," was Abraham's evasive answer.

"It remains to be seen who will lay on his back," suggested Needham. "S'pose you make the trial."

By persistent urging Abraham finally consented to meet Needham, at a specified place and time, according to the custom that prevailed. Abraham was true to his promise, met the bully, and threw him twice with no great difficulty.

Needham was both disappointed and chagrined. His pride was greatly humbled; and his wrath was not a little exercised.

"You have thrown me twice, Lincoln, but you can't whip me," he said.

"I don't want to whip you, whether I can or not," Abraham replied magnanimously; "and I don't want to get whipped;" and the closing sentence was spoken jocosely.

"Well, I stump you to whip me," Needham cried, thinking that Lincoln was unwilling to undertake it. "Throwing a man is one thing and thrashing him is another."

"You are right, my friend; and I've no special desire to do either," answered Abraham.

Needham continued to press him, whereupon Lincoln said:

"Needham, are you satisfied that I can throw you? If you are not, and must be convinced through a thrashing, I will do that, too, *for your sake.*"

This was putting the matter practically enough to open the bully's eyes, which was all Abraham hoped to accomplish. He was willing to show his strength by wrestling to please his companions and get a little sport out of it; but he despised a bully like Needham, and considered such encounters for any purpose but sport as beneath his notice. Needham put the proper interpretation upon Abraham's words, and, considering "discretion the better part of valor," he withdrew as gracefully as possible.

We shall turn next to Abraham's success as a country merchant.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN A PIONEER STORE.

ABOUT the first of August, 1831, Abraham met Offutt at New Salem as previously arranged. His employer had collected a quantity of goods at Beardstown, awaiting transportation. Until the goods arrived, Abraham had nothing to do, but loitered about the town, then numbering only from twelve to fifteen habitations. Some of the people recognized him as the ingenious fellow who engineered the boat over Rutledge's dam a few months before; and they scraped acquaintance with him at once.

On the day of the election he was loitering about the polling place, when one of the judges remarked to Minter Graham, the schoolmaster, "We are short of a clerk; what shall we do?"

The schoolmaster replied, "Perhaps the tall stranger yonder can write; and maybe he will serve in that capacity."

"Possibly," responded the judge, as he advanced towards Abraham, and said:—

"Can you write?" It must be remembered that, at that time in that region, many people could neither

read nor write, so that getting a clerk was not an easy matter.

"Yes, a little," answered Abraham.

"Will you act as clerk of the election to-day?"

"Yes, I'll try," was Abraham's modest reply. "I will do the best I can, if you so request."

"Well, it will accommodate us very much if you will," continued the judge, conducting the stranger to the polls. As yet, Abraham had not announced to any one that he was soon to preside over the store of New Salem.

That he discharged the duties of the office acceptably on that day, we have positive evidence; for Minter Graham, the schoolmaster, who was clerk also, says: —

"He performed the duties with great facility, much fairness and honesty and impartiality. This was the first official act of his life. I clerked with him on the same day, and at the same polls. The election-books are now in the city of Springfield, Illinois, where they can be seen and inspected any day."

Dr. Nelson of New Salem was about to remove to Texas, and had built a flat-boat on which to convey his goods and family thither. He was ready to start when Abraham was waiting for the arrival of Offutt's merchandize. The Sangamon river was at best a turbulent stream, and was then swollen to overflowing, so that the doctor required a pilot to Beardstown. Some one suggested to him the young fellow who took the boat over Rutledge's dam; and Abraham was accordingly engaged. He piloted the flat-boat successfully to Beardstown, although he said the river over-

flowed its banks so unprecedentedly for that season of the year, that he sometimes floated over the prairie, three miles from the channel. At Beardstown he received his pay, and left the doctor to run down the Illinois while he returned on foot to New Salem.

On the arrival of Offutt's merchandize, the inhabitants of the village understood what the tall stranger's business was in town. For Abraham proceeded at once to unpack the goods, and arrange them for exhibition in the store. There were groceries, dry goods, hardwares, stonewares, earthenwares, cups and saucers, plates, knives and forks, boots and shoes, coffee, tea, sugar, molasses, butter, gunpowder, tobacco, with other articles too numerous to mention, including the inevitable whiskey, which nearly everybody except Abraham considered indispensable.

Within a few days Abraham was well under way with Offutt's commercial enterprise. The new goods drew customers, and the new clerk attracted attention. He was "jokey," agreeable and social, "worth a dozen such fellers as Offutt's other man," as one of the citizens put it.

Offutt's business elsewhere did not allow him to remain at New Salem, though he was there long enough to risk another venture. He leased the mill of Cameron and Rutledge at the foot of the hill, and put it in charge of Abraham along with the store. At the same time he hired William G. Green for assistant clerk in the store, that Abraham might divide his time between the two enterprises.

Offutt was a great talker, and some people said he was "rattle-brained" and "harum-scarum." But no

one claimed that Abraham was like him, not even Offutt himself, for the latter was wont to magnify the abilities and fidelity of his clerk extravagantly. His confidence in him was well-nigh boundless, and he drew largely upon the dictionary for words to express his admiration of the new storekeeper. He did not hesitate to say, "Abe knows more than any man in the United States." If confronted by any one who dared to dispute his assertion, he would supplement his statement by another: "Abe will be President of the United States some time. Now remember what I say." Between engineering the boat over Rutledge's dam and the eulogiums of Offutt, Abraham was quite grandly introduced to the inhabitants of New Salem. It is not strange that he entered upon his labors there with flying colors, causing the store to become the centre of attraction in that township. New customers were multiplied, and old ones became even more reliable patrons.

Then, in Illinois, the merchant of the town was second to no citizen in importance. Abraham stepped at once into this position of notoriety; and then, in addition, his knowledge, affability, and uprightness, contributed to make him a still more important personage.

"The best feller we've had in the store yet," remarked Jason Duncan to a companion named Carman; "and he knows a thing or two."

"Not so much as Offutt thinks he does," replied Carman; "but it's fun to hear him talk."

"And he is so accommodating and honest;" continued Duncan. "Mother says she'd trust him with

anything because he's so honest. She paid him a few cents too much, and he brought it back to her."

"Not many on 'em who'd do that," replied Carman. "Every body says that he gives Scriptur' weight and measure."

"And he is none of your high-fly gentry," added Duncan, "if he does keep store. He knows more in half an hour than Offutt's other man did in a week."

"Yes, and he's drawing customers that haven't traded there before, just because he does the thing that is right. Everybody knows that he won't lie nor cheat; and they believe just what he says, and they like to trade with him on that account."

"Offutt was a fortunate man to get him to keep his store," continued Duncan. "It will be money in his pocket."

"And he seems to attend to the business just as closely as he would if it was his own," said Carman; "he is there early and late, and he is always reading when he has nothing else to do."

"That's because he is honest," replied William; "a dishonest clerk wouldn't care whether the business prospered or not, nor whether people were pleased or not. Offutt is off so much that he would not know whether a clerk was faithful or not, and it's lucky for him that he hit upon Abe as he did."

"And it's about as lucky for us. I tell you how 'tis: that store is now just about the best place to go to that there is anywhere about. Abe is the greatest fellow on stories that I ever heard, and many of them are real facts of histry. You ought to hear him tell about Washington and Franklin and

Clay, as he did the other day. He knows a heap more about such things than any body about here."

Two or three incidents in this place will show what reason existed for such discussions as the foregoing concerning Abraham.

One day he sold a bill of goods to Mrs. Duncan, amounting to two dollars and six cents. On running over his account again in the evening, he found that Mrs. Duncan paid him six cents too much. Immediately on closing the store and locking the door for the night, he started for Mrs. Duncan's house, more than two miles away, to carry the six cents to her. He slept better that night for the walk and honesty.

On another occasion a woman came into the store late in the evening, just as he was closing, for half a pound of tea. The tea was weighed and delivered, and he left for the night. On returning in the morning he noticed a four-ounce weight was on the scales, instead of an eight-ounce; and he knew at once that he had given the customer a quarter of a pound of tea, instead of a half pound. He weighed another quarter of a pound, closed the store, and delivered the tea to the woman, before commencing the labors of the day. Such acts of uprightness won universal confidence; and they formed the subject of conversation in many social gatherings.

One day a bully entered the store when Abraham was waiting upon two or three female customers. He belched out profanity and vulgarity, regardless of the presence of ladies. Abraham leaned over the counter, and whispered, "Shut up; don't talk so in the presence of ladies."

The fellow was too full of whiskey to be suppressed in that way, and he became more profane and vulgar than before.

"I'd like to see the man who'll stop me from saying what I'm a mind to. I've wanted to thrash you for a long time."

Abraham simply replied, "Wait until these ladies have gone, and I'll satisfy you."

The bully was raving; and the ladies soon retired. "Now," exclaimed Abraham, springing over the counter, "we'll see whether you'll talk such stuff in this store before ladies."

"Come on, long-legs," the bully shouted.

"If you must be whipped, I may as well do it as any other man," continued Abraham, as he collared the fellow, and put him out of doors. The bully grappled with him, whereupon Abraham threw him upon his back, and, snatching a handful of smart-weed, rubbed it into his face until the fellow bellowed with pain, and promised to behave. Then Abraham allowed him to get up; and showed his real kindness of heart by getting water and washing his face, to relieve him of his distress. The outcome of this affair was, that the bully was a better man himself from that time, and became a fast friend of Abraham, who was as much of a stickler for politeness to ladies as he was for honesty to all.

Minter Graham, the schoolmaster, was very intimate with Abraham. He was in the store one day when Abraham said to him:

"I want to study English grammar; I never did."

"You've not much time for it, I judge," replied

Graham. "Between mill and store, your time is pretty well occupied."

"Well, I have some leisure moments on some days, and can always find time at night when folks are in bed."

"You propose to turn night into day?" responded Graham, inquiringly. "Too much of such business will wear you out?"

"I'll risk it if I can get a grammar," replied Abraham. "The trouble is to find a grammar about here."

"I know where there is one," said Graham.

"Where?"

"Six miles from here, at Vaner's, is a copy of Kirkham's Grammar."

"I'll buy or borrow it before I'm much older," remarked Abraham. "The time may come when I may want to use it."

"If you ever expect to go before the public in any capacity, it will be a good thing for you," responded Graham. At this time, Graham had inferred from certain remarks of Abraham that he was looking forward to a more public career.

The result of this interview was, that, Abraham walked six miles and borrowed the grammar, the study of which he commenced at once, improving leisure moments in the store, and sitting up late at night to pursue his task.

The grammar rather interfered with the good time young men had with Abraham in the store. Instead of spending leisure moments in entertaining the company, Kirkham's Grammar entertained him. Lamon says, "Sometimes when business was not particularly

brisk, he would lie under a shade-tree in front of the store, and pore over the book; at other times, a customer would find him stretched on the counter intently engaged the same way. But the store was a bad place for study; and he was often seen quietly slipping out of the village, as if he wished to avoid observation, when, if successful in getting off alone, he would spend hours in the woods, 'mastering a book,' or in a state of profound abstraction. He kept up his old habit of sitting up late at night; but, as lights were as necessary to his purpose as they were expensive, the village cooper permitted him to sit in his shop, where he burnt the shavings, and kept a blazing fire to read by, when every one else was in bed. The Greens lent him books; the schoolmaster gave him instructions in the store, on the road, or in the meadows; every visitor to New Salem who made the least pretensions to scholarship was waylaid by Abe, and required to explain something which he could not understand. The result of it all was, that the village and the surrounding country wondered at his growth in knowledge, and he soon became as famous for the goodness of his understanding as for the muscular power of his body, and the unfailing humor of his talk."

Kirkham's Grammar appears to have given him a new impulse after knowledge; and his companions felt that they lost considerable enjoyment in consequence. Some of them had a poor opinion of Kirkham.

"Studying grammar, yet," remarked Alley in a contemptuous way.

"Yes; I want to know something about it. I never did."

"Nor I, and that ain't the worst on't;" and Alley laughed as he said it.

"Well, I intend to know a little of it," added Abraham. "It is rather dry, but I am determined to master it, if I can. I want, at least, to discover whether I am a common noun or not."

"You're an *uncommon* noun, Abe," said Alley, meaning to compliment his friend, at the same time that he got off a pun.

"Your word for it."

"Of course, my word for it. But I am quite sure that if there is anything in that book, you will get it out."

"But really, Alley, this is a very important study, and I think that every one ought to understand it, if they can."

"Not many know anything about it."

"And that does not prove that it is useless. There are a great many things of importance that many people know nothing about."

"That's so; but most people have got along without it. My father and mother never studied it in their lives, and I never did, and we've got along well enough so far without it."

"Perhaps you would have got along better with it. I've learned enough already to be of great service to me, and I intend to know more yet."

"But it is only a little time that you get here," suggested Alley. "Just as you get at it somebody comes. I don't think much of that."

"We don't all think alike," responded Abraham.

"That's a fact; I'm pretty sure that if you thought

as I do, you wouldn't be troubling your brains over that grammar."

"Perhaps nobody else would, and the 'King's English' would be shockingly murdered. We should have another Babel almost."

"How's that? For the life of me, I can't see any particular good that comes of studying grammar."

"That is because you do not know even the definition of it," replied Abraham. "Grammar is the art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety. And that shows what good it does."

"Perhaps it does."

"Of course it does, whether you can see it or not; and I am willing to study for it by day and night."

"I should think it was about enough to study by day, and let the nights go," said Alley, demurely.

"There is where we don't think alike again. It would take me a long time to master this grammar, if I should study only by leisure moments in the daytime. I have used up from two to three hours over it every night."

"Just like you, Abe."

"Just like every poor fellow like me, who must do so, or know little or nothing. Dr. Franklin carried a book in his pocket, to study when he could, and he kept one by his side in the printing-office to read every minute he had to spare."

"How do you know that? Were you there?" and Alley's roguishness appeared in his expressive eye.

"Probably," answered Abraham, in the same vein of remark.

"But did you ever read the Life of Dr. Franklin?"

"Certainly, several years ago; and if he had not done just what you think is quite foolish, he would have made candles all his life."

"And that would be shedding *light* on the world, I'm sure," said Alley, with an attempt at punning. "Lucky that somebody was willing to make candles."

But no bantering or pleas for sport could separate Abraham from his grammar. Kirkham was his boon companion in a more important sense than Green, Duncan, Alley, Carman, Herndon, and all the rest of the New Salem associates.

It became customary for the citizens to take their visitors over to Offutt's store to introduce them to Abraham, of whom the whole village were proud. Richard Yates came to town to visit friends, and they took him over to the store to make Abraham's acquaintance. This was the Richard Yates, who, subsequently, became famous as a public man. He became Governor of Illinois when Abraham became President of the United States, and did noble service for the country in conquering the "Southern Rebellion." Abraham was soon engaged in close conversation upon various subjects, and while they were talking, Alley and Yates' friend left.

The dinner-time arrived before they were aware that nearly an hour had passed since they were introduced to each other. Abraham invited his new acquaintance to dine with him, and they proceeded to the house where he boarded—a low, rough, log-house.

"Aunt Lizzie," said Abraham, "I have brought some company home to dinner."

"I'm glad of it, Abe, if you'll take me as you find me," replied the old lady, addressing her remark partly to Abraham, and partly to the visitor.

"No apologies are necessary," said Yates.

"No, none at all," added Abraham.

The dinner was on the table, and it was a very plain one. There was plenty of bread, and milk enough for the company, and the addition of another bowl and spoon provided a dinner for visitor and all.

There were quite a number of members of the family, boarders and children, and the aged matron waited upon the table, pouring the milk, and passing a brimming bowl to each. When Abraham was waited upon, by some mishap, his bowl slipped and rolled over upon the floor, dashing it to pieces, and covering the floor with its contents.

"O dear me!" exclaimed the old lady, in great trouble; "that was all my fault."

"Perhaps not," said Abraham.

"It surely was," she answered. "I am so careless."

"Well, Aunt Lizzie, we'll not discuss whose fault it is," continued Abraham; "only if it don't trouble you, it don't trouble me."

"That's you, Abe, sure," replied Aunt Lizzie. "You're ready to comfort a body."

"A very good trait," said Yates, who was both amused and enlightened by the accident.

"Never mind, Aunt Lizzie," continued Abraham, "you have the worst of it; but I am really sorry that your bowl is broken. I don't care so much for the

milk, as there is plenty more where that came from. Much worse things happen sometimes."

By this time Aunt Lizzie had another bowl filled for Abraham, and the company proceeded to eat their dinner, while the old lady gathered up the fragments of the broken bowl, and wiped up the floor.

Here Abraham exhibited a trait of character for which he was distinguished from boyhood. He disliked to make trouble for any one, and wanted to see all persons at ease. Hence he was accommodating, never disposed to find fault, inclined to overlook the mistakes and foibles of others. Also, his readiness to assist the needy, and comfort the distressed and unfortunate, proceeded in part from this quality. It was made up of gentlemanly bearing, affability, generosity, and a true regard for the welfare and happiness of others. A rare character is this, though it is always needed, and is popular wherever it is appreciated.

We were absorbed in the discussion of Abraham and Alley about the grammar, and were interrupted by the arrival of Yates, in consequence of which the conversation was broken off. We will only add, that Abraham became a very good grammarian by dint of perseverance. He did not cast aside the old grammar until he had mastered it, and it was all accomplished while he was the most faithful clerk that the store at New Salem ever had. He found time enough at odd moments during the day, and took enough out of his sleeping hours at night, within the space of a few months, to acquire all the knowledge of grammar that he ever possessed.

We should say, however, that his companion, William Green, rendered him assistance in this study. William had some knowledge of grammar, and he cheerfully aided Abraham all that he could. The latter always said that William taught him grammar, although William still affirms "that he seemed to master it, as it were, by intuition."

It is probable that Kirkham's Grammar laid the foundation, in part, of Abraham's future character. It taught him the rudiments of his native language, and thus opened the golden gate of knowledge. There is much in his experience at this point to remind us of that of Alexander Murray, the world-renowned linguist. His father was too poor to send him to school, or to provide him with books. The Bible, and a catechism containing the alphabet, were all the volumes in the family, and the latter Alexander was not allowed to see except on the Sabbath. During the week his father would draw the letters on the back of an old wool-card "with the black end of an extinguished heather-stem or root, snatched from the fire." In this way he learned the alphabet, and became a reader. At twelve years of age a friend presented him with a copy of Salmon's Grammar, which he mastered in an incredibly short period; and here commenced his progress in earnest. He borrowed a Latin grammar and mastered it. Then a French grammar was studied with success. Then the Greek was taken in hand, and thus on till all the Oriental and Northern languages were familiar to him. And the study of Salmon's Grammar laid the foundation for all this. That was the key to the vast

treasures of knowledge that were opened before him. By making himself master of that, he unlocked the temple of wisdom.

And so the grammar that Abraham studied exerted a great influence upon his character and destiny.

CHAPTER XVII.

STILL A CLERK.

THERE was a "gang" of young and middle-aged men in New Salem, called the "Clary Grove Boys," who had become a terror to the people. They were never more flourishing than they were when Abraham became a citizen of the town. They prided themselves upon their strength and courage, and had an established custom of "initiating" new comers of the male sex by giving them a flogging. Perhaps they were no more malicious than a class of college students who perform similar operations upon Freshmen, though they were rougher and more immoral. Such "gangs" existed in different parts of the West at that time, a coalition of ignorance, rowdyism and brute force. One writer says of the "Clary Grove Boys":—

"Although there never was under the sun a more generous parcel of ruffians, a stranger's introduction was likely to be the most unpleasant part of his acquaintance with them. In fact, one of the objects of their association was to 'initiate or naturalize newcomers,' as they termed the amiable proceedings which they took by way of welcoming any one am-

bitious of admittance to the society of New Salem. They first bantered the gentleman to run a foot-race, jump, pitch the mall, or wrestle ; and if none of these propositions seemed agreeable to him, they would request to know what he would do in case another gentleman should pull his nose or squirt tobacco-juice in his face. If he did not seem entirely decided in his views as to what should properly be done in such a contingency, perhaps he would be nailed in a hogshead and rolled down New Salem hill ; perhaps his ideas would be brightened by a brief ducking in the Sangamon ; or perhaps he would be scoffed, kicked and cuffed by a number of persons in concert, until he reached the confines of the village, and then turned adrift as being unfit company for the people of that settlement. If, however, the stranger consented to engage in a tussle with one of his persecutors, it was usually arranged that there should be 'foul play,' with nameless impositions and insults, which would inevitably change the affair into a fight ; and then if the subject of all these practices proved to be a man of mettle, he would be promptly received into their society, and in all probability would never have better friends on earth than the roystering fellows who had contrived his torments."

These "ruffians" had not "initiated" Abraham for some reason. Perhaps a wholesome recollection of his strength, courage and tact in engineering the boat over Rutledge's dam, or the extravagant statements of Offutt concerning his marvellous achievements, had restrained them. At any rate they did not molest him, until one day, when Bill Clary had

a dispute with Offutt in his store, and both became exasperated. Bill exclaimed:

"Jack Armstrong can lick Abe easy as a boy knows his father." Jack was the strongest man of the "gang," and perhaps the most ignorant.

"You don't know what you are talking about, Bill," retorted Offutt; "he could duck the whole Clary Grove crew in the Sangamon, before Jack Armstrong could get up after he'd laid him on his back."

"I'll bet ten dollars on that," shouted Bill. "The fact is, Abe wouldn't dare to risk a fight with Jack."

"The whole of you are blowers and cowards," responded Offutt, angrily. "There's more in Abe's little finger than the whole of you have got in your soul and body."

The knowledge of this hot interview spread like wildfire, and the "Clary Grove boys" would not consent to peace any longer. "Jack Armstrong must wrestle with Abe," and settle the vital question with "ruffians." They proposed all sorts of bets, staking money, whiskey and what not upon the issue.

Soon the proposition from the "Clary Grove Boys" came direct to Abraham, and he answered:

"I must decline such a trial with Jack."

"Then you are not the man to live in New Salem longer," shouted one.

"Perhaps not," replied Abraham, with a quizzical look, as if he meant to say, "that is none of your business."

"We'll duck you in the Sangamon," exclaimed another.

"Whether you do or not," answered Abe, "I tell

you that I never tussle and scuffle, and I *will not.* I don't like this woolling and pulling."

"Don't, hey!" shouted one of the number, at the same time pulling Abe's nose.

"Be careful; not too familiar," said Abraham in a warning manner.

Thus the provocations were multiplied until Abraham, seeing that the only way of settling the difficulty was to lay Jack upon his back, consented to wrestling. They took side holds, and presently Abraham, having the advantage by reason of his long legs and arms, lifted Jack completely from the ground, and, swinging him about, thought to lay him on his back, but Jack came down upon his feet squarely and firmly.

"Now, Jack," said Abraham, "let's quit; I can't throw you, and you can't throw me."

"No, Jack, don't give up," shouted Bill Clary; "Abe's begging for quarter now." Bill supposed that Abraham's courage was failing him, or else it was the plan of the gang to play foul. Be this as it may, Jack at once broke his hold and adopted the unfair method of "legging," whereupon Abraham seized him by the throat, and lifting him from the ground, and holding him at arm's length, shook him like a child. The astonished ruffians saw that their champion was worsted, and they cried:—

"Fight, Jack, fight!"

No doubt all of them would have attacked Abraham had Jack led off. But the latter saw little encouragement in continuing a contest with a man who could hold him out at arm's length by the throat; and the moment Abraham relinquished his hold, Jack grasped

his hand in friendship, and declared that "Abe was the the best feller that ever broke into their settlement." Their friendship became almost like that of David and Jonathan; and from that moment the sway of the "Clary Grove Boys" was broken in New Salem. Abraham did not hesitate to denounce their acts publicly; and others soon joined him in open hostility to such ruffianism. The result was, that the gang gradually faded out, and quite a number of them became respectable citizens. Abraham's great strength and kindness of heart did more to reform the scoundrels than a missionary from New England could have done.

Everybody now became as enthusiastic over Abraham as Offutt was.

"I told you so," said the latter. "I've seen something of the world, and, I tell you, his like I never saw."

There was no one to dispute Offutt now. There was an end to all riotous proceedings; for Abraham declared that such ruffianly conduct should be stopped, and some of the citizens were bold enough to back him. Even Jack Armstrong promised him assistance. Abraham's influence became regnant in New Salem. He was even appealed to by neighbors to settle difficulties, so that he wore the honors of "peacemaker" in Illinois as he did in Indiana.

It was in New Salem that Abraham won the soubriquet "Honest Abe," which he carried through life. The public confidence in his integrity and fairmindedness was such that he was usually chosen for umpire in all games and trials where two sides enlisted. And finally, he became in so great demand in this line, that both sides, in those friendly contests, made him judge.

An incident illustrates how strong a friend Jack Armstrong became to Abraham. A stranger came into town, and he proved to be a kind of bully, and got into a difficulty with Jack.

"You are a coward and a liar," said Jack.

"You'll find out whether I am or not," exclaimed the stranger.

"You're a coward and a liar, I say," shouted Jack, more loudly and defiantly, while the stranger backed towards a wood-pile as Jack advanced.

Before Jack perceived the purpose of the stranger, the latter seized a stick of wood, and struck him such a blow as to bring him to the ground. Jack recovered himself in a moment, and was about to leap upon his antagonist, when Abraham, who was near, interfered, saying, —

"I wouldn't, Jack; it won't do you any good."

"I'll thrash the rascal," retorted Jack with wrath.

"No, Jack; we've done with that kind of business in New Salem, you know," Abraham continued.

"But he insulted me."

"And what did you say to him?" inquired Abraham. The question mollified Jack's wrath somewhat, for he began to get his eyes open.

"I called him a coward and a liar," replied Jack.

"Well, suppose you were a stranger, in a strange place, and a man should call you a coward and a liar, what would you do?"

"Thrash him terribly," answered Jack.

"Then this man has done no more to you than you would have done to him," suggested Abraham.

"That's so," responded Jack, as if he saw the point

clearly. "It's all right, Abe." And turning to the stranger, he added, "Give us your hand;" and suiting the action to his words, he took the hand of the stranger, and declared himself a friend, supplementing his pledge of friendship with an invitation to "take a drink," according to the custom of the "Clary Grove Boys."

Offutt came into the store one afternoon perplexed as to the disposition of a large drove of hogs he had purchased. He had no pen large enough to contain them.

"Build one," said Abraham promptly.

"Too much work; take too long," replied Offutt.

"It's more work to be without a pen when you need a larger one," was Abraham's suggestive answer.

"Can't get anybody to build it," continued Offutt.

"I can build it myself," said Abraham.

"What can't you do?" answered Offutt.

"There are a great many things I can't do; but I can build a pig-pen," Abraham replied with a smile.

"Well, go at it, then, and I'll help William about the store and look after the mill," was Offutt's quick decision.

Abraham went into the woods and cut down the trees, and split rails enough to make a pen sufficiently large to hold a thousand hogs.

During the time that Abraham served Offutt, he attended a debating club. Dr. Holland says:—

"During this year he was also much engaged with debating clubs, often walking six or seven miles to attend them. One of these clubs held its meetings at an old store-house in New Salem. He used to call

these exercises 'practising polemics.' As these clubs were composed principally of men of no education whatever, some of their 'polemics' are remembered as the most laughable of farces. His favorite newspaper, at this time, was the Louisville *Journal*, a paper which he received regularly by mail, and paid for during a number of years when he had not money enough to dress decently. He liked its politics, and was particularly delighted with its wit and humor, of which he had the keenest appreciation. When out of the store he was always busy in the pursuit of knowledge. One gentleman, who met him during this period, says that the first time he saw him he was lying on a trundle-bed, covered with books and papers, and rocking a cradle with his foot. Of the amount of uncovered space between the extremities of his trousers and the top of his socks which this informant observed, there shall be no mention. The whole scene, however, was entirely characteristic — Lincoln reading and studying, and at the same time helping his landlady by quieting her child."

The question whether the Sangamon river was navigable or not had been under discussion several years, and reached the crisis while Abraham was in the employ of Offutt, or just after he closed his labors for him.

"The 'Talisman' is chartered for the experiment," said a citizen of New Salem to Abraham; "and you ought to be her captain."

"It will take a man of more experience than I have had to run her up the river," was Abraham's modest answer.

"Well, there's nobody here that understands the business better than you do," continued the citizen. "Will you undertake if you are wanted?"

"I'll try, and do the best I can," was Abraham's characteristic reply. "I have tried this river considerably with a flat-boat."

"That is what I thought, and for that reason you ought to pilot the 'Talisman'; and I think that is the general opinion."

"I am willing to undertake it if it is thought best," Abraham added.

The result was that he was sent, with others, to meet the steamer at Beardstown, and pilot her up. There was great excitement over the experiment, and the inhabitants came from far and near to witness the trial from the banks of the river. Abraham took his place at the helm, and piloted her with comparative ease and safety as far as the New Salem dam, the people gathered upon the banks of the river frequently cheering at the top of their voices. Here it was necessary to remove a part of the dam to let the steamer through. She ran up to Bogue's mill, when the rapidly falling water admonished the successful captain that she must be turned down stream or be left there for the season. No time was lost in beginning the return trip, which was accomplished at the slow rate of three or four miles a day, "on account of the high wind from the prairie." J. R. Herndon was sent for, and he says: "I was sent for, being an old boatman, and I met her some twelve or thirteen miles above New Salem. . . . We got to Salem the second day after I went on board. When we struck the dam she

hung. We then backed off, and threw the anchor over the dam, and tore away part of the dam; then, raising steam, ran her over the first trial. As soon as she was over, the company that chartered her was done with her. I think the captain gave Lincoln forty dollars to run her down to Beardstown. I am sure I got forty dollars to continue on her until we landed at Beardstown. We that went with her walked back to New Salem."

While Abraham was in the employ of Offutt, the latter made some unprofitable ventures, by reason of which he became pecuniarily embarrassed. His mill enterprise did not prove as successful as he anticipated, and other speculations left him considerably out of pocket. Fortune ceased to smile upon any of his enterprises, and his difficulties multiplied from week to week, until he failed, closed his store, shut down his mill, and left Abraham without employment. It was, however, a period of very great advancement to Abraham. He had acquired much knowledge of mercantile business, had become familiar with grammar, had read many books, made many friends, and improved himself generally. Dr. Holland says, that, when he terminated his labors for Offutt, "every one trusted him. He was judge, arbitrator, referee, umpire, authority in all disputes, games and matches of man-flesh and horse-flesh; a pacificator in all quarrels; everybody's friend; the best-natured, the most sensible, the best-informed, the most modest and unassuming, the kindest, gentlest, roughest, strongest, best young fellow in all New Salem and the region round about."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON THE WAR-PATH.

THE Black Hawk War was causing great excitement in Illinois and other Western states when Abraham closed his labors with Offutt. Not long afterward, the Governor of Illinois called for four regiments of volunteers.

"I shall enlist," said Abraham to his intimate friend and companion, William Green, as soon as the news reached New Salem.

"I shall if you do," responded William.

"Well, I shall do it, honest. Nothing else on hand now. Besides, Black Hawk is one of the most treacherous Indians on the footstool, and he ought to be shot. It is not more than a year ago, and hardly that, that he entered into a treaty; and he was to keep his people on the other side of the Mississippi, and now he has crossed to make war on the whites."

"Real Indian, that is," continued William; "the only way to deal with an Indian is to shoot him."

"I don't know about that; it's the only way to treat Black Hawk, though,—a cunning, artful warrior, who is in his element when he can massacre the whites," added Abraham.

"They expect to make short work of it, or the governor would have called for volunteers for more than thirty days," suggested William.

"They may call for them again after the expiration of thirty days, and the same volunteers may re-enlist. I shall enlist for the war, whether it is thirty days or thirty months." Abraham meant just what he said, as the sequel will show.

"Clary Grove Boys" were now the fast friends of Abraham, and all were eager to enlist with him. Other young men, and older men, also, were ready for the war. In consequence of the general interest awakened, Abraham said:—

"We can raise a company in New Salem."

"True as you live," answered Herndon.

"We must be about it in a hurry if we are going to do it," remarked Green.

The whole town became fired with military ardor, in consequence of Abraham's leadership, and the result was that a recruiting office was opened in New Salem. Within a few days the company was full, Abraham being the first to enlist; and the choice of officers became the exciting topic. However, the officers were not elected at New Salem; but the volunteers marched to Bushville, in Schuyler County, where the election took place.

There were only two candidates for captain, Abraham and Fitzpatrick, the owner of the saw-mill at Spring Creek. He sawed the lumber for Abraham when he built the boat for Offutt, and treated his customer rudely. Fitzpatrick was a popular man, but there was a small show for him in a race with Abraham.

The method of electing captain was peculiar; perhaps the best method for that place, under the circumstances. The two candidates were required to take their positions opposite each other, at a suitable distance; and, at a given signal, each volunteer went to the one whom he desired for his captain. Three-fourths of the whole number at once took their stand with Abraham; and, when those who first went to Fitzpatrick saw the overwhelming majority for Abraham, one by one they left the former and joined the latter, until but one or two stood with Fitzpatrick.

"I felt bad for Fitzpatrick," said Green; "he was the most lonesome-looking fellow I ever saw."

"He might have known that we shouldn't vote for him when Abe is about," remarked Herndon. "He was too anxious to serve his country."

These, and kindred remarks, were bandied about after the company had indulged in vociferous cheering, that Black Hawk might have heard if he had been within a reasonable distance.

"A speech from the captain," was the imperative call from the company; and Abraham promptly accommodated them to one of his best efforts, in which he thanked them for the honor conferred, maintained that their choice might have fallen upon one much better qualified for the position than himself, and promised that he would do the best he could to prove himself worthy of their confidence.

"Captain Lincoln!" exclaimed William Greene, addressing Abraham facetiously, and tipping his hat; and, henceforth, "Captain Lincoln" was alone the soubriquet by which he was known.

One incident occurred before the organization of this company, which should be rehearsed. It illustrates his temperance principles, at the same time that it shows his marvellous strength. Green said to a stranger, who happened to be in New Salem, —

"Abe Lincoln is the strongest man in Illinois."

"I deny it," answered the stranger, immediately naming a stronger party.

"How much can he lift," asked Green.

"He'll lift a barrel of flour as easily as I can a peck of potatoes."

"Abe can lift two barrels if he could get hold of them."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the man. "You can tell a greater story than I can."

"Great story or not, I will bet that Abe will lift a barrel of whiskey, and drink out of the bunghole."

"Worse yet," replied the man. "I'll bet he can't do any such thing."

"What will you bet?"

"I'll bet a good hat; and we'll have him try right off, if he will."

"Agreed," said Green. The truth was he had seen Abraham do this very thing, minus the drinking part, so that he knew he should win.

Without delay they sought Abraham, and proceeded to the store, where the whiskey was found.

"I don't think much of the betting part," said Abraham, "but I guess I'll help William out of the scrape, though he won't have much chance to wear the hat yet awhile, if he is going to war with me."

"Well, if you can do what he says you can, I want to see it," said the man.

"You shall have the privilege," answered Abraham.

At once he proceeded to perform the feat, and accomplished it with seeming ease. The barrel was raised, and a quantity of liquor taken from the bung-hole.

"There it is!" exclaimed Green. "But that is the first dram I ever saw you drink in my life, Abe," he added, turning to Abraham.

The words had scarcely escaped his lips, before Abraham set down the barrel, and spirted the whiskey that was in his mouth upon the floor, at the same time replying, "And I haven't drank that, you see."

Green burst into a hearty laugh at this turn of the affair, and added, "You are bound to let whiskey alone, Abe."

And this same Green writes to us: "That was the only drink of intoxicating liquor I ever saw him take, and that he spirted on the floor."

The stranger was satisfied, as well as astonished. He had never seen the like before, and he doubted whether he ever should again. He did not know that the whole life-discipline through which Abraham had passed was suited to develop muscular strength. Probably he did not care, since there was the actual deed.

We are interested in it mostly for the determination it showed to reject whiskey. The act was in keeping with all his previous temperance habits.

On the evening after this affair, Abraham was alone with his friend William Green, who won the aforesaid hat, and he said to him, "William, are you in the habit of betting?"

"No; I never bet before in my life, never."

"Well, I never would again, if I were you. It is what unprincipled men will do, and I would set my face against it."

"I didn't see anything very bad in that bet," said William.

"All bets are alike," answered Abraham, "though you may not have any bad motives in doing it."

"I only wanted to convince the man that you could lift the barrel."

"I know it; but I want you should promise me that you will never bet again. It is a species of gambling, and nothing is meaner than that."

"I don't suppose I shall ever do it again."

"I want you should promise me that you won't," continued Abraham, with increased emphasis. "It will please your mother to know of so good a resolution."

"I will promise you, Abe," answered William, grasping his hand, while tears glistened in his eyes. And there was true seriousness in this transaction, more than might appear to the reader at first view. The one who thus pledged himself to Abraham writes to us now, in his riper years: "On that night, when alone, I wept over his lecture to me, and I have so far kept that solemn pledge."

The New Salem company went into camp at Beardstown, from whence, in a few days, they

marched to the expected scene of conflict. When the thirty days of their enlistment had expired, however, they had not seen the enemy. They were disbanded at Ottawa, and most of the volunteers returned. But a new levy being called for, Abraham re-enlisted as a private. Another thirty days expired, and the war was not over. His regiment was disbanded, and again, the third time, he volunteered. He was determined to serve his country as long as the war lasted. Before the third term of his enlistment had expired, the battle of Bad Axe was fought, which put an end to the war.

He returned home. "Having lost his horse, near where the town of Janesville, Wisconsin, now stands, he went down Rock River to Dixon in a canoe. Thence he crossed the country on foot to Peoria, where he again took a canoe to a point on the Illinois River, within forty miles of home. The latter distance he accomplished on foot."

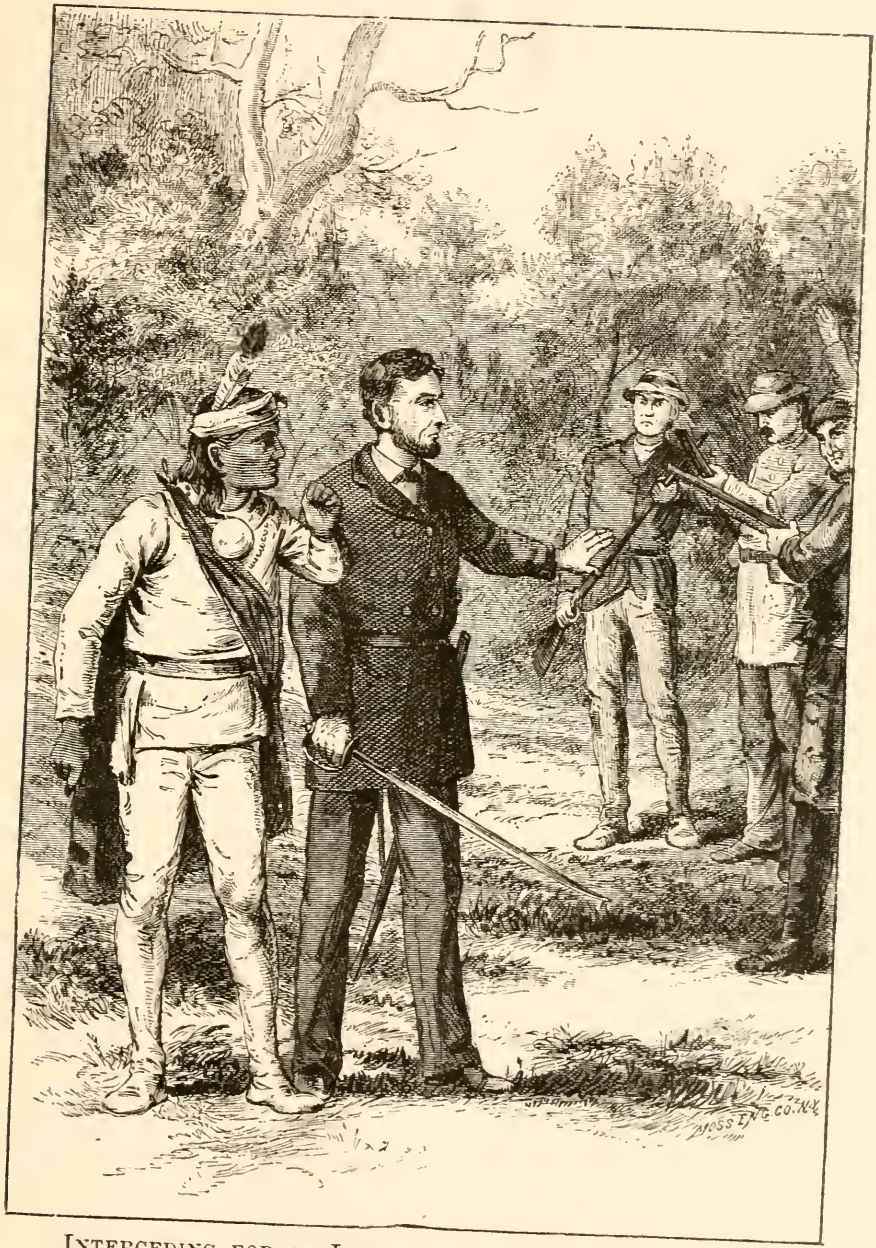
Several incidents transpired during his connection with the army, which are so expressive of certain elements of his character, that we record them here. One day an old Indian found his way into camp, professing to be friendly to the whites, and casting himself upon the mercy of Lincoln's soldiers.

"We came to fight Indians," shouted one of the "boys," "and we'll give you cold lead instead of mercy."

"Shoot him! shoot him!" cried several voices.

"A spy! a spy!" shouted others.

The demonstration terrified the Indian, and, in his distress, he flung down a crumpled paper that he had



INTERCEDING FOR AN INDIAN IN THE BLACK-HAWK WAR.

been holding in his hand, and begged them to read it. Captain Lincoln took it up, and found that it was a certificate of character and safe-conduct from General Cass, endorsing the Indian as a faithful man who had done good for him.

"A forged document!" was the cry raised at once.

"The old savage can't run it on us like that," cried Bill Clary, raising his gun in a threatening manner.

"Kill him! show him no quarter!" cried another of the "Clary Grove Boys," several of whom had made considerable trouble for their captain by their unruly conduct.

The "boys" were bound to kill the red-skin, and were actually rushing upon him when Captain Lincoln sprang before him, confronting the assailants, and commanding them to desist.

"You shall not shoot the Indian," he cried. "General Cass's order must be respected."

"We WILL shoot him," yelled a Clary Grove ruffian.

"Not unless you shoot me," fiercely cried Captain Lincoln, towering up to his full height, and covering the Indian by his bodily presence.

His determined manner, resolute and invincible spirit, and terrible earnestness, evinced by every motion of his body, cowed the "boys," so that they fell back sullenly, and desisted from firing the fatal shot. Some of them, however, still muttered vengeance in a low tone, and finally, one, more defiant than the rest, exclaimed:

"This is cowardly on your part, Lincoln."

Aroused to the highest pitch of determination by this

insolent and unreasonable charge, Captain Lincoln shouted:

"If any of you think I am a coward, let him test it, here and now."

"You are larger and heavier than we are, Lincoln," replied one.

"You can guard against this; choose your own weapons," Captain Lincoln retorted, the unconquerable spirit within him manifesting itself through every lineament of his face and every gesture. "He never appeared so powerful and fearless before," says one who was present. Even the most rebellious of the "Clary Grove Boys" dared not lift his finger against the Indian; and never more did they associate the term "coward" with Lincoln's name.

In this affair Captain Lincoln's life was in as great peril as that of the Indian. One of his biographers says: "He often declared that his life and character were both at stake, and would probably have been lost, had he not at that supremely critical moment forgotten the officer and asserted the man. To have ordered the offenders under arrest would have created a formidable mutiny; to have tried and punished them would have been impossible. They could scarcely be called soldiers; they were merely armed citizens, with a nominal military organization. They were but recently enlisted, and their term of service was about to expire. Had he preferred charges against them, and offered to submit their differences to a court of any sort, it would have been regarded as an act of personal pusillanimity, and his efficiency would have been gone forever."

Wrestling, jumping, and lifting was a pastime in camp, and Captain Lincoln excelled every man in the regiment in these feats. His company declared that there was not a man in the whole army who was his equal as a wrestler; and they boastfully pitted him against the "whole field." This challenge brought out a man from another regiment, by the name of Thompson, who offered to wrestle with Lincoln. The latter's company at once staked money, weapons, and outfit, believing that their captain would lay the "great Western wrestler," as he was called, on his back.

Captain Lincoln had tussled with Thompson but a few minutes when he remarked to his friends, —

"This is the most powerful man I ever had hold of. He will throw me, and you will lose."

The company urged him on, believing he was more than a match for Thompson; but they were sadly disappointed when the latter threw their champion flat on his back. As, according to the custom, it required two out of three falls to settle the contest, they were soon struggling again, when both of them came to the ground, Thompson on top. In their great disappointment, Lincoln's men claimed that Thompson was thrown as really as their captain, the second time, and refused to give up their property staked. This brought on a collision with Thompson's friends, and they were about to proceed to blows, when Captain Lincoln magnanimously stepped in and prevented further trouble. Addressing his men, he said, —

"Boys, Thompson actually threw me once fair, broadly so; and the second time he threw me fairly,

though not apparently so." And he counselled them to be honest and accept the inevitable. This was a very remarkable example of magnanimity, and served to exalt Lincoln still higher, if possible, in the estimation of all.

Another incident we will give in the language of William Green: "One other word in reference to Lincoln's care for the health and welfare of his men, and justice to them. Some officers of the United States had claimed that the regular army had a preference in the rations and pay. Captain Lincoln was ordered to do some act which he deemed unauthorized. He, however, obeyed, but went to the officer and said to him, 'Sir, you forget that we are not under the rules and regulations of the War Department at Washington; are only volunteers under the orders and regulations of Illinois. Keep in your own sphere, and there will be no difficulty; but resistance will hereafter be made to your unjust orders; and, further, my men must be equal in all particulars, in rations, arms, camps, etc., to the regular army.' The man saw that Lincoln was right, and determined to have justice done. Afterwards we were treated equally well, and just as the regular army was, in every particular. This brave, just, and humane act in behalf of the volunteers at once attached officers and rank to him, as with hooks of steel."

Mr. Irwin pays the following deserved tribute to Lincoln in the army: "During the campaign Lincoln himself was always ready for an emergency. He endured hardships like a good soldier; he never complained, nor did he fear danger. When fighting was

expected, or danger apprehended, Lincoln was the first to say 'Let's go.' He had the confidence of every man of his company, and they obeyed his orders at a word. His company was mostly young men, and full of sport."

The Black Hawk war was not much of a war after all, and our hero did not engage directly with the enemy face to face. Yet two officers in that war, Colonel Zachary Taylor and Captain Abraham Lincoln, subsequently became Presidents of the United States.

One of the most humorous speeches Abraham Lincoln ever made in Congress had reference to this war. General Cass was the Democratic candidate for President, and certain congressional orators made capital out of the General's connection with the Black Hawk war.

Lincoln rose in his seat, and said, among other things, "By the way, Mr. Speaker, do you know that I am a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk war, I fought, bled, and came away. Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass to Hull's surrender; and like him I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain that I did not break my sword, for I had none to break;* but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion. . . . If General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many

* Lincoln re-enlisted as private, so that he did not carry a sword after the term of his company's enlistment expired.

bloody struggles with the mosquitoes; and, although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. . . . If I should ever turn Democrat, and be taken up as a candidate for the Presidency by the Democratic party, I hope they will not make fun of me by attempting to make me out a military hero."

CHAPTER XIX.

UNSOUGHT HONORS.

ON his return from the Black Hawk war, Lincoln took up his abode in the family of J. R. Herndon. The people of New Salem gave him a hearty welcome, and delighted to call him "Captain Lincoln." The Herndon family were soon more strongly attached to him than ever. "He had one of Herndon's children around with him nearly all the time," says an eye-witness. "He was at home wherever he went, and made himself wonderfully agreeable to the people he lived with, or happened to be visiting," says Mr. Herndon. That his kind and benevolent disposition did not suffer by his service in the army is quite evident from a remark of Mr. Herndon, "He was kind to the widow and orphan, and chopped their wood."

He was casting about for some employment, whereby to earn a livelihood. For some reason, to us unknown, the blacksmith's trade attracted his attention.

"What do you think of my learning the blacksmith's trade?" he said to his friend, William Green, one day.

"A blacksmith!" exclaimed William with much surprise. "That would be quite a descent from *Captain* Lincoln to *smithy* Lincoln. You are joking, Cap'n."

"Never was more serious in my life, William. A blacksmith is of more practical use to the community than a captain in an Indian war."

"But less *glory* in it," replied Green. "You don't seem to understand that war makes heroes, and heroes get into political life. Why, Abe, we're going to send you to the legislature."

"None of your bantering, William," Lincoln answered, supposing that his friend was joking. "I'm talking business."

"So am I. Haven't you heard, Abe, that the Clay men are going to run you for the legislature?"

"No, nor you. Yesterday I heard the names of John T. Stuart, Colonel Taylor and Peter Cartwright, named as Jackson candidates; and nobody would think of running me against such men."

"All that may be, and there may be a half-dozen other candidates; but we are going to run you against the whole batch, unless you positively decline."

"You are crazy, William, and all the rest of you who entertain such a thought. What! run me, nothing but a strapping boy, against such men of experience and wisdom! Come, now, no more of your gammon."

"Then you won't believe me?"

"I didn't say so."

"Well, believe it or not, you will be waited upon by older persons than I am, to get your consent."

And, sure enough, he was waited upon by several of the most influential citizens of New Salem, within twenty-four hours thereafter, to ask his consent to run as a candidate for the legislature.

"It will only subject me to ridicule," he said.

"Why so?" inquired one of the number.

"For the folly of running against such men as Stuart and Cartwright."

"Not if you beat them."

"That is impossible. I should not expect to be elected, if I should consent to be a candidate."

"I don't know about that," answered one; "we expect to elect you."

"But I have lived in the county only a few months, and am known only in New Salem, while the other candidates are known in every part of the county. Besides, it is only ten days before the election, and there is little time to carry your measures."

"Very true; but there is a principle involved in your nomination, and we shall sustain that, whether you are elected or not."

Here was a point of importance. There were no distinct political parties then in the State, as there are now. But there were "Jackson men and Clay men," not to mention others. Abraham was a "Clay man," while the majority vote of the county, at the previous presidential election, was cast for Jackson. In these circumstances there was little prospect that the young candidate would be elected.

Suffice to say that Abraham at last yielded very reluctantly, and became a candidate. He was not

elected; but his popularity may be learned from the fact that he stood next to the successful candidate, and only a few votes behind him. "His own precinct, New Salem, gave him 277 votes in a poll of 284,"—all but seven. No one was more surprised than Abraham himself. Although he was not elected, yet the result, in the circumstances, was a signal triumph.

Mr. R. B. Rutledge was the citizen who really secured Lincoln's consent to be a candidate. He had heard him make a speech before the "New Salem Literary Society," on one occasion, which impressed him so much that he did not hesitate to say, "Abe will make a great man." Of that speech he says: "As he rose to speak, his tall form towered above the little assembly. Both hands were thrust down deep in the pockets of his pantaloons. A perceptible smile at once lit up the faces of the audience, for all anticipated the relation of some humorous story. But he opened up the discussion in splendid style, to the astonishment of his friends. As he warmed with his subject, his hands forsook his pockets and enforced his noble thoughts with awkward gestures. He pursued the question with reason and argument so pithy that all were amazed." The president, at his fireside, after the meeting, remarked to his wife, "There is more in Abe's head than wit and fun. He is already a fine speaker, and all that is needed is culture, to enable him to reach the high place which I believe is in store for him."

While Mr. Rutledge admitted to Abraham that there was little or no chance of his election, he assured him that the canvass would bring his name prominently

before the voters of the county for future use. His arguments prevailed with Lincoln.

Candidates for State offices were obliged to take the stump, and declare their sentiments and vindicate them. Abraham followed the custom, and made several speeches, with the expressed condition, however, that "his friends should not laugh at him." His first speech was made at Pappsville, about eleven miles west of Springfield. It was as follows:—

"Gentlemen and fellow-citizens, I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet: I am in favor of a national bank; I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

The brevity of his speech was the fruit of his modesty, which did not fail to captivate his hearers. He made several other speeches, and issued an address also, of considerable length and real merit, to the voters of the county. In closing that address, he said:—

"Considering the great degree of modesty that should always attend youth, it is probable that I have been more presuming than becomes me. However, upon the subjects of which I have treated, I have spoken as I have thought. . . . Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem."

His opponents made fun of his appearance wherever he spoke; and it must be confessed that there was some occasion for it, judging from the description of his dress furnished by his friend, Mr. A. B. Ellis, who accompanied him during a part of the campaign. He says: "He wore a mixed jeans coat, claw-hammer style, short in the sleeves, and bobtail, — in fact, it was so short in the tail he could not sit on it, — flax and tow linen pantaloons, and a straw hat. I think he wore a vest, but do not remember how it looked. He then wore pot-metal boots."

Thoughtful, substantial citizens regarded Abraham's mode of dress rather complimentary. It denoted the absence of pride and vanity to them more than an absence of taste. "Abe's no dandy," remarked one of his most enthusiastic admirers, designing to pay him a high compliment.

When the labor and excitement of the campaign were over, Abraham's pocket was empty. He was, therefore, under the necessity of finding "something to do." The vote of New Salem convinced him that he had plenty of friends there. A citizen remarked, referring to his poverty, "Abe has nothing except plenty of friends." But he must have work, also.

"You *must* stay here," said his friend Green, very earnestly.

"There is no *must* about it, if there's no work for me," answered Lincoln.

"There'll be enough that you can do, only take time for it; the world wasn't made in a minute."

"No; I suppose it took about six days, and if I can find employment in that time, I shall be satisfied."

"I'll tell you what to do, Abe, — STUDY LAW: you're just the man for it."

"Whew! I should laugh to see myself trying to make a lawyer."

"Why not be one, I should like to know?"

"For the very good reason, that I haven't brains enough."

"Just what I thought you would say. You are altogether too sparing of good opinions of yourself. You've more brains than half the lawyers in Illinois."

"Perhaps that isn't saying much," replied Abraham, laughing; "although it is a pretty handsome compliment on your part. Much obliged."

"Well, compliment or not, I have heard a good many people say that you ought to be a lawyer."

"And I have heard one propose that I be a blacksmith, as I told you; and I suppose I could swing a sledge-hammer equal to any of them."

"And throw away your talents? Any fool could be a blacksmith."

"By no means. No man can be successful at anything unless he is industrious, and has common sense, and a good share of perseverance."

"That's so, I s'pose; but a blacksmith is the last thing I would be if I were in your place. I would like to know who ever suggested such an idea to you."

"My father several years ago; and less than five years ago I came within an ace of putting his advice into practice. I almost decided to go at it for life."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed his friend, heartily. "Wouldn't you cut a dash donning a leather apron

and blowing the blacksmith's bellows, like another Jack Smuttyface, as they used to call Jake Tower."

"An honest calling," answered Lincoln; "and that is the main thing. A lawyer can look a little more spruce than a son of Vulcan, to be sure; but a black smith can be just as upright, if not a little more so."

"And what do you mean by 'a little more so'?" asked Green.

"Why, don't you know that nearly everybody suspects lawyers of trickery,—doing anything for a fee, blowing hot or cold for the sake of a case,—shielding the meanest culprits as readily as they do the best men—and all that sort of thing?"

"Not quite so bad as that, Abe. I know that lawyers are not over particular, and that is true of a good many folks who are not lawyers. If you won't follow a calling because there are scapegraces in it, you will not choose one right away."

"Perhaps so; but no man has any more right to defend the wrong because he is a lawyer than he has because he is a blacksmith, in my way of thinking."

"I give it up, Abe; you've got the case already, and I am more convinced than ever that you ought to study law."

"That is, if you are judge and jury," responded Lincoln. "But I don't understand why it is that people are determined I shall be a lawyer. As many as ten months ago, two or three people gave me the same advice, though I thought they were half in joke."

"Well, Abe, perhaps you'll get your eyes open, if you live long enough, to see what you ought to be,"

said Green, in a strain of pleasantry. "Not many folks live that have to go to their neighbors to find out what they are. By the time you are *seven feet* high, perhaps you will understand."

"I should think I was pretty near that now, by what people say," archly replied Lincoln.

"I think you are in a fair way to be, if you keep on."

"And I shall be a lawyer by that time, and not before." And here they parted.

Lincoln had no intention of being a lawyer, after all that his friends had suggested. He had no confidence in his abilities for that profession. Indeed, he could not see how a young man reared as he was could expect to enter upon such a calling. Yet he longed for some permanent pursuit, — a life-vocation. He did not like this going from one thing to another, and he only did it from sheer necessity. He believed that a young man should choose a calling, and stick to it with unwearied devotion, if he would make anything in the world. He wanted to do this; but what should he choose? He was perplexed, troubled, and the more so, because admiring friends advised him to do what he really supposed was beyond his ability. He underrated his talents, (a very good failing), and all the time thought that others were overrating them. Few youth and young men suffer in this way. They are more apt to injure themselves by too exalted views of their talents. Some of the veriest simpletons esteem themselves as the wisest and greatest men. Ignorance is more likely to be vain and proud than ripe talents and learning. True knowledge is humble.

Great talents are marked by humility. And so young Lincoln did not stand so high in his own estimation as he did in the estimation of others. This was the case with Sir Humphrey Davy, Nathaniel Bowditch, Arkwright, Franklin, Washington, and many others. From their youth they were devoid of that vain self-confidence which many shallow-brained people possess.

Instead of becoming a blacksmith, however, Abraham became a merchant. Mr. Herndon, with whom he boarded, was running a grocery with one Berry, and he sold out his interest to Lincoln. Soon afterwards William Green bought out Radford, and immediately sold his stock of groceries to Lincoln for a bonus of one hundred and fifty dollars, taking Lincoln's note. The name of the firm was "Lincoln & Berry." Berry turned out to be an intemperate, worthless fellow, embarrassed the business, cheated his partner, "cleared out," and left Lincoln with all the debts to pay. The settlement left him penniless, without a copper to pay his note to Green. "All right," said Green; "don't trouble yourself about me. When you are able to pay it you can; but if you don't, it's all the same.'

Abraham facetiously called it "the national debt," and declared that he "should never rest until it was paid." And he did not. Green removed to Tennessee before the note was paid, and scarcely expected that his friend would ever be able to redeem it. But, in 1840, after Abraham had entered the legal profession, the last dollar was paid.

Being through with his store Abraham was again

without employment. To add to his disappointment, Mr. Herndon, with whom he boarded, removed from town, obliging him to take up his quarters at the village "tavern"—a log house with four rooms. While waiting for some opening, he devoted himself to mental improvement with more earnestness than ever. He read Rollin's Ancient History. Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and similar works, borrowed of William Green, Minter Graham, Bowlin Greene, and other parties. Copies of the works of the poets, Burns and Shakespeare, were lent him, and Kirkham's Grammar was reviewed, also. He was so won by Burns and Shakespeare that he committed many of their best productions to memory; and through life, these poets were his favorite reading.

He wrote a careful synopsis of all the books he read, in order to treasure the contents in his memory. This habit was of inestimable value to him. To it is to be traced, in part at least, that clearness of expression, and that fund of illustrations and facts, for which the public addresses of his ripe manhood were distinguished.

Citizens of New Salem claim, also, that he began to study law at this time. There is no reliable evidence, however, that he began the study of law, with the expectation of ever entering the profession, at that time. He purchased an old copy of Blackstone, or some other law book, at an auction in Springfield; and there is no doubt that he studied it as thoroughly as he did other works, but with no settled determination to become a lawyer.

Mr. Henry says of him, at this time, "He used to read law, barefooted, seated in the shade of a tree, and would grind around with the shade, just opposite Berry's grocery store, a few feet south of the door. He occasionally varied the attitude by lying flat on his back, and *putting his feet up the tree.*" Another says that "he studied, also, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, etc. He had no regular teacher, but perhaps received more assistance from Minter Graham than from any other person."

Mr. Ellis, of whom we have spoken, opened a store in New Salem, and boarded at the "tavern" when Abraham did. He says of him:—

"He used to assist me in the store on busy days, but he always disliked to wait on the ladies; he preferred trading with the men and boys, as he used to say. I also remember that he used to sleep in the store, on the counter, when they had too much company at the tavern.

"I well remember how he was dressed; he wore flax and tow linen pantaloons, — I thought about five inches too short in the legs, — and frequently he had but one suspender, no vest or coat. He wore a calico shirt, such as he had in the Black Hawk War: coarse brogans, tan color; blue yarn socks, and straw hat, old style, and without a band.

"He was very shy of ladies. On one occasion, while we boarded at this tavern, there came a family, containing an old lady and her son, and three stylish daughters, from the State of Virginia, and stopped there for two or three weeks; and, during their stay, I do not remember of Lincoln ever eating at the same

table when they did. I then thought it was on account of his awkward appearance and his wearing apparel."

Mr. Lamon says of him, at this time: "He read with avidity all the newspapers that came to New Salem, — chiefly 'The Sangamon Journal,' 'The Missouri Republican' and the 'Louisville Journal.' The latter was his favorite; its wit and anecdotes were after his own heart." He also read "The Cincinnati Gazette" and other papers.

His quarters at the "tavern" subjected him to many interruptions. People enjoyed his conversation so much that they paid little regard to his time for study. In consequence, he was obliged to seek quiet elsewhere. "Sometimes he went to James Short's on the Sand Ridge; sometimes to Minter Graham's; sometimes to Bowlin Greene's; sometimes to Jack Armstrong's, and as often, perhaps, to Abel's or Ben Herndon's. All of these men served him faithfully and signally at one time and another, and to all of them he was sincerely attached."

Lincoln found work after a time. Unexpectedly he met John Calhoun of Springfield, — the Calhoun who subsequently became notorious for his efforts to enslave Kansas. He became President of the Lecompton Constitutional Convention, and disgraced himself, by plans and tricks, to force slavery upon Kansas. But when he met Abraham, he was engaged in a more legitimate and honorable business; he was "Surveyor for Sangamon County."

"Try your hand at surveying," said Calhoun.

"I know nothing about it," answered Abraham.

"Learn, then."

"How can I do that?"

"Easy enough if you want to do it."

"I do want to do it. I think I should like the business, if I could qualify myself for it."

"You can, and in a few weeks, too. I will lend you Flint and Gibson, the authors you will want to study, and you can provide yourself with a compass and chain, and I will render you any assistance I can."

"You are very kind, Mr. Calhoun, and I will do the best I can. Your generous offer shall not come to nothing for want of my trying."

"You'll make a good surveyor, I'm sure of that, and find plenty of business. And, what is more, I will depute to you that portion of my field contiguous to New Salem."

"It is more than I could expect of you," said Lincoln. "I could not ask so great a favor."

"Take it without asking," said Calhoun, in a jolly way. "I have much more than I can do, and I am glad to give you a portion of the county. The great influx of immigrants, and the consequent entry of government lands, has given me more than my hands full."

"I shall be glad to accept your offer as soon as I am qualified for the business."

"The bargain is closed, then, and in six weeks you can be surveying, if you're a mind to," said Calhoun.

"I shall have a mind to, if that is all," replied Lincoln; "and with a thousand thanks, too, for your

assistance. It is worth all the more to me now, because I am thrown out of business."

"Well, this will make business enough for you, and it needs a long-legged, tough, wiry fellow like you to do it well. This is a great country for surveyors."

"But shall I not need to take some lessons of you in the field when I get through the study."

"It will be a capital idea, and you are welcome to all I can aid you any time you will come where I am. It will give you a sweat to keep up with me."

"Perhaps so," replied Lincoln, looking very much as if he did not believe it. The actual experiment proved that the sweat was given to the other party.

Lincoln took Flint and Gibson, and went to Minter Graham's, the schoolmaster, out of the village, and spent six weeks in close study. Then after a few lessons in the field with Calhoun, he set up as surveyor, and soon found plenty of business, and good pay; and his friend Green concluded that the chance of his making a lawyer was lost. "The accuracy of his surveys was seldom, if ever, questioned. Disputes regarding 'corners' and 'lines' were frequently submitted to his arbitration; and the decision was invariably accepted as final."

When Abraham had leisure time, at this period of his life, he made himself very useful. His sympathy for the unfortunate, needy and suffering grew stronger from year to year. That tumultuous element of society that prevailed so alarmingly when he first went to New Salem, he denounced more and more. When troubles arose between two or more parties, he would

start up and say. "Let's go and stop it." Jack Armstrong had not lost altogether his love of cruel sport, such as he indulged in when the "Clary Grove Boys" were in power; and he bargained with a drunken fellow, by the name of Jordan, to allow Jack to put him into a hogshead and roll him down New Salem hill, as once the "Boys" did with Scanlon and Solomon Spears. Jack was to give the fellow a gallon of whiskey, expecting to get more than the value of several gallons of the vile stuff in fun out of the operation. When Jack had the hogshead ready at the top of the hill, and his victim was waiting to be headed up within, Abraham, who had heard of the affair, came rushing to the scene of action.

"Jack!" he shouted at the top of his voice, "stop that game forthwith. No more such rascally tricks in New Salem."

Jack cowered and looked cheap. "You'll send Jordan into eternity before he gets to the foot of the hill," Abraham continued. "You must stop such cruelty, or you'll feel my long arms around you."

"Only a little fun," answered Jack.

"Fun!" exclaimed Abraham. "There'll be no more such fun in New Salem so long as I live here." And there was not. Jack was not cruel, and he was one of Abraham's close friends; and so was his wife, Hannah. She said, a few years ago: "Abe would come out to our house, about three miles, drink milk, eat mush, corn-bread and butter, bring the children candy, and rock the cradle while I got him something to eat. . . He would tend babies and do any thing to accommodate anybody."

On a cold winter day he saw Ab Trent cutting up an old house for Mr. Hill into firewood. Ab was barefooted, and shivered with the cold.

"What do you get for that job?" Abraham inquired.

"One dollar," replied Ab; "I want a pair of shoes," and he pointed to his almost frozen feet.

"Well, give me your axe," continued Abraham, seizing it, "and you clear to the house where it is warm."

Ab "cleared," glad to put his bare feet to a fire, and Abraham cut up the "house" so quickly, that "Ab and the owner were both amazed when they saw it done."

About this time, Henry McHenry had a horse-race. and he applied to Abraham to act as *judge.*

"No; I've done with that," replied Abraham.

"But you must," urged McHenry.

"I must not, and I will not," responded Abraham, with more emphasis. "This horse-racing business is all wrong."

"Just this once; never'll ask you again," said McHenry.

"Well, remember, 'just this once' it is," was Abraham's conclusion. He acted as judge, and decided correctly. The judge for the other side said, "Lincoln is the fairest man I ever had to deal with; if Lincoln is in this county when I die, I want him to be my administrator, for he is the only man I ever met with that was wholly and unselfishly honest." This is another of the incidents that show how he came to be known as "Honest Abe."

James Short, who lived four miles from New Salem, says that Abraham often came to his house, and, if it was a very busy time on the farm, "Abe would pull off his roundabout and go to work with more energy than any man I could hire. He was the best man at husking corn on the stock I ever saw. I used to consider myself very good, but he would gather two loads to my one."

In 1833, President Jackson appointed him postmaster of New Salem, because he was better qualified for the position than any man in the town. The post-office was kept in Mr. Hill's store, the proprietor taking charge of it when Lincoln was engaged in surveying or other business. When he was in the office, he made himself useful by reading letters for parties who could not read. He read all the newspapers received at the office, and frequently read them aloud to an ignorant assembly in front of the store.

A story which fastened itself to him in manhood was that, when he was Postmaster in New Salem, he "*carried the office in his hat.*" Of course mail-matter at such an office was light. Few *letters* were received; and, sometimes, when Lincoln was going out, he would put the letters in his hat, that he might deliver them to the parties addressed, should he meet them or go near their residences. This novel arrangement discloses both his kindness of heart and fidelity to trusts.

CHAPTER XX.

LAURELS WON.

MEMBERS of the Legislature served two years in Illinois, so that the next election occurred in 1834. Lincoln was a candidate. There was a Whig party then, and he was a member of it. Yet many Democrats supported him in the contest, so that he was elected by a larger majority than any other man on the ticket.

"Who is this man Lincoln I hear talked about for the Legislature?" inquired one Dr. Barrett, who was a stranger to the candidate, but a friend of Herndon. The question was put to the latter.

"Go to Berlin to-morrow, and you will learn who he is; he is going to speak there," Herndon replied.

Dr. Barrett was there promptly, and when the tall, awkward, homely candidate was pointed out by Herndon, he said, —

"Can't the party raise any better material than that!"

"Wait," answered Herndon, "until you hear his speech before you pass judgment. He is our candidate, and good material enough for us."

"Well, if that fellow is qualified to go to the Legis-

lature, then his looks belie him ; that 's all," continued Dr. Barrett.

He soon heard his speech, however ; and, at the conclusion of it, Herndon inquired, —

" Doctor, what do you think now ? "

" I give it up now. Why, sir, he is a perfect take-in, — he knows more than all of them put together."

Lincoln received 1,376 votes, and was elected, causing great joy among his friends. Many who did not vote for him were perfectly satisfied with his election. Nor did he resort to the dishonorable means of getting votes which some candidates employed, such as furnishing a grog-shop for their use on election day, and paying the bills. He utterly refused to promote his own election by proffering the intoxicating cup, although such was the custom.

The time between the election and the assembling of the Legislature, Lincoln spent in very close study, that he might be better qualified to discharge his duties in the State House.

One thing was indispensable if he would make a respectable appearance in the Legislature ; he must have a new suit of clothes, and some money for expenses — much more than he possessed. His wants, in this respect, were supplied in the following providential manner.

When he had charge of Offutt's store, in 1832, a stranger entered one morning, and introduced himself as Mr. Smoot. Lincoln jumped over the counter and grasped the stranger's hand in his cordial way, saying : —

" Glad to see you, Mr. Smoot. I have heard of you

often, but never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"And I am equally glad to meet you, Abe Lincoln," rejoined Mr. Smoot; "I've heard so much about you that I feel acquainted already."

Lincoln stood surveying him from head to foot, looking for all the world as if the humor within him would burst out, and finally remarked: —

"Smoot, I am very much disappointed in you; I expected to see a scaly specimen of humanity."

Smoot, equal to the occasion, replied: "Yes; and I am equally disappointed, for I expected to see a good-looking man when I saw you."

This laid the foundation of lasting friendship between the two men; and, when Lincoln was elected to the Legislature, and needed clothes and money, he knew that Smoot would loan him the amount. Taking Hugh Armstrong with him, he went to his friend and said: —

"Smoot, did you vote for me?"

"Vote for you? Of course I did."

"Well, do you want I should make a decent appearance in the Legislature?" added Lincoln.

"Certainly; I don't expect you 'll make any other appearance, though you are not as handsome as I am," responded Smoot, humorously.

"Then you will have to lend me some money; I must buy some decent clothes."

"That I can do without any trouble at all; a nice suit of clothes may make a handsome man of you," answered Smoot. "How much money do you want?"

"Two hundred dollars, and will pay you at the close of the session."

Smoot lent him two hundred dollars upon his word of honor, and he says, "Lincoln returned the amount to me according to promise."

About this time, Lincoln was exposed to peculiar temptations to infidelity, through associates and books. Several of his boon companions were infidels; and they made light of religion and the Bible. At the same time Paine's "Age of Reason," and Volney's "Ruins," came into his hands, and he read them with avidity. In these circumstances, his belief in the Scriptures began to waver. He expressed his doubts freely to others. He discussed the matter with intimate friends; and finally, he wrote an essay in which his doubts of the divine authenticity of the Bible were plainly expressed.

However, this proved but a freak of humanity, such as often appears in the lives of smart young men; for his essay was soon cast aside forever; and his early familiarity *with*, and confidence *in*, the Scriptures, asserted themselves, as the sequel will show.

It is not our purpose to tell what "Acts and Resolves" occupied Lincoln's attention, in the Legislature, during the session. Other things, bearing upon his future career, demand the brief space we can give this period. We may say, however, that he was comparatively a silent member, observing and learning, though he was faithful and efficient on committees.

It was during the sitting of the Legislature that Lincoln decided to study law, without waiting to become seven feet high. It was on this wise.

He was thrown much into the society of Hon. John T. Stuart, an eminent lawyer, from Springfield. This gentleman was a close observer, and he soon discovered that young Lincoln possessed unusual talents. He had no doubt that he would make his mark, if he could have the opportunity ; so he embraced a favorable time to advise him about studying law.

"Have you ever thought of studying law?" Mr. Stuart inquired, in a delicate manner.

"Never, though the subject has been named to me by others," replied Lincoln.

"And why have you not entertained the suggestion favorably?"

"Because I have not talents enough to warrant such a decision ; and then I have no means, even if I had the talents."

"Perhaps you have too exalted views of the abilities required. Let us see. Is there anything in the law so intricate as to demand superior talents? Does it require more ability than medicine or theology? No, I think you will say. And then, if it did, perhaps the future will reveal that you possess the talents for it."

"But then, a poor fellow like me, with no friends to aid, can hardly think of going through a long course of study."

"It is not very long after all, and there need not be much expense about it, except for your board and clothes."

"How can that be?"

"You can read law by yourself, working at your business of surveyor enough to board and clothe yourself, and in less than three years be admitted to the bar."

"But books are expensive, especially law-books."

"Very true; but that difficulty is easily remedied. You shall be welcome to my library. Come as often as you please, and carry away as many books as you please, and keep them as long as you please."

"You are very generous, indeed. I could never repay you for such generosity."

"I don't ask any pay, my dear sir," responded Mr. Stuart, shaking his sides with laughter. "And if I did, it would be pay enough to see you pleading at the bar."

"I am almost frightened at the thought of appearing there," added Lincoln.

"You'd soon get over your fright, I reckon, and bless your stars that you followed the advice of John T. Stuart."

"I dare say."

"Only think of it," continued Mr. Stuart; "a brighter prospect is before you than hundreds of distinguished men enjoyed in early life, on account of the advantages offered to you. You are a 'Clay man,' and you now have the offer of better opportunities to rise than he had when he left his mother's log cabin. All the schooling he ever enjoyed was in his boyhood, when he went to school to Peter Deacon, in a log school-house without a window or floor. All the learning he acquired after that was by industry and perseverance, improving every leisure moment, and extending his studies far into the night."

"I don't see but he had as good advantages in his early life as I did," interrupted Lincoln.

"That is so; and there is much in your history that

reminds me of his. I suppose that is what suggested the comparison to me. You have a right to be a 'Clay man.' One would scarcely have thought, when he was seen riding his mother's old horse, without a saddle, and with a rope for a bridle, on his way to mill with a grist on the horse's back, that he — 'The Mill Boy of the Slashes,' as he was called — would become one of the most renowned men of the land."

"That is so; and I admire the man for his noble efforts to rise in the world. He made himself just what he became," said Lincoln.

"And that is what you, and every other young man, will do, if you ever make a mark. 'Self-made, or never made,' is the adage. It is of little consequence what advantages a youth possesses, unless he is disposed to improve them; and I am almost of the opinion that it matters but little how few the privileges a young man enjoys, if he only possesses the energy and industry to make the most of them."

"And the *ability*, you might add," suggested Lincoln.

"Perhaps so, if you choose. But the history of our country abounds with examples of these self-made men, as poor and unknown as Henry Clay was. But now I must go; remember my counsel, and decide rightly."

"Many thanks for your interest," answered Lincoln. "I shall ponder the subject, and feel grateful to you, whether I decide as you recommend or not."

Lincoln decided to study law. He concluded that he must possess some ability for the legal profession when such a man as Mr. Stuart advised him to enter

it. More than any other influence, the counsel of Mr. Stuart determined him to become a lawyer.

There was much joy among Lincoln's friends in New Salem when they learned of his wise decision. All were ready to render him any assistance possible. His own familiar associates soon found that his studies would interfere constantly with that social intercourse which they had enjoyed so much. To pursue his studies, while earning a livelihood by surveying, would require an amount of industry, perseverance and self-denial of which they understood but little.

"I am as fond of society as either of you," remarked Lincoln to several of his companions who were discussing the question together at one time; "but I must deny myself this enjoyment, if I would succeed in my plans. It is pretty clear that I must do two things: I must practise economy of time and money, and be as industrious as possible."

"A solemn view of the future," remarked Alley, in a playful way.

"And a correct one, too, I guess," said Green.

"Correct or not," responded Lincoln, "it is the course I have mapped out for myself, and I must not depart from it."

This decision was in response to an appeal to engage in a definite pastime that would interrupt his studies for a whole evening.

"I shall walk to Springfield and back to-morrow," he continued. "Esquire Stuart has offered to loan me law-books, and I shall go for some to-morrow."

Here is an illustration of his self-denial, and the decision with which he adhered to his purpose. He

canvassed the whole subject in the beginning, and he resolved to spend no evenings in social entertainments. He saw that he must do it from sheer necessity, as he would be obliged to use up the night hours much more economically than the laws of health would permit. And now he was inflexible. His purpose was fixed, and no allurements or promises of pleasure could make him swerve a hair's breadth therefrom.

Springfield was twenty-two miles from New Salem, and yet Lincoln walked there and back on the day proposed. He made a long day of it, and a wearisome one, too. On the following evening Green called upon him, to learn how he succeeded.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Did you bring all these books home in your arms?" They were Blackstone's Commentaries, in four volumes.

"Yes; and read forty pages of the first volume on the way," Lincoln replied. "Come, now, just examine me on the first volume."

He had a faculty of perusing a volume when he was walking, and he often did it. He gained time thereby.

"I don't see what you are made of to endure so," continued Green. "It would use me all up to carry such a load a quarter part of that distance."

"I am used to it, you know, and that makes the difference. But, come, just see what I know about the first part of that volume." And he passed the first volume to him.

"If you pass muster, you'll want I should admit you to the bar, I suppose," responded Green. "That I shall be glad to do."

So he proceeded to examine Lincoln on the first volume ; and he found, to his surprise, that he was well posted on the forty pages read. By his close attention, and the ability to concentrate his thoughts, he readily made what he read his own.

Thus Lincoln began and continued the study of law, alternating his time between surveying and study, going to Springfield for books as often as it was necessary, and often pursuing his reading of law far into the night.

With such devotion did he employ his time in study and manual labor, denying himself much that young men generally consider essential, that he might have said, as Cicero said of himself : "What others give to public shows and entertainments, to festivity, to amusements, nay, even to mental and bodily rest, I give to study and philosophy." Even when he was engaged in the fields surveying, his thoughts were upon his books, so that much which he learned at night was fastened in his mind by day. He might have adopted the language of Cicero concerning himself : "Even my leisure hours have their occupation."

Sometimes he was engaged days and weeks together in surveying, having only his nights in which to study ; and then, again, he had both day and night to give to his books for a time. Nor did his interest abate in the least ; it rather increased than otherwise. The longer he studied, the more deeply absorbed he became in his books. His robust physical constitution enabled him to endure hard toil both of body and mind, otherwise he would have broken down.

He served his constituents so faithfully in the Legislature, that he was renominated for the position in 1836. He had grown so rapidly in mental power, that, in this campaign, his speeches were of high order. R. L. Wilson, who was a Representative elect with Lincoln, says: —

"The Saturday evening preceding the election, the candidates were addressing the people in the Court House at Springfield. Dr. Early, one of the candidates on the Democratic side, made some charge that N. W. Edwards, one of the candidates on the Whig side, deemed untrue. Edwards climbed on a table, so as to be seen by Early and by every one in the house, and at the top of his voice told Early that the charge was false. The excitement that followed was intense, — so much so, that fighting men thought a duel must settle the difficulty. Mr. Lincoln, by the programme, followed Early. He took up the subject in dispute, and handled it fairly, and with such ability, that every one was astonished and pleased. So that difficulty ended there. Then for the first time, developed by the excitement of the occasion, he spoke in that tenor intonation of voice, that ultimately settled down into a clear, shrill, monotonous style of speaking, that enabled his audience, however large, to hear distinctly the lowest sound of his voice."

Lincoln was followed in that meeting by George Forquer, who was a prominent Whig member of the Legislature in 1834, but left his party for the sake of getting the berth of Register of the Land Office at Springfield. He was a wily politician, ready to change front at any time, and to resort to political

tricks for the sake of office. Forquer assailed Lincoln bitterly, and began his speech by saying, "the young man must be taken down." Lincoln stood by and listened to every word. As soon as Forquer closed his tirade, Lincoln mounted the platform, and replied "with great dignity and force," closing his speech thus: —

"The gentleman says 'this young man must be taken down.' It is for you, not for me, to say whether I am up or down. The gentleman has alluded to my being a young man; I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live, and I desire place and distinction as a politician; but I would rather die now, than, like the gentleman, live to see the day that I would have to erect a lightning-rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God." This termination of his speech convulsed the audience, and they roared with laughter, and cheered, at Forquer's expense.

In the Legislature of 1836–37, Lincoln found himself associated with many men who became great in public life thereafter — Stephen A. Douglas, James Shields, John A. McClernand, Dan Stone, Edward D. Baker, John J. Hardin, and a dozen others of equal ability.

There were nine Representatives from Sangamon County, and not one of them was less than six feet high. Lincoln was the tallest of the number. Members of the Legislature dubbed them "The Long Nine;" and they said, "Lincoln is the longest."

Lincoln's second term in the Legislature brought him face to face with the Slavery question. The

"Abolitionists" had been busily at work, scattering anti-slavery literature North and South, lecturing in the Free States upon the sin and curse of Slavery, and agitating the subject in every possible way. The State governments, even at the North, were bent on suppressing these "agitators," as they were called. Even the governors of Massachusetts and New York denounced them, as if they were more dangerous than horse-thieves. The bitterest feeling prevailed against them in Illinois; and one of their leaders, Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, who published an anti-slavery paper at Alton, in that State, was shot while defending his printing-office against the attacks of a pro-slavery mob.

In these circumstances, the Democratic party of Illinois, largely in the majority in the Legislature, waxed bold and violent. In the great excitement they introduced a series of resolutions against "abolitionists," and in favor of Slavery, that would have been a disgrace to any Slave State. They sought to intimidate and lash the Whigs into the support of the infamous measures; and they succeeded with most of them except Abraham Lincoln. He denounced the resolutions and the party which introduced them. He spoke against them, and voted against them; and he drew one Whig to his side — Dan Stone — who stood with him fearlessly to the end. And when the House finally adopted them, these two members presented a carefully prepared protest against the measure, as "injustice" and "bad policy," and asked to have it entered, in their name, upon the journal of the House. His good fight for Freedom in the House, from 1836

to 1838, put him before the State and the country as a fearless and powerful opponent of the slave system.

It was during this legislative term that an act was passed, removing the capital from Vandalia to Springfield; and the prime mover in it was Lincoln. To him was credited the success of the measure, which proved of great value to the State.

Lincoln was admitted to the bar in 1837, and, soon after, removed to Springfield, and became the partner of John T. Stuart, his benefactor, in the practice of law, and he boarded with Hon. William Butler. In New Salem, for two years before, "he wrote deeds, contracts, notes, and other legal papers for his neighbors; and 'pettifogged' before the justice of the peace; but in all this he was only trying himself, and never charged a penny for his services."

In 1838, he was elected, for a third term, to the House of Representatives, by a larger majority than ever. He was candidate for Speaker at this term; but the Democrats being largely in the ascendancy elected their candidate. An incident is related by Mr. Wilson, connected with the campaign that preceded the election of 1838, illustrative of Lincoln's decided temperance principles. Mr. Wilson accompanied him in his stumping tours, and he says: "At that time it was the universal custom to keep some whiskey in the house, for private use and to treat friends. The subject was always mentioned as a matter of etiquette, but with the remark to Mr. Lincoln: 'You never drink, but may be your friend would like to take a little.' I never saw Mr. Lincoln drink. He often told

me that he never drank; had no desire to drink, nor for the companionship of drinking men."

During that campaign, a dinner was tendered to the "Long Nine," at Athens; where, in response to the toast, "ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN," he delivered one of his ablest speeches. It was universally agreed that the toast was a deserved compliment.

Before Lincoln removed to Springfield, he was invited by the "Young Men's Lyceum" of that town, to deliver a literary lecture before them. The invitation shows that he had won a wide reputation, although he was only twenty-eight years of age, and only six years removed from the log-cabin that he built for his father in Macon County. His subject, on that occasion, was: "The Perpetuation of Our Free Institutions." He handled it in a manner that showed the familiarity of a statesman with the genius and history of Republican institutions.

Lincoln was re-elected once more to the House of Representatives in 1840. The campaign was a very hot one, the Democrats in several localities making violent demonstrations. Colonel E. D. Baker was making a speech to a promiscuous assembly in the court-room at Springfield, when the Democrats proposed to "pull him off the stage." A riot was impending, when Lincoln threw himself between his friend and the audience, exclaiming: —

"Gentlemen! let us not disgrace the age and country in which we live. This is a land where freedom of speech is guaranteed. Mr. Baker has a right to speak, and ought to be permitted to do so. I am here

to protect him, and no man shall take him from this stand, if I can prevent it." Mr. Baker proceeded without interruption thereafter.

There was a very troublesome member in that Legislature from Wabash County. He was frequently upon his feet opposing measures on the ground of "unconstitutionality." His stereotyped cry against this and that measure was "unconstitutional." Lincoln was deputed to silence him; and he soon enjoyed the opportunity. A measure was introduced, in which Lincoln's constituents were specially interested. The member from Wabash immediately arose, and expended his utmost energies upon its "unconstitutional" features, although others could not discover them. Mr. Lincoln arose and said:—

"Mr. Speaker, the attack of the member from Wabash upon the unconstitutionality of this measure reminds me of an old friend of mine. He is a peculiar-looking old fellow, with shaggy, overhanging eyebrows, and a pair of spectacles under them. (Here every member turned to the man from Wabash, and recognized a personal description.) One morning, just after the old man got up, he imagined he saw a squirrel on a tree near his house. So he took down his rifle, and fired at the squirrel, but the squirrel paid no attention to the shot. He loaded and fired again and again, until, at the thirteenth shot, he set down his gun impatiently, and said to his boy, who was looking on, 'Boy, there's something wrong about this rifle.' 'Rifle's all right, I know 'tis,' responded the boy, 'but where's your squirrel?' 'Don't you see him, humped up about half-way up the tree?' inquired the old man, peering

over his spectacles, and getting mystified. 'No, I don't,' responded the boy; and then turning and looking into his father's face, he exclaimed, 'I see your squirrel. You've been firing at a louse on your eyebrow!'"

The House was convulsed with laughter, and the member from Wabash dropped his "unconstitutional" dodge.

Mr. Lincoln grew rapidly in public favor as a lawyer, and within ten years after he left his log-cabin home, in Macon County, citizens of Springfield would point him out to strangers on the street, and say: "One of the ablest lawyers in Illinois."

His partnership with Mr. Stuart terminated in 1840, and he soon after associated himself with Judge S. T. Logan. He married Miss Mary Todd, daughter of Honorable Robert S. Todd of Lexington, Kentucky, in 1842, when he was thirty-three years of age. The fruits of this marriage were four sons, viz. Robert, Edwards, William, and Thomas. Edwards died in infancy; William died at the age of twelve years in Washington; Thomas died in Illinois at the age of twenty; and Robert is now our honored secretary of war at Washington.

Soon after his marriage he wrote two letters, which so reveal his strong friendships as well as his simplicity of character, that we quote a brief extract from each. The first he wrote to his old friend, J. F. Speed of Louisville, Kentucky, and in addition to the characteristics of the man which it reveals, it discloses somewhat his humble mode of living. "We are not keeping house, but boarding at the Globe Tavern, which is

very well kept now by a widow by the name of Beck. Boarding only costs four dollars a week. I most heartily wish you and your Fanny will not fail to come. Just let us know the time a week in advance, and we will have a room prepared for you, and we 'll be merry together for a while."

The other letter was penned to newly married friends in another State, about a month after his own marriage. "I have no way of telling you how much happiness I wish you both, though I believe you both can conceive it. I feel somewhat jealous of both of you now, for you will be so exclusively concerned for one another, that I shall be forgotten entirely. I regret to learn that you have resolved not to return to Illinois: I shall be very lonesome without you. How miserably things seem to be arranged in this world! If we have no friends we have no pleasure, and if we have them, we are sure to lose them, and be doubly pained by the loss. I did hope she and you would make your home here, yet I own I have no right to insist. You owe obligations to her ten thousand times more sacred than any you can owe to others, and in that light let them be respected and observed. It is natural that she should desire to remain with her relatives and friends. As to friends, *she* could not need them anywhere: — she would have them in abundance here. Write me often, and believe me, yours forever, LINCOLN." His heart was in his pen, as it usually was in his hand.

MARY T. LINCOLN.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SUCCESSFUL LAWYER.

WHEN Lincoln commenced the practice of law he was too poor to own a horse and saddle-bags. He was obliged to borrow this outfit of a friend, until he scraped together enough money to purchase one.

"But why did he need a horse and saddle-bags?" the reader will ask.

At that time, the Court went to the clients instead of the clients going to the Court. That is, Court business was laid out in Circuits; and the Court travelled from place to place, holding sessions, and transacting such business as the locality brought to it. Lincoln was in the "Eighth Judicial Circuit" of Illinois; and for several years travelled over it on horseback, with no other outfit than the contents of his saddle-bags and a cotton umbrella. A longer or shorter period was occupied in completing the "Circuit," according to the amount of business brought to the Court. Lincoln was sometimes absent three months from home on the Circuit. During one of these long absences, his wife had a second story and new roof put upon their house, as a surprise to him.

It was nicely finished when he returned. Coming in front of his old home, he sat upon his horse surveying the changed habitation, and pretending not to recognize it, he called to a man across the street:—

"Stranger, can you tell me where Lincoln lives? He used to live here."

When he got a little more of this world's goods, he set up a one-horse buggy,—a very sorry and shabby-looking affair, which he generally used when the weather promised to be bad. But the lawyers were always glad to see him, and the landlords hailed his coming with pleasure.

Honesty, kindness, generosity, fairness, justice, and kindred qualities, distinguished him in the practice of law. A whole volume of incidents might be related, illustrating these qualities of the man, but a few only can be given.

A stranger called to secure his services.

"State your case," said Mr. Lincoln. The man stated it at considerable length, when Lincoln surprised him by saying:—

"I cannot serve you; for you are wrong and the other party is right."

"That is none of your business, if I hire and pay you for taking the case," retorted the man.

"Not my business!" exclaimed Lincoln. "My business is never to defend wrong if I am a lawyer. I never take a case that is manifestly wrong."

"Well, you can make trouble for the fellow," added the applicant.

"Yes," responded Lincoln, "there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain the case for you. I can set a

whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars, which rightfully belongs as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. But I won't do it."

"Not for any amount of pay?" inquired the man.

"Not for all you are worth," replied Lincoln. "You must remember that some things which are legally right are not morally right. I shall not take your case."

"I don't care a snap whether you do or not," angrily replied the man, starting to go; "there are other lawyers in the State."

"I'll give you a piece of advice without charge," added Lincoln. "You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars some other way."

One afternoon an old colored woman came into the office of Lincoln and Herndon* to tell her sad story. She was once the slave of one Hinkle in Kentucky, who brought herself and children into Illinois, and made them free. Her son had gone down to New Orleans on a steamer, and very imprudently went ashore, when the police arrested him, under a State law that authorized the seizure and sale of free negroes from other States; and he would be sold back into slavery unless immediately redeemed. Lincoln's sympathetic nature was deeply stirred, and his indignation was also aroused.

"Run over to the State House and ask Governor

* Lincoln terminated partnership with Judge Logan in 1845, and then associated himself with William H. Herndon, Esq.

Bissell if something cannot be done to obtain possession of the negro," he said to Mr. Herndon.

The inquiry was soon made, and Herndon returned to say: "The governor says that he has no legal or constitutional right to do anything in the premises."

Lincoln was thoroughly aroused by this feature of inhumanity which the legal status disclosed, and starting to his feet, and raising his long, right arm heavenward, he exclaimed:—

"By the Almighty's help, I'll have the negro back soon, or I'll have a twenty years' agitation in Illinois, until the governor does have a legal and constitutional right to do something in the premises."

He and his partner immediately sent money of their own to a New Orleans correspondent, who procured the negro and returned him to his mother.

A person applied to Colonel E. D. Baker, who afterwards became United States Senator from Oregon, for aid in behalf of a fugitive slave.

"I'm sorry that I cannot serve you," Colonel Baker replied; "I should be glad to help the fugitive, but, as a political man, I cannot afford it."

The applicant then sought the advice of an ardent anti-slavery friend, who said:—

"Go to Lincoln; he's not afraid of an unpopular case. When I go for a lawyer to defend an arrested fugitive slave, other lawyers will refuse me, but if Mr. Lincoln is at home, he will always take my case."

Judge Treat furnishes the following:—

"A case being called for hearing in the court, Mr. Lincoln stated that he appeared for the appellant, and was ready to proceed with the argument. He then

said: 'This is the first case I have ever had in this court, [it was just after he was admitted to practice in the Circuit Court of the United States, Dec. 3d, 1839,] and I have therefore examined it with great care. As the court will perceive, by looking at the abstract of the record, the only question in the case is one of authority. I have not been able to find any authority to sustain *my* side of the case, but I *have found* several cases directly in point on the *other* side. I will now give *these* cases, and then submit the case.'"

One lawyer, who could not understand that the true purpose of a court is to "establish justice," remarked, "The fellow is crazy."

Once, in a closely-contested civil suit, he found himself upon the wrong side of the case. His client had misrepresented the case, being "a slippery fellow." Lincoln succeeded in proving an account for his client, when the opposing attorney then "proved a receipt covering the entire cause of action." By the time he was through, Lincoln had disappeared from the court-room. The court sent to the hotel for him. "Tell the Judge," said Lincoln, "that I can't come: *my hands are dirty, and I came over to clean them.*"

In the celebrated Patterson trial, a case of murder, Lincoln and Swett were counsel for the accused. After hearing the testimony, Lincoln was satisfied that the accused was guilty, and calling his colleague into another room, he said:—

"Swett, the man is guilty."

"No doubt about that," Swett replied.

"And you must defend him; I can't."

Swett promised to do it, and he did it so well that

he saved the guilty man from justice. They received a thousand dollars for services; but Lincoln declined to take a cent of it.

At another time, he was defending a man indicted for larceny; and, being satisfied by the evidence that the accused was guilty, he called aside his colleagues, Parks and Young, and said: "He is guilty. If you can say anything for him, do it; I can't. If I attempt, the jury will see that I think he is guilty, and convict him, of course."

He conducted a suit against a railroad company, and damages were awarded to him. The railroad company proved, and the court allowed, a certain offset; and when the court was footing the amount, Lincoln arose and stated that his opponents had not proved all that was justly due them in offset, and proceeded to prove and allow a further offset against his client. His purpose was to establish "exact justice." Sometimes, however, his sympathy for a poor fellow who was in danger of the penitentiary or gallows, caused him to overlook "exact justice," as we have seen.

A woman called upon him to secure his services to prosecute a real-estate claim; and she put a check for two hundred and fifty dollars into his hand as a retaining fee.

"I will look the case over, and see what can be done," said Mr. Lincoln. "You may call to-morrow."

The woman called as requested on the next day. "I am obliged to say that there is not a peg on which to hang your claim," Mr. Lincoln said to her.

"How so?" she inquired, with not a little disappointment.

He explained the case to her satisfaction, and she started to go.

"Wait a minute," he urged, fumbling in his pocket; "here is the check you left with me."

"But, Mr. Lincoln, that belongs to you; you have *earned* it," she answered.

"No, no, no," responded Mr. Lincoln; "that would not be right. I can't take pay for doing my duty." And he insisted that she should take the check.

The testimony of his legal associates, at this point, is interesting. Mr. Gillespie says: "Mr. Lincoln's love of justice and fair play was his predominating trait. I have often listened to him when I thought he would state his case out of court. It was not in his nature to assume, or to attempt to bolster up, a false position. He would abandon his case first. He did so in the case of Buckmaster for the use of Denham *vs.* Beenes and Arthur, in our Supreme Court, in which I happened to be opposed to him. Another gentleman, less fastidious, took Mr. Lincoln's place, and gained the case."

S. C. Parks, Esq., says: "I have often said, that, for a man who was for a quarter of a century *both a lawyer* and *politician*, he was the most honest man I ever knew. He was not only morally honest, but intellectually so. He could not reason falsely; if he attempted it, he failed. In politics he never would try to mislead. At the bar, when he found he was wrong, he was the weakest lawyer I ever saw."

His old friend, Jack Armstrong, of New Salem, whose kind, good wife darned his stockings, made his shirts, and "got him something to eat while he rocked

the baby," died not long after Lincoln settled in Springfield. The baby whom he rocked had grown into a stout but profligate young man of twenty-two years, — William D. Armstrong, — and he was arrested for murder. The circumstances were as follows: — At a camp meeting in Mason County, several fast young men became intoxicated, and then engaged in a "free fight," in which one Metzgar was killed. Armstrong and James H. Norris were charged with the murder. Norris was "tried in Mason County, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary for the term of eight years."

"Aunt Hannah," as Lincoln used to call his old benefactress, was plunged into terrible sorrow for her misguided son. She scarcely knew what to do. But, in her great grief, she recalled one who would come to her aid if possible — "the noble, good Abe," who rocked her Billy when he was a baby in the cradle. She sat down and wrote to Lincoln, telling him of her anguish, and beseeching him to help her boy if possible. The appeal brought tears to Lincoln's eyes, and enlisted his whole soul to save the accused for the sake of his mother. Now was the time for him to requite the many kindnesses "Aunt Hannah" showed him under her humble roof. He sat down and wrote to her an affirmative answer, at the same time encouraging her to hope for the best, and asking her to come to Springfield at once. He pledged his services, also, gratuitously.

Lincoln's letter was like a promise from the skies to "Aunt Hannah." Her almost broken heart took courage, and away she hastened to Springfield, the

benefactress seeking a benefactor in the once poor boy she helped in her humble abode.

"Aunt Hannah" believed that her boy was not guilty of murder — that the fatal blow was not struck by him, but by another — that others sought to fasten the crime upon him because of his bad reputation. At the close of the interview, Lincoln was of the same opinion; or, at least, thought there was no positive evidence that her son was the murderer. His heart was so thoroughly moved for the old lady, that he resolved to save her boy from the gallows if possible. The excitement was intense, and everybody seemed willing to believe that Armstrong killed Metzgar. Lincoln saw that it would be well-nigh impossible to secure an impartial jury in these circumstances, and he said to Mrs. Armstrong: —

"We must have the case put off if possible, until the excitement dies away."

"And let my son lie in prison all the while," Mrs. Armstrong answered, as if horrified by the thought that he should be incarcerated so long.

"There is no other alternative. Better that than to be condemned and executed in advance," Lincoln rejoined calmly.

"True, very true; but I'm impatient to see him free again."

"That is not strange at all, but I am satisfied that the case cannot be conducted so favorably for him now, when the public mind is so excited."

"I understand you exactly," responded Mrs. Armstrong, "and shall agree to any decision you make. The case is in your hands, and you will conduct it as you think best."

"Another thing too," added Lincoln, "I need more time to unravel the affair. I want to produce evidence that shall vindicate William, to the satisfaction of every reasonable man."

Lincoln secured the postponement of the trial until the following spring; and he spent much time, in the interval, in tracing evidence, laboring as assiduously to pay his old debt of gratitude as he would have done under the offer of a fee of five thousand dollars.

The time for the trial arrived, and it drew together a crowd of interested people, nor were they under so much excitement as they were when the case was postponed. The "sober second thought" had moderated their feelings, and they were in a better frame of mind to judge impartially.

The witnesses for the State were introduced; some to testify of Armstrong's previous vicious character, and others to relate what they saw of the affair on the night of the murder. His accuser testified in the most positive manner that he saw him make the dreadful thrust that felled his victim.

"Could there be no mistake in regard to the person who struck the blow?" asked the counsel for the defence.

"None at all: I am confident of that," replied the witness.

"What time in the evening was it?"

"Between ten and eleven o'clock."

"Well, about how far between? Was it quarter-past ten or half-past ten o'clock, or still later? Be more exact, if you please."

"I should think it might have been about half-past ten o'clock," answered the witness.

"And you are confident that you saw the prisoner at the bar give the blow? Be particular in your testimony, and remember that you are under oath."

"I am; there can be no mistake about it."

"Was it not dark?"

"Yes; but the moon was shining brightly."

"Then it was not very dark, as there was a moon?"

"No; the moon made it light enough for me to see the whole affair."

"Be particular on this point. Do I understand you to say that the murder was committed about half-past ten o'clock, and that the moon was shining brightly at the time?"

"Yes, that is what I testify."

"Very well; that is all."

His principal accuser was thus positive in his testimony, and the sagacious attorney saw enough therein to destroy his evidence.

After the witnesses for the State had been called, the defence introduced a few, to show that young Armstrong had borne a better character than some of the witnesses gave him, and also that his accuser had been his personal enemy, while the murdered young man was his personal friend.

The counsel for the Commonwealth considered that the evidence was too strong against Armstrong to admit of a reasonable doubt of his guilt; therefore, his plea was short and formal.

All eyes were now turned to Lincoln. What could

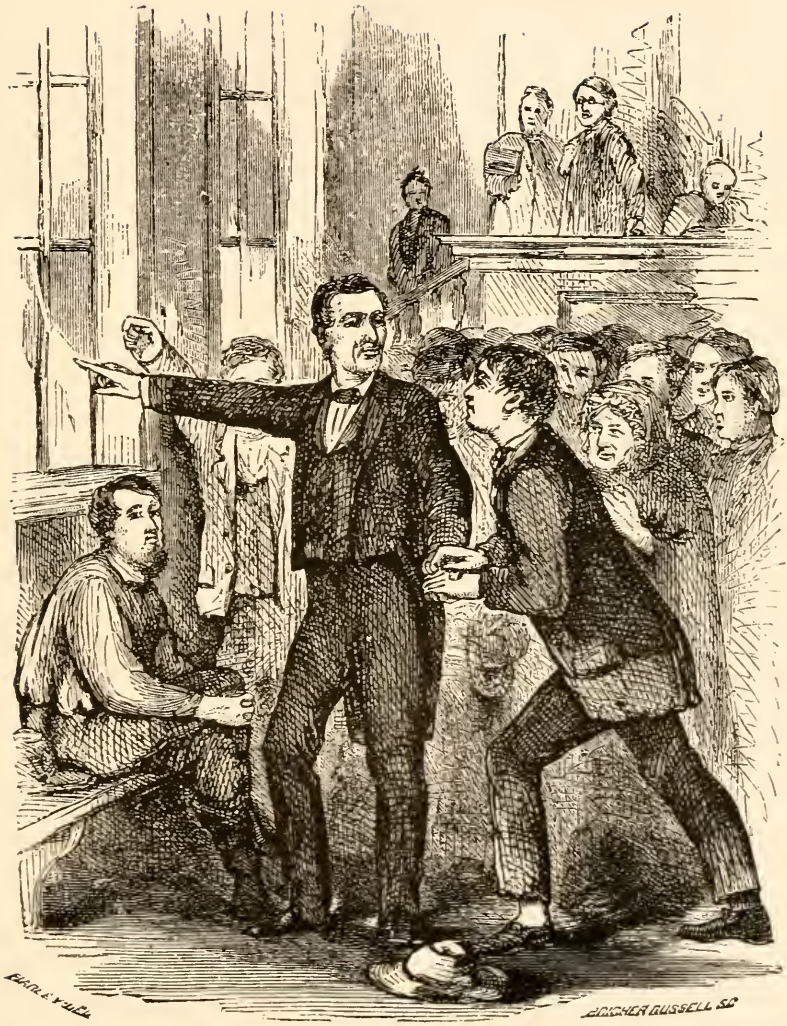
he say for the accused, in the face of such testimony? Few saw any possible chance for Armstrong to escape: his condemnation was sure.

Mr. Lincoln rose, while a deeply impressive stillness reigned throughout the court-room. The prisoner sat with a worried, despairing look, such as he had worn ever since his arrest. When he was led into the court-room, a most melancholy expression sat upon his brow, as if he were forsaken by every friend, and the evidence presented was not suited to produce a change for the better.

His counsel proceeded to review the testimony, and called attention particularly to the discrepancies in the statements of the principal witness. What had seemed to the multitude as plain, truthful statements he showed to be wholly inconsistent with other parts of the testimony, indicating a plot against an innocent man. Then, raising his clear, full voice to a higher key, and lifting his long, wiry right arm above his head, as if about to annihilate his client's accuser, he exclaimed: "And he testifies that the moon was shining brightly when the deed was perpetrated, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, when the moon did not appear on that night, as your Honor's almanac will show, until an hour or more later, and consequently the whole story is a fabrication."

The audience were carried by this sudden overthrow of the accuser's testimony, and they were now as bitter against the principal witness as they were before against the accused.

Lincoln continued in a strain of singular eloquence, portraying the loneliness and sorrow of the widowed



"It is not Sundown, and you are Free."—Page 291.

mother, whose husband, long since gathered to his fathers, and his good companion with the silver locks, welcomed a strange and penniless boy to their humble abode, dividing their scanty store with him, and, pausing, and exhibiting much emotion — "that boy stands before you now pleading for the life of his benefactor's son — the staff of the widow's declining years." The effect was electric; and eyes unused to weep shed tears as rain. With unmistakable expressions of honest sympathy around him, Lincoln closed his remarkable plea with the words, "If justice is done, as I believe it will be, before the sun sets, it will shine upon my client a free man."

The jury returned to the court-room, after thirty minutes of retirement, with the verdict of "Not Guilty." Turning to his client, Lincoln said, "It is not sundown, and you are free!"

A shout of joy went up from the crowded assembly; and the aged mother, who had retired when the case was given to the jury, was brought in with tears of gratitude streaming down her cheeks, to receive her acquitted boy, and thank her noble benefactor for his successful effort.

"Where is Mr. Lincoln?" she asked. And from her saved boy, she pressed her way through the crowd to him, and, seizing his hand convulsively, attempted to express her gratitude, but utterance was impossible. Tears only told how full her heart was. Lincoln answered only with tears for a few moments. At length, however, controlling his feelings, he said: —

"Aunt Hannah, what did I tell you? I pray to God that William may be a good boy hereafter — that this

lesson may prove in the end a good lesson to him and to all."

Subsequently, Lincoln went to see her at her home, when she pressed him to take pay for his services.

"Why, Aunt Hannah, I shan't take a cent of yours — never. Anything I can do for you, I will do willingly, and without any charge."

Months after this, Lincoln heard that some men were trying to defraud her of land, and he wrote to her: —

"Aunt Hannah, they can't have your land. Let them try it in the Circuit Court, and then you appeal it; bring it to the Supreme Court, and Herndon and I will attend to it for nothing."

This William Armstrong, whom Lincoln saved from the gallows, enlisted in the Union army, in response to Abraham Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. Two years later, his mother wrote to President Lincoln that she wanted her boy. She did not speak of any disability, only said that she wanted him. But that was enough for Mr. Lincoln, who had not yet fully paid his old debt of gratitude to his early benefactress, as he thought. He ordered the discharge of her son, and wrote the following brief epistle to her with his own hand: —

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

Mrs. HANNAH ARMSTRONG, — I have just ordered the discharge of your boy William, as you say, now at Louisville, Ky.

A lawyer was associated with Lincoln in this case, Mr. Walker, and he says of his plea: —

"At first he spoke slowly, and carefully reviewed the whole testimony, — picked it all to pieces, and

showed that the man had not received his wounds at the place or time named by the witnesses, *but afterwards, and at the hands of some one else* . . . . He skilfully untied here and there a knot, and loosened here and there a peg, until fairly getting warmed up, he raised himself in his full power, and shook the arguments of his opponents from him as if they were cobwebs . . . . The last fifteen minutes of his speech was as eloquent as I ever heard; and such the power and earnestness with which he spoke to that jury, that all sat as if entranced, and when he was through, found relief in a gush of tears." Even one of the prosecutors said, "He took the jury by storm. There were tears in Mr. Lincoln's eyes while he spoke, but they were genuine. His sympathies were fully enlisted for the young man, and his terrible sincerity could not help but arouse the same passion in the jury. I have said a hundred times that it was Lincoln's *speech* that saved Armstrong from the gallows."

By this time, old Mrs. Armstrong must have realized the full, deep significance of the divine promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

In his circuit practice, Lincoln devoted himself to self-improvement, by taking books with him — reading-books, his grammar, arithmetic and Shakespeare. He read and studied much when riding. The finest passages of Shakespeare were committed in these travels; and he would sometimes stop by the way, and recite them to strangers whom he met. Out of court, during his absence on circuit business,

he found considerable time to pore over his books, so that little of his time was lost.

Soon after he began the practice of law, he commenced to remit money to his poor parents. There was a mortgage of two hundred dollars on his father's little farm, and he paid it. His foster-brother, John Johnston, was poor and needy, and he assisted him, also. John was shiftless and lazy, and Lincoln once wrote to him, "I now promise you, that, for every dollar you will, between this and the first of next May, get for your own labor, either in money or as your own indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten more, making twenty dollars a month for your work." He visited his parents, also, as often as was consistent with his growing business and many cares.

In his early law practice, he received five hundred dollars for conducting a criminal case successfully. A legal friend called upon him the next morning, and found him counting his money.

"Look here, judge," he said; "more money out of this case than I ever had in my life. If I had two hundred and fifty dollars more, I would go directly and purchase a quarter-section of land, and settle it upon my old stepmother."

"I will loan you the required amount," answered the judge.

"Agreed," rejoined Mr. Lincoln, and proceeded to write a note at once.

"I would not use the money just as you have indicated," then added the judge.

"Why not?"

"Your stepmother is getting old, and will not live many years. I would settle the property upon her for her use during her lifetime, to revert to you upon her death."

"I shall do no such thing," answered Lincoln, decidedly. "It is a poor return, at the best, for the good woman's devotion and fidelity to me, and there is not going to be any half way business about it."

As soon as he could, he purchased the quarter-section, and settled it upon his stepmother.

On hearing of his father's serious illness in January, 1851, at a time when pressing business and the sickness of his own wife rendered it impossible for him to leave her, he wrote a very touching filial letter, addressing it to Johnston. The letter has the following paragraph:—

"You already know I desire that neither father or mother shall be in want of any comfort, either in health or sickness, while they live; and I feel sure that you have not failed to use my name, if necessary, to procure a doctor or any thing else for father in his present sickness. I sincerely hope father may yet recover his health; but, at all events, tell him to remember and call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads; and he will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in him. Say to him, that, if we could meet now, it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant; but that, if it be his lot to go now, he will

soon have a joyous meeting with loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them."

That the reader may know we have not spoken with partiality of Mr. Lincoln as a lawyer, the following tribute of two of the most distinguished jurists of his day, spoken after his tragic death, will prove.

Judge David Davis said: "In all the elements that constitute the great lawyer he had few equals. The framework of his mental and moral being was honesty. He never took from a client, even when the cause was gained, more than he thought the service was worth and the client could reasonably afford to pay. He was loved by his brethren of the bar."

Judge Drummond said: "With a probity of character known to all, with an intuitive insight into the human heart, with a clearness of statement which was in itself an argument, with uncommon power and felicity of illustration,—often, it is true, of a plain and homely kind,—and with that sincerity and earnestness of manner, which carried conviction, he was one of the most successful lawyers in the State."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RISING STATESMAN.

MR LINCOLN was elected to Congress in 1846. He was brought forward in a meeting to nominate delegates to a Congressional Convention in 1844, but Col. Baker received the endorsement of the convention. Mr. Lincoln, however, was chosen one of the delegates to the district convention, whereupon he wrote to his old friend Speed, in a vein of humor, "The meeting appointed me one of the delegates, so that in getting Baker the nomination I shall be 'fixed' a good deal like the fellow who is made groomsman to the man who has 'cut him out,' and is marrying his own dear gal."

Henry Clay, his favorite statesman, was the Whig candidate for President that year; and Mr. Lincoln entered into the canvass with all his heart, making numerous speeches, and winning golden opinions. He was chosen a presidential elector, a merited honor.

One day he was coming down the steps of the State House, when he met an old client, whose note for services he held.

"Hallo, Cogdal!" Lincoln exclaimed, heartily extending his hand: "you have been very unfortunate, I

hear." Cogdal had been blown up by an accidental discharge of powder, and lost one hand by the calamity.

"Yes, rather unfortunate; but it might have been worse," answered Cogdal.

"Well, that is a philosophical way of looking at it, certainly," continued Lincoln. "But how are you getting along in your business?"

"Badly enough. I am not only broken up in my business, but crippled for life also."

"I am sorry for you, very sorry indeed," replied Lincoln with profound sympathy.

"I have been thinking about that note of yours," Cogdal added, in a despairing tone.

"Well," responded Lincoln, in a half-laughing way, "you need n't think any more about it," at the same time taking the note from his pocket-book and handing it to him.

Cogdal protested against taking the note, and expressed the hope that some day he might be able to pay it. But Lincoln insisted, adding, "If you had the money I would not take it," and he hurried away.

We said that he was elected to Congress in 1846. He was elected too, by a surprisingly large majority. Henry Clay received but nine hundred and fourteen majority in the district in 1844; but Lincoln's majority was one thousand five hundred and eleven. Many voted for him who were not Whigs, his honesty and peculiar fitness for the office winning their votes. He took his seat in the National House of Representatives, Dec. 6, 1847; and the fact that he was the only Whig member from Illinois contributed somewhat

to his popularity. At the same session Stephen A. Douglas took his seat in the United States Senate — Democratic senator from Illinois. He was "the youngest and *shortest* member of the senate," while Lincoln was the "youngest and *longest* member of the house;" so a waggish associate claimed.

The country was thoroughly excited, at that time, upon the questions of "the Mexican war" and the "admission of Texas as a slave State." The war with Mexico was unjustly waged in the interests of slavery, and the South was looking to Texas for the extension of their inhuman institution. Lincoln at once arrayed himself against these unrighteous measures, and he delivered a speech which was acknowledged to be the best that was delivered against them during the session.

The anti-slavery conflict in Congress was hot and bitter during the two years he served in the House. Those mighty champions of Liberty, John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts, and Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, were members; and Lincoln found himself fighting for his principles by their side. He assailed slavery as "unjust and cruel;" and did not hesitate to declare that God would visit the land in terrible retribution, if the American people continued to legislate and govern in the interests of human bondage. He voted forty-two times, in one way and another, for that famous anti-slavery measure — "The Wilmot Proviso."

He became popular with both Whigs and Democrats, by reason of his genial spirit, fairness, and sincerity in debate, his quick-witted ability in controversy, and his transparency and uprightness of character.

He declined re-election in 1848, and again in 1850, preferring to be at home with his family, and follow his chosen profession.

His life in Washington forced upon his conviction anew, that he must give more attention to intellectual improvement. He saw and felt that the distance between himself and many of his congressional associates, was great indeed; and he resolved to lessen it. He devoted himself to the study of English and American literature with the earnest application of early days. He studied language and style by reading the best authors. In short, he took a new departure in mental progress, and really accomplished what elevated his speeches and composition the rest of his life. Being one who accepted the old maxim fully, "Never too old to learn," he not only made the most of himself possible after he was forty years of age; but he made *more* of himself within a few years, than his most partial friends ever anticipated.

Until the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, and the attempt to force slavery upon Kansas, Lincoln remained in comparative retirement, devoting himself to his family and profession. Occasionally some pro-slavery demonstration by his old friend and political antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas, called him out, for he was ever ready to pursue him in public debate or political action. He made some speeches in the canvass for General Taylor, Whig candidate for president, in 1848, and also for General Scott, Whig candidate for president, in 1852. In the same year, also, he delivered a eulogy upon Henry Clay in the State Capitol. He made some addresses on Temperance, also. He had

been accustomed to make "little speeches" upon Temperance, as he called them, from the time he entertained his companions on the stumps of Indiana. At the time he entered upon the legal profession, the temperance cause was demanding attention; and he had occasional calls for addresses in this line. In 1854 he joined the Sons of Temperance, believing that the Order was accomplishing much good in the West as well as in the East. He did not hesitate to lend both example and voice against the drink customs.

But the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854 aroused him by its base injustice and political chicanery. A solemn covenant, made in 1820, to shut slavery out of the northwest, was wantonly broken, that slavery might have a foothold in Kansas and Nebraska; and his old associate and antagonist, Douglas, was the author of it. The deed aroused his whole stalwart nature against the arch democrat, who devised and prosecuted the diabolical scheme; and he took the field of political controversy, stronger and more earnest than ever.

Mr. Douglas delivered a speech in Springfield, while the State Fair was in progress, and thousands of people were there. Mr. Lincoln heard it, and replied to it, in the same place, on the following day. Listeners declared it to be the grandest effort of his life, and that it completely destroyed the political foundation on which Douglas stood. His speech was over three hours long. The "Springfield Journal" said:

"He quivered with feeling and emotion. The whole house was as still as death. He attacked the bill (the Kansas-Nebraska bill, of which Douglas was the author) with unusual warmth and energy, and all felt that a

man of strength was its enemy; and that he intended to blast it if he could by strong and manly efforts. He was most successful; and the house approved the glorious triumph of truth by loud and long-continued huzzas. Women waved their white handkerchiefs in token of their silent but heartfelt consent. Every man felt that the speech was unanswerable—that no human power could overthrow it, or trample it under foot."

Mr. Lincoln followed Douglas to Peoria and other places, and was equally triumphant in his replies to the advocate of slavery. The result was a complete political revolution in the state. The Democrats had been in power in Illinois, ever since their party was organized. But now their power was broken, and a Whig legislature was elected, Lincoln being among its members. A press of business, however, compelled him to resign before taking his seat. Many Democrats voted with the Whigs, because they were opposed to forcing slavery upon Kansas and Nebraska.

This new Whig Legislature had to elect a United States Senator: and Mr. Lincoln was the Whig candidate; Lyman Trumbull the anti-Kansas-Nebraska Democratic candidate; and General James Shields, the Douglas party candidate. After several undecisive ballots, the Democrats dropped Gen. Shields and took up Governor Matheson, who had not committed himself to either side of the great question; and Matheson came within three votes of an election. At this juncture, an effort was made to unite the friends of Lincoln and Trumbull upon one of them. Here the remarkable magnanimity of Lincoln's nature came

to the rescue, showing how much more he cared for the principle at issue than he did for himself.

"Withdraw my name and support Trumbull," urged Lincoln; "we shall be whipped if you don't."

"Never; never," protested one and another.

"Four votes only will make Matheson senator, and we must not risk another ballot," urged Lincoln, with still more earnestness.

"Impossible," answered one. "We cannot do it," said another.

Lincoln grew determined over the danger of losing in the contest, and straightening himself up to his full height, as he was wont under great emotion:—

"It MUST be done," he shouted.

The Whigs yielded, though several of them wept at the necessity; and the united effort made Trumbull senator. But, to the Whigs of Illinois, Lincoln never appeared so truly great, as he did after that act of superior magnanimity. No man in the State or country rejoiced more heartily over the triumph than Mr. Lincoln.

In 1856, the Republican party of Illinois was organized at Bloomington, and the foremost man in its organization was Abraham Lincoln. With one of his ablest speeches, on that occasion, he fired all hearts. Mr. Scripps says: "Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence. Again and again during the progress of its delivery, they sprang to their feet and upon the benches, and testified by long continued shouts and the waving of hats, how deeply the speaker had wrought upon their minds and hearts."

From the organization of the Republican party, Mr. Lincoln was not only the *first* Republican in Illinois, but also in all the Western States; and a month later, at the National Republican convention to nominate a candidate for President, his name was brought forward for the Vice-Presidency. On the informal ballot he received one hundred and ten votes, and Mr. Dayton two hundred and fifty-nine. This complimentary vote was secured without Mr. Lincoln's knowledge. He was attending court at Urbana in his own State. The newspaper report that reached Urbana said, "Lincoln received one hundred and ten votes."

"Is that *our* Lincoln!" inquired one of the lawyers.

"Of course, it is," replied another. And turning to Mr. Lincoln, who made his appearance just then, he remarked: —

"I congratulate you upon so handsome a vote for Vice-President."

"Me!" exclaimed Lincoln, who had already read the paper. "Have you any idea that means me?"

"Certainly, I have no idea that it means anybody else."

"Well, you were never more mistaken in your life," protested Mr. Lincoln; "it can't mean me. It must be the great Lincoln from Massachusetts."

He utterly refused to believe the newspaper report, until he read a full account of the proceedings of the convention. The humble estimate he put upon his own abilities and influence, and the fact that he had indulged no aspirations for the office, is sufficient explanation of the affair.

He took part in the campaign that followed for Fremont and Dayton, striking some telling blows for liberty. The opposition found a powerful antagonist in him, and sometimes resorted to mean expedients to show their hostility. At a meeting at Charleston, Coles County, a Democrat interrupted him by saying, "Mr. Lincoln, is it true that you entered this State barefooted, driving a yoke of oxen?"

Mr. Lincoln paused a few moments, and then answered, "I think I can prove the fact by at least a dozen men in the crowd, any one of whom is more respectable than my questioner."

Then he branched off upon the helps of a free government to a poor boy, and "the curse of Slavery to the white man, wherever it existed," speaking, in a strain of thrilling eloquence, and closing his response with the following inspiring sentence, that thoroughly aroused the assembly:—

"Yes, we will speak for freedom and against slavery, as long as the Constitution of our country guarantees free speech, until everywhere on this wide land, the sun shall shine and the rain shall fall and the wind shall blow upon no man who goes forth to unrequited toil."

Mr. Lincoln had prophesied, not only bloodshed in Kansas, but also a bloody contest between the North and South, in consequence of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the Kansas-Nebraska outrage. Already the first prophecy was fulfilled, and "Border Ruffians" were burning houses, shooting Free-State men, and sacking villages, to frighten freedom out of Kansas. Douglas saw that political

death awaited him in Illinois if he pursued his Kansas-Nebraska measure; and, all at once he changed front, and voted with the Republicans in Congress against the very measure his own political recklessness inaugurated. His senatorial term was drawing to a close, and now he sought a re-election by appealing to Republicans for support. Those of Illinois were too familiar with his duplicity to believe he was honest, and refused to support him. In other States, where his political character was not so well understood, there were prominent Republicans who asked their brethren of Illinois to return him to the United States Senate.

Mr. Lincoln was never bolder, more earnest and stronger, than he was in this campaign. The Republican State convention met at Springfield on the sixteenth day of June; and it was scarcely organized when a banner was borne into the hall, on which was inscribed, "COOK COUNTY FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN." The sight of it seemed to craze the whole assembly. They sprang to their feet, jumped upon the benches, swung their hats, shouted, cheered and gave themselves up to demonstrations of delight for several minutes. Mr. Lincoln was unanimously nominated; and, in the evening, delivered before the convention his famous speech, known in history as "The House-divided-against-itself Speech." This title was derived from a single paragraph at the opening of the speech, as follows: —

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to

be dissolved, — I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other." Late in the afternoon of that day, Mr. Lincoln went over to his office, with his carefully prepared speech in his pocket; and, locking the door behind him, he said to his partner, Mr. Herndon: —

"Let me read you a paragraph of my speech." He read the foregoing extract, which was a part of the first paragraph.

"How do you like it?" inquired Mr. Lincoln, before Herndon had time to express his surprise. "What do you think of it?"

"I think it is true," replied Mr. Herndon, "but is it entirely *politic* to read or speak it just as it is written?"

"That makes no difference," answered Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Herndon was still more surprised. "Radical" as he was, Lincoln was in advance of him.

"That expression is a truth of all human experience, — 'a house divided against itself cannot stand,'" added Mr. Lincoln with emphasis. "The proposition is indisputably true, and has been true for more than six thousand years; and — I *will* deliver it as written . . . . . I would rather be *defeated with this expression in* the speech, than *be victorious without it.*"

An hour before the address was to be delivered in the Representatives' Hall, a dozen of his friends assembled in the library room, and Mr. Lincoln read to them several paragraphs of his speech, including the extract quoted.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Fifty years in advance of public opinion," answered one leader almost angrily.

"Very unwise," replied another.

"It will kill the Republican party," said a third.

"And you too, Lincoln," said a fourth.

"Nothing could be more unwise; it will certainly defeat your election;" added a fifth.

And so the criticisms fell fast from nearly every tongue. Every one, except Mr. Herndon, condemned the extract in qnestion. He sprang to his feet after all had delivered themselves freely, and said:—"Lincoln, deliver it just as it reads."

Mr. Lincoln sat in silence for a moment, then, rising from his seat, he walked backwards and forwards a few moments longer. Suddenly stopping and facing the company, he said:—

"Friends, I have thought about this matter a great deal, have weighed the question well from all corners, and am thoroughly convinced the time has come when it should be uttered; and if it must be that I *must go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to truth — die in the advocacy of what is right and just.*"

He delivered the speech just as he had prepared it, and great, indeed, was the excitement occasioned thereby. Many of his warmest friends were provoked by his "unwisdom."

"A fool's speech," cried one.

"Wholly inappropriate!" cried another.

"That foolish speech of yours will kill you, Lincoln," remarked Dr. Loring. "I wish it was wiped out of existence; don't you wish so now?"

"Well, doctor," replied Mr. Lincoln, "if I had to

draw a pen across, and erase my whole life from existence, and had one poor gift or choice left, as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech, and leave it to the world unerased."

More than a year afterwards, he was dining with a party of friends at Bloomington, when that speech became the theme of discussion, and every person present declared it was "a great mistake."

"Gentlemen," replied Mr. Lincoln, "you may think that speech was a mistake; but I never have believed it was, and you will see the day when you will consider it the wisest thing I ever said."

His prophecy was completely fulfilled. The fact was, Mr. Lincoln was led "in a way that he knew not." A higher intelligence than mere human sagacity guided him in the right. That speech was one of the most marvellous productions in American annals, and it not only gave the keynote to his great senatorial contest with Mr. Douglas, but it settled the character and issue of the next presidential election, and finally sealed the doom of slavery in this country.

After the delivery of this speech, Mr. Lincoln challenged Mr. Douglas to joint debates throughout the canvas. The latter accepted the challenge so far as to arrange for debates with the former in seven important places of the state. Mr. Douglas conducted his part of the affair with great pomp and noise, proceeding to his appointments on a chartered train accompanied with a band of music, and artillery to fire salutes, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. On the other hand, Mr. Lincoln pursued his usual quiet, unostentatious and honest way; yet he won the victory

every time. "To say that he was the victor, morally and intellectually, is simply to record the judgment of the world." "In this canvass he earned a reputation as a popular debater second to that of no man in America — certainly not second to that of his famous antagonist." At the close of one of his debates with Mr. Douglas, even after the latter had occupied thirty minutes in closing the discussion, the assembly was so thoroughly "enthused" by Mr. Lincoln's victorious effort, that they seized him, in their exuberance of joy, and bore him out of the hall to the hotel upon their shoulders, amidst cheers and shouts that made the welkin ring. In the popular vote he received a majority of four thousand and eighty-five over Mr. Douglas; but owing to the unfair apportionment of the legislative districts, Mr. Douglas was returned to the United States Senate.

In one of these debates he paid one of the most eloquent tributes to the "Declaration of Independence" (after having enunciated its principles) that ever fell from human lips; and he closed with these memorable words:

"You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the senate, but you may take me and put me to death. While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I *do claim* to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. BUT DO NOT DESTROY THAT IMMORTAL EMBLEM OF HUMANITY, — THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE."

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOING UP HIGHER.

THE Republican State Convention of Illinois met at Decatur, May 9, 1860, in a "Wigwam" erected for the purpose. Directly after the convention was organized, Governor Oglesby, the chairman, arose, and said, "I am informed that a distinguished citizen of Illinois, and one whom Illinois will ever delight to honor, is present, and I wish to move that this body invite him to a seat on the stand." After a pause, as if to awaken curiosity, he called out the name in a much louder voice, ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Such a round of applause, cheer upon cheer, followed the announcement, as shook every board and joist of the wigwam. A rush, too, was made for the gentleman, who stood near the door, and he was actually taken up and borne through the dense crowd to the platform. The cheering was like the roar of the sea. Hats were thrown up by the Chicago delegation, as if hats were no longer useful.

The convention proceeded to business, and was fairly under way, when the chairman interrupted by saying: "There is an old Democrat outside, I understand, who has something to present to this convention."

"Receive it! receive it!" responded several.

"What is it? what is it?" cried out others.

"Let us have it," shouted another.

The convention voted to receive the Democrat, and in walked Mr. Lincoln's old friend, John Hanks, who helped him to split the rails for his father's fifteen acre lot; the same Hanks who went with him to New Orleans for Offutt, and enlisted with him in the Black Hawk War. John bore on his shoulders two rails, from the lot he and Abe split, surmounted with a banner with this inscription: —

"Two Rails
From a Lot Made by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks,
in the Sangamon Bottom, in the Year 1830."

Wild, tumultuous applause greeted the rails, and the scene became simply tempestuous and bewildering. The tumult subsided only to make way for another.

"A speech!" "Let's hear the rail-splitter!" "A speech!" "Old Abe must show his hand!" These and other demands were made in one incessant noisy clamor, lasting several minutes, until Mr. Lincoln arose, confused, blushing, yet smiling, and remarked, —

"Gentlemen, I suppose you want to know something about those things (pointing to the rails). Well, the truth is, John Hanks and I did make rails in the Sangamon Bottom. I don't know whether we made those rails or not; the fact is, I don't think they are a credit to the makers. But I do know this: I made rails then, and I think I could make better ones than these now."

Another storm of applause shook the wigwam for several minutes; and was followed by a resolution

declaring "Abraham Lincoln to be the first choice of the Republican party of Illinois for the Presidency." The resolution was carried unanimously, amidst the wildest demonstrations.

Five thousand people attended this convention, among them many Democrats who were friends of Lincoln. Other Democrats were there, who were not a little provoked at the course of John Hanks and others of their party. One of them accosted Mr. Lincoln, after the adjournment: —

"And so you're Abe Lincoln?"

"That's my name, sir," answered Mr. Lincoln.

"They say you're a self-made man."

"Well, yes; what there is of me is self-made," replied Mr. Lincoln.

"Wall," added the Democrat, after surveying him from head to foot, "all I've got to say is, that it was a very bad job."

It should be said that, after Mr. Lincoln's senatorial contest with Mr. Douglas, particularly in 1859, he spoke by invitation in Kansas, Ohio, New York, and several of the New England States. His speeches were pronounced masterly. Cooper Institute was thronged to hear him in New York city, and he was introduced by the poet Bryant. The next morning, the Tribune said, "No man ever before made such an impression on his first appeal to a New York audience."

While in New York, two incidents transpired, which show much of the man. He met an old acquaintance from Illinois in a mercantile establishment. "How have you fared since you left Illinois?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"I have made a hundred thousand dollars, and lost it all. And how is it with you, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Oh, very well," Mr. Lincoln replied; "I have the cottage at Springfield, and about eight thousand dollars in money. If they make me vice-president with Seward, as some say they will, I hope I shall be able to increase it to twenty thousand; and that is as much as any man ought to want."

He stopped in New York over Sunday, and strolled alone into the Sabbath School of the Five Points Mission, interested to learn what could be done for the street children of the city. The superintendent was impressed by the appearance of the visitor, and invited him to address the girls and boys. Without hesitation, he consented, and immediately began a little speech that completely captivated his young listeners. Several times he essayed to stop, but his listeners cried out, "Go on, go on, sir." "Do go on." It was an unusual address, and charmed both teacher and pupil alike. When he was about to depart, the superintendent said:

"Pardon me; may I have the pleasure of knowing who my visitor is?"

"Abraham Lincoln of Illinois," he replied.

He spoke at Norwich, Conn., and subsequently Dr. Gulliver published the following instructive and interesting account of his interview with him, on the next morning after listening to him: —

"The next morning I met him at the railroad station, where he was conversing with our Mayor, every few minutes looking up the track and inquiring, half impatiently and half quizzically, 'Where 's

that "wagon" of yours? Why don't the "wagon" come along?' On being introduced to him, he fixed his eyes upon me, and said: 'I have seen you before, sir!' 'I think not,' I replied: 'you must mistake me for some other person.' 'No, I don't; I saw you at the Town Hall, last evening.' 'Is it possible, Mr. Lincoln, that you could observe individuals so closely in such a crowd?' 'Oh, yes!' he replied, laughing; 'that is my way. I don't forget faces. Were you not there?' 'I was, sir, and I was well paid for going;' adding, somewhat in the vein of pleasantry he had started, 'I consider it one of the most extraordinary speeches I ever heard.'

"As we entered the cars, he beckoned me to take a seat with him, and said, in a most agreeably frank way, 'Were you sincere in what you said about my speech just now?'

"'I meant every word of it, Mr. Lincoln. Why, an old dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, who sat near me, applauded you repeatedly, and when rallied upon his conversion to sound principles, answered: 'I don't believe a word he says, but I can't help clapping him, he 's so *pat*.'' That I call the triumph of oratory.'

> "When you convince a man against his will,
> Though he is of the same opinion still."

'Indeed, sir, I learned more of the art of public speaking last evening than I could from a whole course of lectures on Rhetoric.'

"'Ah! that reminds me,' said he, 'of a most extraordinary circumstance which occurred in New Haven the other day. They told me that the Pro-

fessor of Rhetoric in Yale College, — a very learned man, is n't he?'

"'Yes, sir, and a fine critic too.'

"'Well, I suppose so; he ought to be, at any rate, — they told me that he came to hear me, and took notes of my speech, and gave a lecture on it to his class the next day; and, not satisfied with that, he followed me up to Meriden the next evening, and heard me again for the same purpose. Now, if this is so, it is to my mind very extraordinary. I should like very much to know what it was in my speech you thought so remarkable, and what you suppose interested my friend, the professor, so much.'

"'The clearness of your statements, Mr. Lincoln; the unanswerable style of your reasoning, and especially your illustrations, which were romance and pathos, and fun and logic all welded together. That story about the snakes, for example, which set the hands and feet of your Democratic hearers in such vigorous motion, was at once queer and comical, and tragic and argumentative. It broke through all the barriers of a man's previous opinions and prejudices at a crash, and blew up the very citadel of his false theories before he could know what had hurt him.'

"'Can you remember any other illustrations,' said he 'of this peculiarity of my style?'

"I gave him others of the same sort, occupying some half-hour in the critique, when he said: 'I am much obliged to you for this. I have been wishing for a long time to find some one who would make this analysis for me. It throws light on a subject which has been dark to me. I hope you have not been too

flattering in your estimate. Certainly, I have had a most wonderful success, for a man of my limited education.'

"'That suggests, Mr. Lincoln, an inquiry which has several times been upon my lips during this conversation. I want very much to know how you got this unusual power of "putting things." It must have been a matter of education. No man has it by nature alone. What has your education been?'

"'Well, as to education, the newspapers are correct; I never went to school more than six months in my life. But, as you say, this must be a product of culture in some form. I have been putting the question you ask me to myself, while you have been talking. I can say this, that among my earliest recollections I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when any body talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbs my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bed-room, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind

of passion with me, and it has stuck by me; for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it North, and bounded it South, and bounded it East, and bounded it West. Perhaps that accounts for the characteristic you observe in my speeches, though I never put the two things together before.'

"'Mr. Lincoln, I thank you for this. It is the most splendid educational fact I ever happened upon. But, let me ask, did you prepare for your profession?'

"'Oh, yes! I "read law," as the phrase is; that is, I became a lawyer's clerk in Springfield, and copied tedious documents, and picked up what I could of law in the intervals of other work. But your question reminds me of a bit of education I had, which I am bound in honesty to mention. In the course of my law-reading, I constantly came upon the word *demonstrate*. I thought at first that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I said to myself, "What do I mean when I *demonstrate* more than when I *reason* or *prove?* How does *demonstration* differ from any other proof?" I consulted Webster's Dictionary. That told of "certain proof," "proof beyond the possibility of doubt;" but I could form no idea what sort of proof that was. I thought a great many things were proved beyond a possibility of doubt, without recourse to any such extraordinary process of reasoning as I understood "demonstration" to be. I consulted all the dictionaries and books of reference I could find, but with no better

results. You might as well have defined *blue* to a blind man. At last I said, "Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what *demonstrate* means;" and I left my situation in Springfield, went home to my father's house, and stayed there till I could give any proposition in the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what "demonstrate" means, and went back to my law-studies.'

"I could not refrain from saying, in my admiration at such a development of character and genius combined: 'Mr. Lincoln, your success is no longer a marvel. It is the legitimate result of adequate causes. You deserve it all, and a great deal more. If you will permit me, I would like to use this fact publicly. It will be most valuable in inciting our young men to that patient classical and mathematical culture which most minds absolutely require. No man can talk well unless he is able first of all to define to himself what he is talking about. Euclid, well studied, would free the world of half its calamities, by banishing half the nonsense which now deludes and curses it. I have often thought that Euclid would be one of the best books to put on the catalogue of the Tract Society, if they could only get people to read it. It would be a means of grace.'

"'I think so,' said he, laughing; 'I vote for Euclid.'

"As we neared the end of our journey, Mr. Lincoln turned to me very pleasantly, and said: 'I want to thank you for this conversation. I have

enjoyed it very much.' I replied, referring to some stalwart denunciations he had just been uttering of the demoralizing influence of Washington upon Northern politicians in respect to the slavery question, 'Mr. Lincoln, may I say one thing to you before we separate?'

"'Certainly, anything you please.'

"'You have just spoken of the tendency of political life in Washington to debase the moral convictions of our representatives there by the admixture of considerations of mere political expediency. You have become, by the controversy with Mr. Douglas, one of our leaders in this great struggle with slavery, which is undoubtedly *the* struggle of the nation and the age. What I would like to say is this, and I say it with a full heart, *Be true to your principles and we will be true to you, and God will be true to us all!*' His homely face lighted up instantly with a beaming expression, and taking my hand warmly in both of his, he said: 'I say *Amen* to that — AMEN to that!'

The National Republican Convention assembled in Chicago on the sixteenth day of June, 1860. A mammoth "Wigwam" was erected to accommodate the delegates and crowd of spectators It was estimated that twenty-five thousand men attended that convention. Fifteen hundred of them slept under the roof of a single hotel.

The candidates for President were William H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, Edward Bates, Judge McLean, Willliam L. Dayton, Simon Cameron, Abraham Lincoln and Benjamin F. Wade. It must be conceded,

however, that Mr. Seward was by far the most prominent, and his nomination was generally expected by Republicans in the East, if not in the West. Indeed, Mr. Lincoln was not known to the rank and file of the Republican party, outside of the western States. Mr. Chase and Judge Bates were better known to the people of the whole country than he. But the balloting proved that Mr. Seward was not so strong a candidate as many anticipated. Mr. Chase had forty-nine votes, and Judge Bates forty-eight, in the informal ballot, while Mr. Lincoln had one hundred and two. It was evident that Mr. Seward could not be nominated. There were not a sufficient number to leave their favorite candidates for him, to secure his nomination. But as the result proved, there were enough who would leave the men of their choice and vote for Mr. Lincoln, to elect him. To them Mr. Lincoln was a compromise candidate, whom they preferred, if they could not have the man of their choice. Mr. Lincoln was nominated on the third ballot. The scene that followed the announcement beggars description. Not a storm, but a hurricane of uncontrollable enthusiasm burst from the vast assembly, augmented by the multitude waiting outside, who in response to the cry of a messenger stationed upon the roof of the "Wigwam," "*Fire the salute! Abe Lincoln is nominated,*" rent the air with their deafening shouts, while the thundering roar of cannon, peal on peal, swelled the din into fearful proportions.

The news was flashed over the wires to Springfield; and, when it was received at the office of the Journal, where Mr. Lincoln and a few of his neighbors were

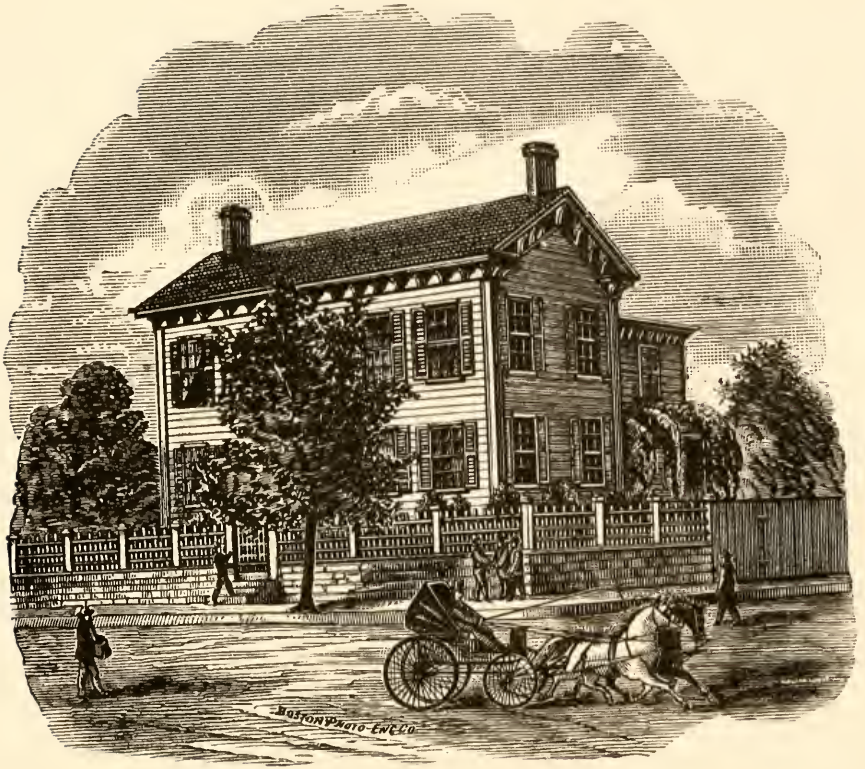
gathered, the excitement of Chicago was repeated on a smaller scale, and the nominee was overwhelmed with congratulations. Taking the telegram up, Mr. Lincoln remarked : —

"Well, gentlemen, there is a little woman at our house who is probably more interested in this dispatch than I am ; and if you will excuse me, I will take it up and let her see it."

The committee of the Chicago Convention officially notified Mr. Lincoln of his nomination, at his home on the following day. A few citizens, desiring that their distinguished townsman should conform to an old political custom, on so important an occasion, purchased a quantity of the choicest liquors they could find, and sent them to his house. Mr. Lincoln promptly returned them, with the characteristic message : —

"You know that we never do any such thing at our house."

The correspondent of the "Portland Press," who was present, says that, after the official ceremonies and formal introductions ended, a servant brought in a waiter, containing a large pitcher and several glass tumblers, when "Mr. Lincoln arose, and gravely addressing the company, said : 'Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage which God has given to man — it is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion — it is pure Adam's ale, from the spring ;' and, taking a tumbler, he touched it to his lips, and pledged them his highest respects in a cup of cold water. Of course



RESIDENCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

all his guests were constrained to admire his consistency, and to join in his example."

His neighbors supposed that he would yield his temperance principles to the demands of the august occasion; but he was not the man to do that. The statesman who dared to oppose his own best friends, and say to the world, "a house divided against itself cannot stand," would not sacrifice his principles now for a glass of wine.

He received the honored guests with the simplicity and informality for which he was famed, and, after assuring them that he had nothing stronger than "Adam's ale" in his house, he drank their health in the "sparkling beverage." He never performed a more independent, consistent, and worthy act than that. He stood by his temperance principles just as he did by his anti-slavery principles.

His nomination created the most intense excitement and bitterness in the slave States. Threats of secession and rebellion came from them with every wind that blew. His election in the following November was the signal for the southern leaders to prepare for civil war and the dissolution of the Union. Before Inauguration Day arrived seven of the southern States had seceded and organized a southern Confederacy. Mutterings of the coming storm were heard. The war-cloud was gathering, dark and ominous. The thunder of arms was heard in the distance. Beaten with the ballot, the champions of slavery resolved to conquer with the bullet. War seemed inevitable.

Mr. Lincoln was overwhelmed with visitors from the day of his nomination, until he removed to the

White House. All classes, high and low, rich and poor, great and little, flocked to see the "tall man eloquent," and shake his hand. Some curious incidents occurred, which exhibit the noble qualities of the presidential candidate far better than words. Two young men entered the Executive chamber of the State House, where he received his friends, and lingered near the door. Observing them, Mr. Lincoln approached them, saying: —

"How do you do, my good fellows? What can I do for you? Will you sit down?"

"We do not care to sit," replied the shorter of the two.

"I am at your service," continued Mr. Lincoln in his familiar way, aiming to make the diffident young men feel at home.

"I had some talk with my friend here," continued the young man, "about your height, Mr. Lincoln. He thinks he is just as tall as you are."

"Ah!" responded Mr. Lincoln with a broad smile, at the same time scanning the "tall companion," "he is long certainly. Let us see about that." He went for his cane and returning, said:

"Here, young man, we'll see who is the longest."

Placing the end of the cane upon the wall, he said:

"Come under here, young man. We can settle that question in a minute."

The young man stepped under the cane, and when it was carefully adjusted, Mr. Lincoln continued: "Now step out and hold the cane while I go under."

No quicker said than done.

"He is just my height exactly," he remarked to the

shorter visitor; "he guessed with remarkable accuracy." Then taking each of them by the hand with words of encouragement, he bade them good by.

He saw that the two young men were well meaning, but verdant, unacquainted with the proprieties of the occasion; but, sooner than have them feel that they had insulted his dignity he would measure "height" with them a dozen times over.

An old woman came in to see him "because he used to dine at her house when he was on the Circuit." Mr. Lincoln could not remember her, until she had called his attention, definitely to certain incidents.

"Oh, yes; I remember now," he said, shaking her hand heartily; "I hope it is well with you, my dear woman."

"Do you remember that scanty dinner I gave you one day?"

"No, I am sure I do not remember anything *scant* at your house."

"Well, you did have a scanty dinner one day," she added. "You came along just as we were through dinner, and every thing was eaten up; so that I had nothing to give you but a bowl of bread and milk, and you ate it, and when you got up, and I apologized for having nothing better, you replied, 'Why, that is quite good enough for the President of the United States.'"

Mr. Lincoln laughed and invoked a blessing on her head, fully appreciating the well-meant friendship that brought her eight miles on purpose to remind him of the "scanty dinner."

Among his callers was Hannah Armstrong, widow of Jack and mother of William; and a more sincere

and worshipful visitor he did not have. "He talked to me just as he did when Jack was alive," she said afterwards. "I talked to him some time, and was about to bid him good-by. I had told him that it was the last time I should ever see him; something told me I should never see him again; they would kill him. He smiled and said, 'Hannah, if they do kill me, I shall never die another death.' Then I bade him good-by."

A grand reception was tendered him in Chicago. He observed a little girl approaching very timidly. Beckoning to her kindly, he said: "Little girl, what will you have?"

"I want your name," she hesitatingly replied. Just then Mr. Lincoln observed several other little girls approaching, and he responded:

"But here are several other little girls — they would feel badly if I should give my name only to you."

"There are eight of us in all," she answered, "and all of us want your name,"

"Then get me eight sheets of paper, with pen and ink, and I will see what can be done for you."

The paper was brought, and Mr. Lincoln sat down at a table, in the crowded room, and wrote a line upon each sheet, appending his name thereto.

A little boy of about three years came into the room with his father. As soon as he entered, he swung his hat, and cried out, "Hurrah for Lincoln!" The people laughed, and Mr. Lincoln, joining them, caught up the little fellow and gave him a toss towards the ceiling, exclaiming, "Hurrah for you!"

These were pleasant episodes to a man of so much

simplicity and real kindness as Mr. Lincoln possessed, in the general reception of dignitaries, — governors, statesmen, senators, judges, divines, etc.

On the sixth of November, Mr. Lincoln was elected President by the popular vote of 1,857,610, — 491,634 votes more than were cast for Mr. Douglas. In the Electoral College he received 180 votes, and Mr. Douglas only 12; the others being divided between Breckinridge and Bell.

A few days before the election, the Republicans of Springfield placed the result of a canvass of Springfield in Mr. Lincoln's hand. He called into the Executive Chamber Mr. Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Illinois, whose office was in the building. Having locked the door, he said: —

"I have called you in to assist me in looking over this canvass of Springfield; I desire to know how the ministers and some good people will vote."

Mr. Bateman assented to his proposition, and proceeded to examine the book. Mr. Lincoln frequently inquired if such and such a person were not a minister or member of the church, to which Mr. Bateman replied according to the best of his knowledge. With pencil in hand, Mr. Lincoln kept a memorandum. When the examination was completed, he sat in silence, and with a face full of sadness for several minutes. Then, turning to Mr. Bateman, he remarked: —

"I don't understand it. Here are several ministers, of different denominations, against me, and here are prominent members of the churches against me. Mr. Bateman, I am not a Christian, — God knows, I would

be one, — but I have carefully read the Bible, and I do not so understand this book," drawing a copy of the New Testament from his pocket. After a brief pause, he continued : —

"These men well know that I am for freedom in the Territories, freedom everywhere as far as the Constitution and laws will permit, and that my opponents are for slavery. They know this, and yet, with this book in their hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me. I do not understand it at all."

Mr. Lincoln was on his feet, evidently filled with emotion over the grave and perilous condition of the country. In silence he walked up and down the room, going back and forth several times, with deep sadness depicted on his face, as if a mighty burden were resting on his heart. At length, suddenly stopping in the centre of the hall, and lifting his right arm heavenward, while tears were on his cheek, he exclaimed : —

"I know there is a God, and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me, I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same ; and they will find it so. Douglas don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down ; but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care ; and with God's help, I shall not fail. I may not see the end ; but it will come ; and I shall be vindicated ; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright."

He spoke much of this as if soliloquizing, and then, turning to Mr. Bateman, he added: —

"Does it not appear strange that men can ignore the moral aspects of the contest? A revelation could not make it plainer to me that slavery or the government must be destroyed. The future would be something awful, as I look at it, but for this rock on which I stand, especially with the knowledge of how some of these ministers are going to vote. It seems as if God had borne with slavery until the very teachers of religion have come to defend it from the Bible, and to claim for it a divine character and sanction [referring to Drs. Ross and Palmer of the South, of whom mention had been made]; and now the cup of iniquity is full, and the vials of wrath will be poured out."

He went on still further, expressing his confidence in Divine Providence, declaring that "right is might," and that faith in God "is indispensable to successful statesmanship;" and that the support which a public man receives from these truths is grander than all other support. He freely announced his belief in the duty and power of prayer, and intimated that he had sought Divine guidance in his solemn and responsible position.

Mr. Bateman responded to him: —

"I have not supposed that you were accustomed to think so much upon this class of subjects. Your friends are ignorant of the fact that you entertain such pronounced sentiments on these topics as you have expressed to me."

"I am aware of that," Mr. Lincoln answered; "but

I think more on these subjects than upon all others, and I have done so for years."

That Mr. Lincoln was a child of Providence, without knowing it, led and disciplined for graver responsibilities than any previous President had ever borne, not excepting Washington, is clear to the Bible student. His language was that of prophecy, and his spirit was that of a Christian hero and martyr.

Before leaving Springfield for Washington, Mr. Lincoln paid his mother and other relatives a visit. His mother was living with her daughter, Mrs. Moore, at Farmington. "The meeting between him and the old lady," says Mr. Lamon, "was of the most affectionate and tender character. She fondled him as her own 'Abe,' and he her as his own mother."

Mrs. Lincoln returned with her son to Charleston that they might enjoy each other's company still longer. When the time arrived that Mr. Lincoln must leave, both he and his mother were deeply affected. Mr. Lamon continues: —

"The parting between Mr. Lincoln and his mother was very touching. She embraced him with deep emotion, and said she was sure she should never behold him again, for she felt that 'his enemies would assassinate him.'

"'No, no, mother; they will not do that. Trust in the Lord and all will be well; we shall see each other again.'

"Inexpressibly affected by this new evidence of her tender attachment and deep concern for his safety, he gradually and reluctantly withdrew from her arms, feeling more deeply oppressed by the

heavy cares which time and events were rapidly augmenting."

Mrs. Lincoln was not alone in her fears that her son would come to an untimely end. Neighbors and friends in Springfield were equally anxious.

"They will throw the cars from the track," one suggested.

"Some one will stab him in the crowd," another.

"He will be poisoned before the fourth of March," still another.

"He will be shot from a housetop on inauguration day," a fourth.

"You ought to take a cook with you from your own female friends," suggested a fifth.

On the eleventh day of February, 1861, Mr. Lincoln left Springfield for Washington with his family. A multitude of friends and neighbors gathered at the depot for a parting hand-shake. From the platform of the cars, he addressed the company.

"My Friends — No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves on me which is greater, perhaps, than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will pray that I may receive that divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

His journey to Washington was signalized by sincere demonstrations of respect and honor. His passage was like that of a conqueror. From the beginning to the end of his journey, it was one splendid ovation. At all the cities on the route, he addressed the vast multitudes assembled, and his sentiments were eagerly caught up and borne over the land; for the people were eager to obtain the least hint of his future policy. His speeches were characterized by that thoughtful, sound, solid, clear, and logical element that ever distinguished his best efforts.

The presidential party was met at Philadelphia by the son of Mr. Seward, with the startling intelligence that a plot had been discovered to assassinate the President-elect when he passed through Baltimore on the following day. Threats of assassination had been heard again and again, and now detectives supposed that they had discovered a veritable plot, and that speedy action alone could thwart the purpose of the conspirators.

A consultation with Mr. Lincoln followed, and it was arranged that, instead of going on the presidential train the next day, Mr. Lincoln should be taken through that night to Washington by the night express. At half-past six next morning he reached Washington, and the news of his arrival was flashed at once over the country by the telegraphic wires.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

OUR purpose being to see the man Lincoln in the highest office, as we saw the boy Abraham in his pioneer home, we shall not recount his public deeds in overthrowing the "Rebellion," which lasted during his entire life in the Executive Mansion. His remarkable success in marshalling the "Union Army" of more than two million men, controlling the perilous factions of the country, securing the confidence of every true patriot in the land, organizing victory upon a thousand battle-fields, creating a powerful navy, raising three thousand million dollars for the war, restoring the public credit, emancipating four million slaves, and restoring peace upon a stronger basis than ever, is well known to the world. These achievements caused M. Laboulaye to exclaim, at the College of France, before an immense audience of the *elite* of the intellectual world, "MR. LINCOLN IS A GREATER MAN THAN CÆSAR." To record a history of these achievements would require a volume instead of two or three chapters, and even then the real character of the man might not appear so clearly as it does in certain incidents of his presidential

career. In his daily life, at the head of the nation, we are to find those qualities of mind and heart which made him truly great. Incidents will illustrate his ability, honesty, patriotism, industry, kindness, self-reliance, firmness, tact, wit, genius, magnanimity, and influence, far better than declamation. For this reason we shall present his presidential career through the most instructive incidents of his life in the White House.

Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated on the fourth of March, 1861. A vast concourse of people assembled at Washington to witness the imposing ceremonies. Fears of an outbreak and the possible assassination of the President led General Scott to provide ample military defence of the city. President Lincoln closed his inaugural address with the following touching appeal to the enemies of the Government: —

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may be strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

On that morning, Mrs. Lincoln relates, he read his inaugural address to his family; and after having read it, he requested to be left alone. The door stood ajar,

and his friends distinctly heard him in prayer, commending himself, his country, and his family to the care and protection of God. The weight of responsibility laid upon him was too great for his human heart to bear alone. His Cabinet were William H. Seward, Secretary of State; Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; Simon Cameron, Secretary of War; Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy; Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General; and Edward Bates, Attorney-General, — a body of advisers with whom the loyal people were well pleased.

A distinguished senator said to President Lincoln, just after his inauguration: —

"You have as difficult a task in hand as Washington had, when he took command of the American army, and as little to do with."

"That is true, substantially," replied the President, "but then I have larger resources to draw from," a reply which showed that a hopeful, discriminating, thoughtful man had moved into the Executive Mansion.

"You are right, Mr. President," responded the Senator; "but my remark had reference to the weak condition of the government, as the out-going administration left it — no money, no army, no navy, no fire-arms, no nothing for you to begin with."

"But really, I have what is better, the patriotism of the loyal people," was the President's just and noble reply. Honorable Henry J. Raymond, speaking of a leading feature of Mr. Lincoln's administration, said: "From the outset his reliance was upon the spirit and

patriotism of the people. He had no overweening estimate of his own sagacity, he was quite sensible of his lack of that practical knowledge of men and affairs which experience of both alone can give; but he had faith in the devotion of the people to the principles of Republican government, in their attachment to the Constitution and the Union, and in that intuitive sagacity of a great community which always transcends the most cunning devices of individual men, and in a great and perilous crisis, more resembles inspiration than the mere deductions of the human intellect. At the very outset of his administration, President Lincoln cast himself, without reserve and without fear, upon this reliance." A man of less confidence in the ability and fidelity of the loyal people for such a crisis would not have been qualified for his position.

The senator referred to facts with which the country was familiar; that is, that the National Government had been under the control of the South, especially during the previous administration, and that the cabinet had used their opportunity to prepare for civil war, by taking possession of its resources, that northern strength might be diminished. Howell Cobb was Secretary of the Treasury under the previous administration, and he was a slaveholder from Georgia. He left the public treasury without a dollar, and the national credit so much impaired that borrowing money was difficult, if not impossible. It was supposed that he used several million dollars of the public money in preparation for the rebellion. John B. Floyd was Secretary of War; and he was a slave-

holder from Virginia. He depleted northern arsenals, as Cobb depleted the treasury, and sent rifles, muskets, cannon, mortars, balls, powder and shells, to important posts in the South. The "Memphis Appeal," a disloyal journal of Tennessee, said that "seven hundred and seven thousand stand of arms, and two hundred thousand revolvers, were distributed at convenient points in the South, by the action of Secretary Floyd, at the commencement of the Rebellion." Isaac Toucey of Connecticut was Secretary of the Navy, and though not a slaveholder, he was as servile a tool in the hands of rebel manipulators as lived; and he scattered our navy, ninety vessels, so widely that it could be of no immediate service to the government, when the South should rise up against it. Only two vessels of our entire naval squadron remained in northern ports when Mr. Lincoln became President. It was to this discouraging condition of affairs that the senator referred in addressing Mr. Lincoln. The latter closed the interview by telling a story.

"Did you read the prophecy which the papers say was spoken about my administration?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

The senator signified that he had not.

"Well," added Mr. Lincoln, "a prophet foretells that my administration will be the reign of *steel*. To which a wag replied, 'Buchanan's was the reign of *stealing*.'"

Mr. Lincoln's humor aided his hopefulness wonderfully in the very embarrassing circumstances in which he found the government, and thereby he was all the better fitted to rule the nation at such a time.

It was very important that a leading Democrat in Congress should stand squarely by Mr. Lincoln's administration; and Senator Douglas, the President's old antagonist, was the man, above all others, to do it. Therefore Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, called upon him on the day after the fall of Sumter, April 14th, 1861, just as the President was completing his proclamation and call for seventy-five thousand militia.

"No man can render greater service to the country than yourself now, Mr. Douglas," said Mr. Ashmun; "and I want you to go to the President and assure him of your cordial support in all necessary measures to subdue the rebellion."

"Mr. Lincoln has dealt hardly with me, in removing some of my friends from office," replied Mr. Douglas, "and I don't know as he wants my advice or aid."

"But Mr. Lincoln followed Democratic precedents in such removals," suggested Mr. Ashmun. "However, this is a time when the question of saving the Union towers above all party affiliations, and you can put the country under lasting gratitude to yourself, and show the people, also, that, in the hour of national peril, you can trample all party considerations under your feet."

"True, very true," responded Mr. Douglas, with considerable emotion; "and no man shall excel me in devotion to my country. My whole nature rises up to condemn this Rebellion."

Here, Mrs. Douglas, who was present, joined Mr. Ashmun in the most affectionate appeals to her husband, to take the important step suggested. The result was, that Senator Douglas accompanied his friend to

the White House, where the two "giants" and former antagonists of the West were brought face to face. Grasping the President by the hand, Mr. Douglas said, —

"You are *my* President, Mr. Lincoln, as well as the country's."

The President's heart was touched, and he shook the senator's hand heartily, thanking him for his cordial support, and assuring him that the administration would appreciate his patriotic position.

"Now permit me to read to you this important document," added Mr. Lincoln, taking up his proclamation in which he called for seventy-five thousand troops; "you understand the situation as well or better than I, and you will readily see the wisdom or unwisdom of the measure."

Senator Douglas signified his desire to hear the document read. Slowly, seriously, and distinctly Mr. Lincoln read it through, when, without waiting to be asked, Mr. Douglas said, —

"Mr. President, I cordially concur in every word of that document, except that, instead of the call for seventy-five thousand men, I would make it two hundred thousand. You do not know the dishonest purposes of those men as well as I do."

Turning to a map hanging on the wall, he pointed out the many strategic points that should be strengthened at once, and closed by adding, that "the Government must pursue a firm and warlike course to crush the Rebellion."

On retiring from the President's room, Mr. Ashmun said, —

"You have done justice to your own reputation and to the President; and the country must know it. The proclamation will go by telegraph in the morning all over the country, and the account of this interview must go with it. I shall send it either in my own language or yours. I prefer you should give your own version."

Mr. Douglas consented to write the dispatch, and the following day the country knew that he stood side by side with Mr. Lincoln in saving the Union. From that time until Mr. Douglas died, the President numbered him among his true and tried friends. He rendered valuable assistance to Mr. Lincoln in learning the plans of the rebels and disclosing their real animus. The President regarded his death as a public bereavement.

These two incidents disclose the simplicity, hopefulness, patriotism, wisdom, magnanimity, and freedom from a partisan spirit, which proved so helpful to the President from the beginning of his rule.

Mr. Lincoln kept sacred the words of his inaugural address — "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors." But when the first gun was fired upon Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, the South became the aggressors. That was on the twelfth day of April, 1861. On the previous afternoon, General Beauregard, who commanded the rebel forces, ordered the commander of the fort — Major Robert Anderson — to surrender. The major replied: —

"My sense of honor and duty compel me to hold the fort for my government."

"Shall you treat the city as a hostile town?" he was asked.

"Only if I am compelled to do so," was his noble reply.

So careful had the President been of offering any provocation to the enemy to fire upon our flag, that he sent an unarmed vessel, instead of a man-of-war, with supplies to the half-starved garrison; and the vessel was not allowed to deliver the supplies—the rebel troops prevented.

At half-past four o'clock on the morning of the twelfth, the bombardment was opened by twelve thousand troops, nearly twenty thousand more being spectators. It was more than two hours before the garrison replied, Major Anderson thus allowing the insurgents to prove unmistakably their treasonable designs to the world. All through the day and the following night, the terrible cannonade was continued, the gallant band within the fort standing by their guns until the barracks took fire, compelling them to roll ninety-six barrels of powder into the sea, and exhaust themselves in extinguishing the flames. In the afternoon of the thirteenth, the garrison surrendered upon terms perfectly satisfactory to Major Anderson, and they marched out of the fort with flags flying and drums beating, taking all their private property with them, and saluting the stars and stripes with fifty guns. The enemy had hurled *two thousand three hundred and sixty-one shot and nine hundred and eighty shells* at the fort, when it passed into their hands.

The news of the fall of Sumter flashed over the land, and awakened the loyal people to the dangers of the hour. The aggressors had settled what the policy of the President must be. War against the Government

had begun, and the appeal to arms must be accepted. Hence the call for seventy-five thousand troops and the interview with Mr. Douglas to which reference has been made. From that time, President Lincoln was occupied in efforts to conquer the Rebellion — creating an army and navy; raising money to carry on warlike preparations; securing necessary legislation, and other things indispensable to the national defence. Not the least of all his labors was acquainting himself with military affairs and the best way of saving the Republic. For he was President, and no one else. While ever ready to accept advice, and even to *seek* advice from more experienced public servants in both civil and military life, by which he shaped or corrected his own opinions, he reserved the final decision to himself. A leading member of the cabinet remarked, on one occasion:

"The President is his own war-minister. He directs personally the movements of the armies, and is fond of strategy; but pays much less attention to official duties than is generally supposed."

It was so with all measures, whether civil or military. While the head of each department was left untrammelled in his particular work, and was held responsible for the proper conduct of its affairs by the President, the latter never relinquished his right of judgment. For example, in his annual report to Congress, Senator Cameron advised arming the slaves that they might rise successfully against their masters — a measure that had been persistently urged upon the President. As Mr. Lincoln reserved the right of supervising affairs, knowing that the great public would hold him respon-

sible, he carefully read the report. When he came to that recommendation, surprised and almost indignant, he drew his pen across it, remarking: —

"This will never do. Secretary Cameron must take no such responsibility. That is a question that belongs exclusively to me."

When the public heart was deeply touched by the sufferings of our soldiers, who had fallen into the hands of the rebels, and righteous indignation was aroused over the cruelties of Libby prison and Andersonville, there were not wanting public men who advised Mr. Lincoln to subject the rebel prisoners in Northern prisons to similar treatment by way of retaliation. But the proposition outraged his feelings, and he said to Mr. Odell: —

"I can never, *never* starve men like that. Whatever others may say or do, I never can, and *I never will*, be accessory to such treatment of human beings."

Many Republicans were dissatisfied with Mr. Cameron as a member of the cabinet, and early in Mr. Lincoln's administration, a delegation of bankers from Boston and New York waited upon him to urge the removal of the War Secretary. The President heard them through, and was somewhat exercised over the weakness of their arguments and the persistency of their appeals. He cut short the interview by saying: —

"You talk very glibly, nevertheless I am not convinced. Now, gentlemen, if you want General Cameron removed, you have only to bring me *one proved* case of dishonesty, and I promise you his 'head;' but I assure you I am not going to act on what seems to me the most unfounded gossip."

A congressional committee was appointed to examine a newly invented gun, and report upon the same. When the report was sent to Mr. Lincoln, who was conferring with Hon. Mr. Hubbard of Connecticut, upon the subject, he glanced at the voluminous document of many manuscript pages, and said, —

"I should want a new lease of life to read this through!" Then throwing it upon the table, he added, "Why can't a committee of this kind occasionally exhibit a grain of common sense? If I send a man to buy a horse for me, I expect him to tell me his *points*, not how many *hairs* there are in his tail."

The celebrated case of Franklin W. Smith and his brother, of Boston, who were unjustly arrested, imprisoned and persecuted for months, by a military tribunal, on the pretext of defrauding the government, is in point. Mr. Lincoln examined the case thoroughly, and satisfied himself that the two brothers were innocent. As soon as he reached that conclusion, he did not hesitate to assume the responsibility, and issue the following order, without fear or favor: —

"Whereas, Franklin W. Smith had transactions with the Navy Department to the amount of one and a quarter millions of dollars; and whereas, he had the chance to steal a quarter of a million, and was only charged with stealing twenty-two hundred dollars — and the question now is about his stealing a hundred — I don't believe he stole anything at all. Therefore, the record and findings are disapproved — declared null and void, and the defendants are fully discharged."

These facts show that the President was firm as he was lenient, — when firmness was necessary, and that the oft-repeated charge, during his administration, of

"having no mind of his own," and being "destitute of will power," was without foundation. He could even resort to physical force when the exigencies of the case demanded it, as the following incident shows:—

An officer of the army had been cashiered from the service. Having prepared an elaborate, written defence of himself he appeared before the President and read it.

"According to your own statement of the case the facts do not warrant executive interference," said Mr. Lincoln.

The officer appeared the second and even the *third* time, going over substantially the same ground in his plea; but with no better success. The President felt that he was justly cashiered.

"I see you are not disposed to do me justice, Mr. President," said the officer, at last, insultingly.

This was too aggravating for the even-tempered President; and, rising from his seat, he seized the fellow by his coat collar, and thrust him out of the door, saying:

"Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult!"

The officer begged for his papers which he had dropped.

"Begone, sir," replied the President; "your papers will be sent to you. I never wish to see your face again."

The second year of his administration brought personal sorrow, in addition to the perplexities and trials of his office. "I thought the war was all that I could

bear, but this great affliction is worse than war," he said. His son, Willie, died, and "Tad" was in a dying condition at the time. We record the circumstances as related to us by Mrs. Rebecca R. Pomroy, a hospital nurse of rare experience, whose services in the family, at the time, were invaluable. Miss Dix recommended her to Mr. Lincoln on the last day of Willie's mortal life. Mrs. Pomroy had twenty or thirty sick soldiers under her charge, and eight of them were not expected to live through the day. "How can I leave them?" she said. "It is impossible." "But you *must*," answered Miss Dix: "the Lord's hand is plainly in it. I shall send for you in two hours;" and she did.

On arriving at the Executive Mansion, Miss Dix conducted her into the green room, where the lifeless remains of Willie had just been laid out. Thence, she was taken to Mrs. Lincoln's chamber, where she was lying quite sick. From Mrs. Lincoln's room she was led into an adjoining one where little "Tad" lay in a dying condition. The physicians had relinquished all hope of his recovery and he was not expected to live twenty-four hours. Mr. Lincoln was sitting by him "the very picture of despair." "Mrs. Pomroy, Mr. President," said Miss Dix. Mr. Lincoln arose, and very heartily shook her hand, saying:—

"I am glad to see you: I have heard of you. You have come to a sad house." His deep emotion choked further utterance and the tears streamed down his careworn cheeks.

Later both took seats beside "Tad's" cot — one on each side. The little sufferer lay unconscious, appa-

rently very near death. Soon a telegram from Port Hudson was brought to the President.

"What news?" inquired Mrs. Pomroy.

"Oh, bad enough; a terrible battle is going on at Port Hudson; we don't know how it will turn. I hope God will give us the victory there: it will be a great gain for us."

"We must pray that God may give us the victory," replied Mrs. Pomroy. "There is nothing like prayer."

"True, very true," answered the President. "But between this terrible war and this sorrow I am having a sad time. Why is it? Oh, why is it?"

Later still the President looked up and inquired:

"What led you into the hospital service? You appear to be a feeble woman."

"God called me into the service. I took care of a sick husband almost twenty years."

"What about your family," urged the President; "let me hear about it."

"My husband and three of my four children are now on the other side. My living son is in the army."

"How mysteriously God deals with us!" answered Mr. Lincoln. "I trust that He will spare your son, and in due time return you both to your home again. But was this your call to the hospital service?"

"Yes: through this service for my sick family. God fitted me to take care of the soldiers, and he has wonderfully sustained me by giving me strength far beyond the expectation of my friends."

"How was it," continued the President, now greatly interested in her story. "Tell me all about it."

"My mother died, and then my brother, and then my little daughter, — my only daughter, the light of our home — and then two sons, and, last of all, my dear husband," Mrs. Pomroy answered calmly, as only a trusting Christian woman could. "When my husband passed away, our little cottage with all its furniture had to be sold in order to liquidate debts."

"How did you live?" eagerly inquired Mr. Lincoln at this point. "Tell me how you could bear so much?"

"By the grace of God, though I was far from being what I ought to have been. My husband and all the other dear members of my family died in the triumphs of faith, so that I had great reason to be thankful, and —"

"Were you resigned?" interrupted Mr. Lincoln.

"I was not wholly resigned then."

"Did you feel rebellious?" he inquired. still more earnestly.

"Yes; I knew that 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' but I could not understand it. I did not think that He loved *me*, — I could not. Finally, however, I was brought into a higher Christian experience, where I could say honestly, 'The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

"And how was that brought about?" asked Mr. Lincoln, as if he were passing through a similar experience.

Mrs. Pomroy rehearsed how Christian friends interested themselves to take her to a camp-meeting, when her health was entirely prostrated. They thought

that the change of scenes and the smell of the pine grove might aid her more than physicians. "And there," she added, "my soul was quickened, and I was led to see how tenderly God had dealt with me, and that his gracious discipline was suited to make me a more efficient worker in his vineyard, if I only would be true. From that time I have never even doubted that God loves me."

"Can others enjoy a similar experience?" the President inquired, "or is yours exceptional?"

"It is not exceptional, Mr. President; it is just what God promises to all who are willing to be led by His will."

"And how can we know that we are led by His will?"

"Through sincere, earnest prayer," replied Mrs. Pomroy. "Prayer has been everything to me. 'Let him that lacketh wisdom, ask of God, who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not.'"

Much more was said in the same spirit, when the President reverted again to his own great sorrow, — Willie dead and "Tad" not expected to live until sunrise, — and the burden of his country's perils weighing heavily on his heart.

"Prayer can do what armies cannot," suggested Mrs. Pomroy; "and never were so many prayers offered for a country as are offered for ours, and never so many offered for a ruler as are offered for you, Mr. President."

"I know it," answered Mr. Lincoln, deeply moved by the thought; "and it is great encouragement to me. Our cause is righteous, and I do believe that

God will give us the victory; but this slaughtering of men is dreadful for both sides."

Mrs. Pomroy had proposed that he should retire to an adjoining room for rest, promising that she would call him at the least change in "Tad."

"Pray for me," he said, as he arose to leave the room; and, looking down mournfully upon the little sufferer, he added, "and pray for him, that he may be spared, if it is God's will."

"And you pray yourself," responded Mrs. Pomroy. "There is nothing like prayer in trouble: do you not think so?"

"I surely do," was the President's reply, as he retired with weeping eyes and aching heart.

Very soon Mrs. Pomroy heard his own voice distinctly in prayer, commending himself, his family and his country to God. "From that moment," she says, "I felt that our cause would triumph. The President interceding with God for it assured me."

Scarcely had he fallen asleep when a messenger arrived with a telegram from Port Hudson. It was carried directly to his room, when he sprung from the bed, and, taking it to the door of the room where "Tad" was lying, that he might read it by the gas light, his eyes ran over it.

"Good news! good news! Mrs. Pomroy; Port Hudson is ours!" he exclaimed, forgetting all sorrow for the moment.

"There is nothing like prayer, Mr. President," responded Mrs. Pomroy.

"Yes, there is, praise," he promptly answered: "Prayer and praise must go together."

"Tad" was somewhat improved on the following day and he continued to improve, and finally recovered. But Mr. Lincoln continued watching by his side for three days and nights — he on one side of the cot and Mrs. Pomeroy on the other — leaving only at brief intervals to recline upon the lounge or bed. His public duties were left to Mr. Seward and his private secretary. "It seemed as if he could not bear to leave 'Tad' for a moment," said Mrs. Pomeroy.

On the morning of Willie's funeral, Mrs. Pomeroy expressed her deep sympathy for him, and called his attention to the many prayers going up for him. "I am glad to hear that," he answered, wiping his tears: "I want they should pray for me. I need their prayers, *I* will try to go to God with my sorrows." Subsequently he said, "I wish I had that childlike faith you speak of, and I trust that God will give it to me."

On the second night of Mrs. Pomeroy's care of "Tad" about eleven o'clock, Mr. Lincoln remarked, "You don't know how much good your conversation did me last night, Mrs. Pomeroy. I wish you would tell me your remarkable experience again."

She complied with his request, and rehearsed the whole of it over again, Mr. Lincoln interrupting her occasionally by inquiries, as if he were intent upon learning how to bear his own heavy burdens. Still again, on the third night, he requested another rehearsal of that Christian experience. Often afterwards, when riding to and from the Soldiers' Home, or to the hospital where Mrs. Pomeroy's sick soldier boys were, he would revert to that experience, and put some

question, or say, "It did me so much good." Once a senator was going to the Soldiers' Home, where Mrs. Pomeroy and "Tad" were at the time; and Mr. Lincoln said to him: —

"I want you should see Mrs. Pomeroy, whose conversation did me so much good. Go and introduce yourself to her, and tell her that I want you should hear that experience."

At another time, on the way from the Soldiers' Home to the Executive Mansion, he said to Mrs. Pomeroy: "I don't know how I shall ever repay you for what you have done for me. If I live through the war, and retire from public life, I hope to be able to remunerate you in some way."

In common with many friends, she warned him one day against rebels in Washington who might assassinate him, when he replied:

"I am in God's hand; let Him do with me what seemeth good to Him."

He possessed his mother's old Bible, which he read so much in his boyhood, and he was wont to read it daily, usually just before he took his lunch. He would throw himself upon the lounge, and read a few moments. One day Mrs. Pomeroy entered his office while he was thus reading on the lounge.

"What portion of the Bible do you like best, Mrs. Pomeroy?" he inquired.

"The psalms are my favorite," Mrs. Pomeroy answered.

"Yes, the psalms have something for every day in the week, and something for every poor fellow like me," he responded.

He was accustomed to carry his mother's Bible back and forth from the Soldiers' Home, preferring to read from it rather than use another. Speaking of that Bible once, he added, "I had a good Christian mother, and her prayers have followed me thus far through life." Captain Mix, who was often in the family, says: — "Many times have I listened to our most eloquent preachers, but *never* with the same feeling of awe and reverence, as when our Christian President, his arm around 'Tad,' with his deep earnest tone, each morning read a chapter from the Bible."

He inquired very minutely into the method of speaking with sick and dying soldiers — what she said to them — how they answered her — how many of them became Christians? He accompanied her many times to the hospital and witnessed her effective management and talked with the soldiers and encouraged them. On learning that the managers of the hospital, who were Roman Catholics, had forbidden the Protestant nurses to pray with the soldiers, or read the Bible to them, he promptly removed the restriction, and allowed the Christian women henceforth to hold prayer-meetings, read the Bible to the "boys" and pray with them, as much as they pleased, adding: — "If there was more praying and less swearing it would be far better for our country, and we all need to be prayed for, officers as well as privates, and if I was near death I think I should like to hear prayer."

He took a lady to the Soldiers' Home in his carriage one morning, with Mrs. Pomeroy, and the horses became well-nigh unmanageable just where the severe shower of the previous night had flooded the road.

The ladies were very much frightened, and Mr. Lincoln directed the driver to hold one of the horses and the footman the other, while he opened the door and jumped out. Stripping up his pants to his knees, he hastily brought three stones large enough to stand upon, and placing them so that the ladies could step upon them, from one to the other, he speedily helped them to the side-walk, remarking in a vein of humor, "All through life be sure you put your feet in the right place, and then *stand firm.*" Then, looking down upon his very muddy boots, he said: — "I have always heard of Washington mud, and now I shall take home some as a sample."

We have given somewhat in detail these incidents from Mrs. Pomeroy's experience, because they present so clear a view of the man. His simplicity, tenderness, affection, frankness, freedom from pride and ostentation, trust in Providence, and strong religious convictions, — all appear unmistakably in these incidents that cluster about his stay in the White House and Soldiers' Home.

Willie died on Thursday, and, on the recurrence of that day for several weeks, Mr. Lincoln shut himself up in his room and indulged in excessive grief. Near friends spoke to Dr. Vinton of New York, who was visiting at Washington, of this practice, and urged him to see the President. Accordingly he called upon him and told him frankly that it was sinful to indulge in such grief.

"Your son is *alive* in Paradise," said Dr. Vinton.

"Alive! *Alive!*" exclaimed the President, starting to his feet; "surely you mock me."

"No, my dear sir, believe me; Christ himself declares it."

Mr. Lincoln looked at him a moment, then throwing his arms about the clergyman's neck, and laying his head upon his shoulders, sobbed aloud, repeating: "Alive? Alive?"

Dr. Vinton comforted him by the words of Christ, and for an hour, labored and prayed with him, closing the interview by telling the President: "I have a sermon upon this subject which I think might interest you."

"Do send it to me as early as possible," Mr. Lincoln replied. Dr. Vinton forwarded the sermon, and the sorrowing President read it over and over, and then had it copied that he might enjoy the reading of it yet more. A member of the family says: — "From that time Mr. Lincoln's views in relation to spiritual things were changed."

Mr. Lincoln was a devoted father, and his great love for his children appeared in the White House in its tender simplicity, as it did elsewhere. No matter what dignitaries were about him, paternal affection asserted itself without let or hindrance. The Hon. W. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, says: —

"His intercourse with his family was as beautiful as that with his friends. I think that father never loved his children more fondly than he. The President never seemed grander in my sight than when, stealing upon him in the evening, I would find him with a book open before him, as he is represented in the popular photograph, with little Tad beside him. There were of course a great many curious books sent to him, and

it seemed one of the special delights of his life to open those books at such an hour that his boy could stand beside him, and they could talk as he turned over the pages, the father thus giving to the son a portion of that care and attention of which he was ordinarily deprived by the duties of office pressing upon him."

Mr. Carpenter writes :— " No matter who was with the President, or how intently he was absorbed, little Tad was always welcome. At the time of which I write, he was eleven years old, and of course rapidly passing from childhood into youth. Suffering much from an infirmity of speech which developed in his infancy, he seemed on this account especially dear to his father. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' and it was an impressive and affecting sight to me to see the burdened President lost for the time being in the affectionate parent, as he would take the little fellow in his arms, upon the withdrawal of visitors, and caress him with all the fondness of a mother for the babe upon her bosom ! "

Several weeks after the death of Willie, Mr. Lincoln, with several members of his Cabinet, spent a few days at Fortress Monroe, watching military operations upon the Peninsula. He improved his spare time there in reading Shakespeare. One day he was reading " Hamlet," when he called to his private secretary :—

" Come here, colonel : I want to read you a passage." The colonel responded, when the President read the discussion on ambition between Hamlet and his courtiers, and the soliloquy, in which conscience debates about a future state. Then he read passages from " Macbeth," and finally opened to the third act of

"King John," where Constance bewails her lost boy. Closing the book, and recalling the words, —

> "And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
> That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
> If that be true I shall see my boy again,"—

Mr. Lincoln said: "Colonel, did you ever dream of a lost friend, and feel that you were holding sweet communion with that friend, and yet have a sad consciousness that it was not reality? — just so I dream of my boy Willie." Overcome with emotion, he dropped his head on the table, and sobbed aloud.

Beautiful example of paternal love in the highest place of the land! The millions of fathers over whom he ruled found in him a worthy father to imitate!

President Lincoln's humor often exposed him to criticism. His frequent stories often elicited censure. Persons who did not understand him charged him with being light and trifling, when sadness and sorrow were more becoming. There was no ground for this censure. Mr. Lincoln told stories in the White House just as he did anywhere else. The simplicity of his character led him to be, when President, just what he was as a friend and neighbor. Then, he told stories for two reasons. First, he told them to point and enforce the subject in hand. Mr. Herndon, his law-partner for many years, remarks upon this peculiarity of the man: —

"It is said that Newton saw an apple fall to the ground from a tree, and beheld the law of the universe in that fall; Shakespeare saw human nature in the laugh of a man; Professor Owen saw the animal in its

claw; and Spencer saw the evolution of the universe in the growth of a seed. Nature was suggestive to all these men. Mr. Lincoln no less saw philosophy in a story, and a schoolmaster in a joke. . . . The world, fact, man, principle, — all had their powers of suggestion to his susceptible soul. They continually put him in mind of something. He was often perplexed to give expression to his ideas: first, because he was not master of the English language; and, secondly, because there were no words in it containing the coloring, shape, exactness, power, and gravity, of his ideas. He was frequently at a loss for a word, and hence was compelled to resort to stories, maxims, and jokes to embody his idea, that it might be comprehended.

"But more and better than that, in the White House he found recreation and relief in story-telling. He told them that he read Shakespeare and the 'Nasby Papers,' to help him endure the labors of his official position. He indulged in wit and humor when he felt more like crying. Indeed, he indulged them, often, in order to keep from crying. As he said to a member of Congress, when he was greatly distressed for the country. 'Were it not for this occasional *vent* I should die.' He kept a copy of 'Nasby Papers' in his desk, as an antidote for depression. He found relief in their perusal. He once said to a friend, 'I think of writing to 'Petroleum' to come down here, and I shall tell him, if he will impart his talent to me, I will swap places with him.' "

Speaking of this peculiarity of the President, a Congressman said, "*It is his life preserver.*" He was severely criticized for it by the journals. Many stories

and jokes were ascribed to him, which he never told. A volume of them was issued in New York, under the title, "Old Abe's Jokes." A friend submitted a copy of the work to him, with the request that he should report how many of the stories were genuine. His report was "six" out of the whole number. Still, the attacks upon him only elicited more wit. After examining a gun so constructed as to prevent the escape of gas, he remarked, "I really believe this does what it is represented to do. But do any of you know of any machine or invention, for preventing the escape of *gas* from newspaper establishments?" At a time when the public journals teemed with assaults upon him, for alleged acts and sayings that never occurred, Mrs. Secretary Welles called attention to certain reports. "The papers are not always *reliable*," responded one present. "That is to say, Mrs. Welles," interjected Mr. Lincoln, "they *lie*, and then they *re-lie!*" He "could bear censure," as he said, "but not insult." A friend proposed that he should contradict a particular false report in a leading journal; but he replied, "Oh, no; if I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how, — the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

His grand magnanimity never appeared to greater advantage than it did when, after all his trials with General McClellan, before he removed him, and after

he had facetiously remarked that he "would like to *borrow* his army if he had no use for it," and given as a reason why the General did not reply to the "Chicago letter," "he is *entrenching*" — he remarked to another, "so pleasant and scholarly a gentleman can never fail to secure personal friends. In fact,

'Even his failings lean to virtue's side.'"

Also, when Stonewall Jackson fell in battle, and the Washington *Chronicle* spoke well of him as a brave soldier but mistaken man, Mr. Lincoln wrote to the editor: —

"I honor you for your generosity to one who, though contending against us in a guilty cause, was nevertheless a gallant man. Let us forget his sins over his fresh-made grave."

His humor, kindness, and magnanimity appeared to go hand in hand, presenting one of the most unique, genial, and remarkable characters ever found in public life.

In this connection his art of putting things deserves attention. Mr. Lincoln understood it to perfection; and these remarkable sallies often exposed him to severe criticisms. For example, the report of the capture of a Union brigadier and squad of cavalry, near Fairfax Court House, by rebel guerillas, was brought to him. The brigadier had proved to be incompetent.

"I am very sorry to lose the horses," responded the President, on receipt of the news.

"What do you mean?" inquired his informant, somewhat startled by his seemingly heartless words.

"Why," rejoined the President, "I can make a bet-

ter brigadier any day; but those horses cost the government one hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece."

It was customary for the Secretary of State to write the President's speeches to foreign ministers, and, perhaps, home delegations. A messenger entered the President's room one day, saying, "The Secretary has sent the speech you are to make to-day to the Swiss minister." Mr. Lincoln received it, smiling, and then, as if to ridicule the practice, and intimate that he could make his own speeches, he remarked, loud enough for all present to hear: —

"Oh, this is a speech Mr. Seward has written for me, is it? I guess I will try it before these gentlemen and see how it goes." He proceeded to read it aloud, in a waggish manner, and remarked, as he closed it, "There, I like that. It has the merit of *originality*."

A delegation from the West waited upon him to protest against some of his measures. After having listened to their complaints, he answered: —

"Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it into the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara river on a rope, would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him, 'Blondin, stand up straighter — Blondin, stoop a little more — go a little faster — lean a little more to the north — lean a little more to the south.' No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The government are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we will get you safe across."

Another delegation came to open his eyes to the "breakers ahead." Mr. Lincoln thought they magnified the perils; and so he told a story. "You remind me of the schoolboy," he said, "who found difficulty in pronouncing the Scripture names, 'Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.' The teacher had drilled him repeatedly in the pronunciation of these names. One day the teacher purposely took the same lesson in Bible reading, and managed to have this boy read the passages, containing these names, again. As the dull pupil came to them, he stopped, looked up, and said: 'Teacher, there's them three fellers ag'in.'"

A clergyman remarked to him: "The Lord is on our side."

"I am not at all concerned about that," replied Mr. Lincoln; "for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the *right*. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that *I* and *this nation* should be on the Lord's *side*."

A whole volume of similar incidents might be furnished, not one of them showing that Mr. Lincoln was thoughtless and trifling; but, on the other hand, that it was his unique, peculiar and pat way of putting the case clearly before those who approached him. In his felicitous handling of a subject, a story or witticism was often more convincing than argument. For this reason he employed them. The genius and real ability of the man often cropped out through this mode of speaking, so peculiarly his own. One of our best writers put the literary character of President Lincoln and his wonderful tact so tersely before the people that we quote it here. It was penned before the death of

Mr. Lincoln; and the paragraph is not only a faithful portrait of the man, but the style of the composition is more like his than any piece of composition we have seen:—

"His questions are answers, and his answers questions; his guesses prophecies, his fulfilment ever beyond his promise; honest yet shrewd; simple, yet reticent; heavy, yet energetic; never despairing, never sanguine; careless in forms, conscientious in essentials; never sacrificing a good servant once trusted, never deserting a good principle once adopted; not afraid of new ideas, nor despising old ones; improving opportunities to confess mistakes; ready to learn; getting at facts; doing nothing when he knows not what to do; hesitating at nothing, when he sees the right; lacking the recognized qualities of a party leader, and leading his party as no other man can; sustaining his political enemies in Missouri in their defeat, sustaining his political friends in Maryland in their victory; conservative in his sympathies, and radical in his acts; Socratic in his style, and Baconian in his method; his religion consisting in truthfulness, temperance; asking good people to pray for him, and publicly acknowledging in events the hand of God, — yet he stands before you as the type of 'Brother Jonathan,' a not perfect man, and yet more precious than fine gold."

Mr. Lincoln, like Washington, was continually showing, without design on his part, his sincere trust in Providence, as well as his great respect for the institutions of Christianity. After a serious defeat of the Union forces near Washington, he remarked to a friend, "I have done the best I could. I have asked God to guide me, and now I must leave the event with him." At another time, two hundred members of the Christian Commission called upon him, and George H. Stuart spoke, in their behalf, of the debt of gratitude the public owed him. Mr. Lincoln replied:—

"My friends: You owe me no gratitude for what I

have done; and I—" (and here he hesitated as if he feared being misunderstood in what he was about to say)—"and I, I may say, owe you no gratitude for what you have done; just as, in a sense, we owe no gratitude to the men who have fought our battles for us. I trust that this has been for us all a work of duty. All the gratitude is due to the great Giver of all good."

At another time he replied to Dr. J. T. Duryea and other members of the Commission as follows:—

"If it were not for my belief in an over-ruling Providence, it would be difficult for me, in the midst of such complications, to keep my reason on its seat. But I am confident that the Almighty has his plans, and will work them out; and, whether we see it or not, they will be the wisest and best for us. I have always taken counsel of Him, and referred to Him my plans, and have never adopted a course of proceeding without being assured, as far as I could be, of his approbation."

At another time he said to friends, "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go." And again, "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool, if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place, without the aid and enlightenment of One who is wiser and stronger than all others."

In the early part of the war he issued an order for the better observance of the Sabbath in the army. In the order he said: "The importance for man and

beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine Will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity."

The prevalence of profane swearing among the soldiers was rebuked in the same order; and he said: "The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperilled by the profanation of the day or NAME OF THE MOST HIGH." And he enforced the order by the example of Washington, saying:—"At this time of public distress, adopting the words of Washington in 1776, 'men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality.' The first general order issued by the Father of his Country after the Declaration of Independence indicates the spirit in which our institutions were founded and should ever be defended: 'The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country.'"

Intemperance in the army he deeply deplored. Both by word and pen he sought to expose the perils of drinking habits among officers and privates, especially the former. His own example enforced his counsels with great power. For he continued to be the same uncompromising teetotaller at Washington that he had been elsewhere. The White House was run upon teetotal principles, as strictly so as his humble home

in Springfield. In Washington circles, where the wine cup went round, he was always passed by out of respect to his temperance principles. At one time a delegation of the Sons of Temperance waited on him. In his reply, he said: "When I was a young man, long ago, before the Sons of Temperance, as an organization, had an existence, I, in my humble way, made temperance speeches; and I think I can say that my example has never belied the position I then took." And when he read a petition from the women of Massachusetts, praying for the suppression of intemperance in the army, he exclaimed: "Dear, good souls! if they only knew how much I have tried to remedy this great evil, they would be rejoiced."

Notwithstanding his great weight of labors for the country, President Lincoln did not wholly neglect literary studies. He found necessary recreation in his books, and both poetry and prose often brought relief to him in seasons of depression and exhaustion. A California lady, who, with several other women, visited the cemetery at the Soldiers' Home in company with Mr. Lincoln, writes: —

"While we stood in the soft evening air, watching the faint trembling of the long tendrils of waving willow, and feeling the dewy coolness that was flung out by the old oaks above us, Mr. Lincoln joined us, and stood silent, too, taking in the scene.

> "'How sleep the brave who sink to rest
> By all their country's wishes blest,' —

he said softly.

"There was something so touching in the picture

opened before us, — the nameless graves, the solemn quiet, the tender twilight air, but more particularly our own feminine disposition to be easily melted, I suppose, — that it made us cry as if we stood beside the tomb of our own dead, and gave point to the lines he quoted : —

> " 'And women o'er the graves shall weep,
> Where nameless heroes calmly sleep.' "

One day he surprised some of his most intimate friends by his very just, discriminating remarks upon some of the plays of Shakespeare.

" There is one passage in the play of 'Hamlet,' " he said, " which is very apt to be slurred over by the actor, or omitted altogether, which seems to me the choicest of the play. It is the soliloquy of the king, after the murder. It always struck me as one of the finest touches in the world."

Then, with still more surprise, his friends witnessed his truly dramatic exhibition of the scene, as he recited the whole passage of nearly forty lines, beginning : —

> " Oh, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
> It hath the primal eldest curse upon it,
> A brother's murder ! "

He recited it from memory, throwing himself into the scene with remarkable abandon and tact. Then he went on :—

" The opening of the play of 'King Richard III.' seems to me often entirely misapprehended. It is quite common for an actor to come upon the stage, and, in a sophomoric style, to begin with a flourish : —

'Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried!'

"Now," said he, "this is all wrong. Richard, you remember, had been, and was then, plotting the destruction of his brothers, to make room for himself. Outwardly the most loyal to the newly crowned king, secretly he could scarcely contain his impatience at the obstacles still in the way of his own elevation. He appears upon the stage, just after the crowning of Edward, burning with repressed hate and jealousy. The prologue is the utterance of the most intense bitterness and satire."

Then, assuming the character, perhaps without design, he repeated Richard's soliloquy with so much effect, that Mr. Carpenter, who was present, says: — "It seemed like a new creation to me. Though familiar with the passage from boyhood, I can truly say that never till that moment had I fully appreciated its spirit."

A delegation of the "Christian Commission" waited upon him, and, in reply to their address, he said: —

"I desire, also, to add to what I have said, that there is one association whose object and motives I have never heard in any degree impugned or questioned [a sly rebuke at the unjust criticisms and fault-finding that prevailed]; and that is the 'Christian Commission.' And, as Shakespeare says," he added, "that is a record, gentlemen, of which you may justly be proud." Then, as if to correct himself, he remarked, "I believe, however, it is 'Jack Falstaff' who

talks about 'villainy,' though, of course, Shakespeare is responsible."

The particular circumstances of the country, or some phase of his personal experience, appear to have been the occasion generally of these and kindred drafts upon his literary resources.

N. P. Willis, the poet, was riding with him one day, when some remark or scene drew out the following from the poet's "Parrhasius":

> "Oh, if there were no better hopes than these —
> Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame, —
> If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart
> Must canker in its coffers, — if the links
> Falsehood has broken will unite no more;
> If the deep-yearning love, that has not found
> Its like in the cold world, must waste in tears;
> If truth, and fervor, and devotedness,
> Finding no worthy altar, must return
> And die of their own fulness; if beyond
> The grave there is no heaven in whose wide air
> The spirit may find room, and in the love
> Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
> May spend itself, — *what thrice-mock'd fools are we!*"

Mr. Willis was both surprised and delighted with this evidence of familiarity with his writings, and the handsome compliment so gracefully tendered.

We do not design to speak at length of Mr. Lincoln's mental ability; that has appeared, incidentally, from the beginning of our story. Enough has been quoted from his lip and pen to prove that Senator Trumbull's brief tribute was not exaggerated, "He is a giant; and without the prefix 'Little' to it, a *giant in intellect* as well as in stature." In the light of what

has been said, the words of that noted Englishman, Goldwin Smith, are pertinent: "He met the most terrible of all emergencies with ability and self-possession, as well, probably, as it would have been met by *any European sovereign or statesman whom you could name.*"

However, this chapter should not close without his eloquent and beautiful address at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg, November 18, 1863. Its originality and classic diction must commend it to the favorable consideration of the ripest scholars: —

"Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion, — that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

We have intentionally omitted President Lincoln's care of the soldiers and colored race during his life in the White House, that we might devote a chapter to each subject, both on account of the intrinsic importance of each, and the clear and interesting view of his character which they afford.

CHAPTER XXV.

HIS GREAT INTEREST IN SOLDIERS.

FROM the time of President Lincoln's first call for troops, his life in the White House brought him into intimate relations with Union soldiers. At once he bestowed upon them his most tender regard, which they reciprocated with kindred heartiness. *He* was called by the endearing name of "*Father* Abraham" in the army; and they were called by him in the White House, "the boys." Our presentation of his public career would be very deficient without special attention to his fatherly service in their behalf. The controlling thought of his mind on this subject was expressed in the following words:

"This extraordinary war in which we are engaged falls heavily upon all classes of people, *but the most heavily upon the soldier.* For it has been said, 'all that a man hath will he give for his life'; and, while all contribute of their substance, the soldier puts his life at stake, and often yields it up in his country's cause. THE HIGHEST MERIT, THEN, IS DUE TO THE SOLDIER!"

He spoke somewhat from experience. His brief service in the "Black Hawk War," where the provisions

for personal comfort were small, made him familiar with the hardships of soldier-life. He knew from personal experience how many and great privations are inseparable from army service; and no doubt this knowledge intensified the natural love in his heart for the loyal and patriotic "boys in blue."

Some public men claimed that the President ought not to be interrupted and annoyed by so many applications from soldiers and their friends, — that some one of the military commissions, or a special one, should relieve him of this burden. But he would consent to no such arrangement. The "boys" belonged to his family, and he would enjoy a fatherly watch over them. There was reason for the suggestion, since his daily duties as President occupied every moment of his time, and, as we have seen, worried and wearied him beyond measure. The reader can scarcely understand how he could devote any time at all to the soldiers, when he reads the following description of his daily work, as given by parties who saw him every day.

"Mr. Lincoln is an early riser, and he thus is able to devote two or three hours each morning to his voluminous private correspondence, besides glancing at a city paper. At nine, he breakfasts; then walks over to the War Office to read such war telegrams as they give him, and to have a chat with General Halleck on the military situation, in which he takes a great interest. Returning to the White House, he goes through with his morning's mail, in company with a private secretary, who makes a minute of the reply which he is to make; and others the President retains, that he may answer them himself. Every

letter receives attention; and all which are entitled to a reply, receive one, no matter how they are worded, or how inelegant the chirography may be. Tuesdays and Fridays are cabinet days; but, on the other days, visitors at the White House are requested to wait in the ante-chamber, and send in their cards. Sometimes, before the President has finished reading his mail, Louis will have a handful of pasteboard; and, from the cards laid before him, Mr. Lincoln has visitors ushered in, giving precedence to acquaintances. Three or four hours do they pour in, in rapid succession, nine out of ten asking offices; and patiently does the President listen to their application. . . . The simple and natural manner in which he delivers his thoughts makes him appear to those visiting him like an earnest, affectionate friend. At four o'clock, the President declines seeing any more company, and sometimes accompanies his wife in her carriage to take a ride. . . . He dines at six; and it is rare that some personal friends do not grace the round dining-table, where he throws off the cares of office, and reminds those who have been in Kentucky of the old-school gentlemen, who used to dispense generous hospitality there."

Another writer adds: "At night, from ten to twelve, he usually makes a tour all round, — now at Secretary Seward's, and then at General Halleck's; and, if General Burnside was nearer, he would see him each night before he went to bed. Those who know his habits, and want to see him late at night, follow him round from place to place; and the last search generally brings him up at General Halleck's, as he can get the

latest army intelligence there. Whoever else is asleep or indolent, the President is wide awake and around."

How a public servant, under such a constant pressure of care, could find time to listen to every complaint of soldiers and their friends, many of the cases requiring much time to investigate, and also visit hospitals and go to the front to "see how the boys are getting along," the reader can scarcely understand. But he did, as the very interesting incidents we shall relate abundantly show. There is evidence that his heart was not so thoroughly absorbed in any other department of his work as it was in this. He fully realized that the life of the nation hung upon the life of the soldier — that the appeal from the ballot to the bullet was a dire necessity — hence, he thought, "the highest merit is due to the soldier;" and he never belied that sentiment. To the day of his death, he treated soldiers as if they were really of more consequence, in the fearful crisis, than governors and senators. On one occasion, when there was so great a crowd at one of his receptions that hand-shaking was discontinued, the President stood and bowed his acknowledgments to senators and representatives; but finally, observing a wounded soldier enter with his poorly-clad mother, he hastily left his position, crowded his way to the couple, and taking them both by the hand, he gave them a most cordial welcome, congratulating the woman upon having so patriotic a son, and expressing his sympathy for the son in his disabled condition. It was a very affecting demonstration, and it brought tears to the eyes of many spectators. The President simply acted what he had said again and

again, "the highest merit is due to the soldier." All who witnessed the hearty greeting were satisfied that Mr. Lincoln meant what he said.

In this and other incidents to be related, the true Republican simplicity of Mr. Lincoln's character appears. Official distinction obtruded no barrier between his own honest heart and that of the brave and true soldier.

One day he was going through a passageway to his private room for a cup of tea, when he heard the cry of a child. He returned immediately to his office, and rang the bell; Daniel responded promptly.

"Daniel, is there a woman with a baby in the anteroom?"

"There is, Mr. President; and she has been there three days," Daniel replied. "There has been no chance for her to get in."

"Go at once, and send her to me," he said, adding some words of regret that she had been overlooked.

The woman, with the baby in her arms, was soon in his presence, pleading for her husband, who was sentenced to be shot as a deserter from the army. There were several extenuating circumstances, and the President granted her request, writing his decision upon a slip of paper.

"There, my dear woman," he said, "you take that, and it will bring back your husband," at the same time directing her where to go with the document. Convulsive sobs of joy were all the response the glad woman could make, as she retired. Daniel went up to her, and pulled her shawl, saying, "Madam, it was the baby that did it."

Hon. W. D. Kelley said to the President, "There is a lad on the gunboat Ottawa, who has shown the mettle of a man in two serious engagements. Can you not send him to the naval school? You have the authority to send three boys there annually, who have served one year in the navy."

"Perhaps so," responded the President; "let me hear more about it." Mr. Kelley rehearsed, in detail, the heroic deeds of the boy.

"If the appointments for this year have not been made, let this boy be appointed," he wrote at once to the Secretary of the Navy, passing the message to Mr. Kelley.

The appointment was made; but it was found the lad was not quite fourteen years of age. "I think the President can make it right," said Mr. Kelley to him; and he took the lad to Mr. Lincoln.

"Mr. President," said Kelley, "my young friend, Willie Bladen, finds a difficulty about his appointment. You have directed him to appear at the school in July, and he will not be fourteen until September." Willie bowed in a graceful, soldierly way to the President.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, laying down his spectacles; "is that the boy who did so gallantly in those two great battles? Why, I feel I should bow to him, and not he to me." Then, taking the order previously written, he changed it from July to September; and putting his hand lovingly on Willie's head, he said:

"Now, my noble boy, go home, and have a good time during the two months, for they are about the last holiday you will get."

Willie bowed himself out, remarking to an acquaintance, "I should like to have a game of romps with that man."

A small, pale, delicate-looking boy waited in the crowd to see the President. Observing him, Mr. Lincoln said, "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want."

Advancing timidly, the little fellow placed his hand on the arm of the President's chair, and said:—

"Mr. President, I have been a drummer in a regiment for two years, and my colonel got angry with me, and turned me off. I was taken sick and have been a long time in the hospital. This is the first time I have been out, and I came to see if you could not do something for me."

His plea touched Mr. Lincoln's heart, and he replied by asking the boy,—

"Where do you live, my son?"

"I have no home," the lad answered sadly.

"Where is your father?"

"He died in the army some time ago."

"Where is your mother?"

"My mother is dead also. I have no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters, and," bursting into tears, "no friends — nobody cares for me."

Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and his lips quivered for a moment, when he continued,—

"Can't you sell newspapers?"

"No, I am too weak; and the surgeon told me I must leave the hospital, and I have no money, and nowhere to go to."

The President could say no more; and he drew forth

a card, and wrote on it, "Take care of this poor boy," directing it to the proper official; then handed it to the lad, whose face lit up with a smile because he had found a true friend in the President.

A citizen of Washington tells the following: —

"I was waiting my turn to speak to the President one day, when my attention was attracted by the sad patient face of a woman advanced in life, who in a faded hood and shawl was among the applicants for an interview.

"Presently Mr. Lincoln turned to her, saying in his accustomed manner, 'Well, my good woman, what can I do for you this morning?' 'Mr. President,' said she, 'my husband and three sons all went into the army. My husband was killed in the fight at ——. I get along very badly since then, living all alone, and I thought I would come and ask you to release to me my oldest son.' Mr. Lincoln looked into her face a moment, and in his kindest accents responded, 'Certainly! certainly! If you have given us *all*, and your prop has been taken away, you are justly entitled to one of your boys!' He immediately made out an order discharging the young man, which the woman took, and thanking him gratefully, went away.

"I had forgotten the circumstance," continued M——, "till last week, when happening to be here again, who should come in but the same woman. It appeared that she had gone herself to the front, with the President's order, and found the son she was in search of had been mortally wounded in a recent engagement, and taken to a hospital. She found the hospital, but the boy was dead, or died while she was

there. The surgeon in charge made a memorandum of the facts upon the back of the President's order, and almost broken-hearted, the poor woman had found her way again into Mr. Lincoln's presence. He was much affected by her appearance and story, and said: 'I know what you wish me to do now, and I shall do it without your asking; I shall release to you your second son.' Upon this, he took up his pen and commenced writing the order. While he was writing, the poor woman stood by his side, the tears running down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his rough hair, as I have seen a fond mother caress a son. By the time he had finished writing, his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper: 'Now,' said he, '*you* have one and *I* one of the other two left: that is no more than right.' She took the paper, and reverently placing her hand again upon his head, the tears still upon her cheeks, said: 'The Lord bless you, Mr. Lincoln. May you live a thousand years, and may you always be the head of this great nation!'"

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens accompanied an elderly lady to the President, to ask for the pardon of her son, who had been sentenced to death by a court-martial. Mr. Stevens knew that there were circumstances on which pardon could be reasonably based. After the President had listened to the woman's story, he turned to Mr. Stevens.

"Mr. Stevens, do you think this is a case that will warrant my interference?"

"Yes; I should have no hesitation in granting a pardon," Mr. Stevens replied.

"Then I will pardon him," and he proceeded to execute the papers. The mother's heart was too full for utterance. Her deep emotion, as she turned away, told how deep her gratitude was. On the way down stairs, when she could sufficiently control her feelings to speak, she broke out suddenly: —

"I knew it was a copperhead lie!"

"What do you refer to, madam?" inquired Mr. Stevens.

"Why, they told me he was an ugly-looking man, and it's a lie. He is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life."

Speaker Colfax interceded for the pardon of a son of one of his constituents, who had been sentenced to be shot. It was in the evening, and Mr. Lincoln was wearied by incessant calls, and wanted rest. He granted the request of Mr. Colfax, and said: —

"Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested, after a hard day's work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and his friends."

Senator Harris, of New York, interceded for the reprieve of a young soldier, who was imprisoned at Elmira, N. Y., awaiting the sentence of death. His friends had been to the Secretary of War to intercede for the condemned young man; but the Secretary only replied: —

"Can do nothing for him; it is an aggravated case."

True, it did seem like an aggravated case, for the

fellow had deserted three times, and once attempted to poison his guards; but he had been of unsound mind. Evidence of his insanity was laid before Senator Harris, who became fully convinced that Executive clemency ought to save the soldier from death. It was twelve o'clock on Wednesday night when the senator went to the President, and the soldier was to be executed on Thursday. The President was in bed. A messenger was sent to his room to announce that Senator Harris desired to see him upon important business.

"Let him come in," Mr. Lincoln said.

Senator Harris was soon at his bedside. "The boy is insane," he said; "there can be no question about it, — an irresponsible lad, and his execution would be murder."

"And you are satisfied that these are the facts in the case?" replied Mr. Lincoln, inquiringly.

"Perfectly so. Besides, it is not a pardon that we ask, but a reprieve until a medical examination can be made."

"Well, that is reasonable and just," responded Mr. Lincoln. "The boy shall be reprieved."

He arose immediately, and ordered a telegram to be sent to Elmira at once, delaying the execution of the condemned. Early in the morning he sent another. And before the hour of execution arrived, he sent four telegrams by different lines, fearing that, by some misfortune, the reprieve might not reach him.

At another time, Judge Kellogg, of New York, interceded for the son of one of his neighbors, sentenced by court-martial to be shot the next day. It was near

midnight when he reached the White House, and the President had retired. First, however, he went to the Secretary of War, thinking he might accomplish his purpose without disturbing the President.

"Too many cases of this kind have been let off now," replied the secretary; "it is quite time to make an example of somebody."

"But there are reasons enough for pardoning him," urged the judge; and he proceeded to enumerate them.

"Nevertheless, I shall not interfere," still insisted the unmoved secretary.

"Well, Mr. Secretary," exclaimed the judge, under much excitement, "the boy is not going to be *shot*, you may be sure of that."

He hurried away to the White House, where the sentinel intercepted him, saying: —

"My orders are to admit no one to-night."

"But I must go in: it is a case of life and death," urged the judge, persistently.

"That fact cannot modify my orders," answered the sentinel.

"I *must* go in; and I will take the responsibility," continued the judge. And he entered, going directly to the President's sleeping-room without the ceremony of sending his card. Opening the door, he said, hurriedly and excitedly: —

"Mr. President, a dispatch just received informs me that the son of one of my neighbors is to be shot to-morrow; and I want you to save his life."

"What is he to be shot for?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"I don't know, and I can't help what he may have

done. Why, he is an old neighbor of mine, and I can't allow him to be shot," Judge Kellogg continued, under increasing heat.

"Well," answered Mr. Lincoln, "I don't believe that *shooting* him will do him any good. Bring me a pen."

Without getting out of bed, he wrote a pardon for the judge to forward at once to the boy so near his doom.

Benjamin Owen, a young soldier of Vermont, was sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post. The family were plunged into agony by the dreadful tidings. For some reason, a reprieve was granted him for several days, when he wrote the following letter to his father:

"DEAR FATHER, — When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. . . . . You know I promised Jemmy Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before *that* night, I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired, too; and as for Jemmy, if I had not lent him an arm now and then he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when I came into camp, and then, it was Jemmy's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father, I could not have kept awake if I had had a gun at my head. But I did not know it until — well, until it was too late. . . . Our good colonel would save me if he could. He says, forgive him, father, he only did his duty. And don't lay my death against Jemmy. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead. I can't bear to think of mother and sister. Comfort them, father! God help me, it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father! God seems near

and dear to me; not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with him and my Saviour, in a better, better life! God bless you all!

His sister, who had read much about the President's tender heart, seized the letter, and quickly as steam could carry her was in Washington, in the presence of Mr. Lincoln.

"Well, my child, what do you want so bright and early this morning?" the President asked.

"My brother's life," she said, with much emotion.

"Who is he?"

She told him, and for what he was sentenced to be shot.

"Oh, yes, that fatal sleep," responded Mr. Lincoln; "thousands of lives might have been lost by that sleep."

"So my father said; but he was so tired carrying Jemmy's baggage;" and here she put his letter into the President's hand, saying that "would tell him all about it."

Mr. Lincoln read Benjamin's letter; when, with tearful eye and melted heart, he quickly wrote an order for his pardon, and, lest there might be some delay in the conveyance of the message, he ordered his own carriage and delivered it personally to the proper authorities. Before leaving his office, however, he said to the sister:

"Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost."

He ordered a furlough for the soldier-boy, also, that he might return with his sister to Vermont; and when, subsequently, brother and sister came to the White House, the President, in his private room, fastened a badge of office upon his shoulder, saying, "the shoulder that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for it so uncomplainingly, must wear that strap."

The father of a soldier applied to Congressman Kellogg, of whom we have spoken, for the pardon of his son, under sentence of death. Mr. Kellogg felt that it was a case where executive clemency ought to be exercised; and he said to the distressed father, "you wait here until I go and see what can be done." He went directly to President Lincoln, and laid the case before him. When he reached that part of the narrative which related to a fearful charge across a bridge, wherein the soldier displayed remarkable heroism, Mr. Lincoln started up, and asked earnestly: —

"Do you say that the young man was wounded?" as if he were overjoyed to find a decent reason for saving another life.

"Yes, badly wounded," added Mr. Kellogg.

"Then he has shed his blood for his country?" suggested Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes, and shed it nobly," responded Mr. Kellogg.

"Kellogg!" continued the President, brightening up, "is there not something in the Bible about the shedding of blood for the remission of sins?"

"I think you are right," replied Mr. Kellogg.

"Well, it is a good point, and there is no going behind it," rejoined the President. And, taking up his

pen, he wrote a pardon, which Mr. Kellogg bore to the now glad father.

With all his leniency towards erring soldiers and his passion for granting pardons, he had no patience with rebel sympathizers in places of trust. When Alexander Long, of Ohio, proposed, in the House of Representatives, to recognize the Southern Confederacy, General Garfield sprang to his feet, and denounced the "treason" in words of bitter detestation, comparing the author of the proposition to Benedict Arnold, who betrayed his country in the hour of its peril, and entreating loyal representatives not to believe that another such "growth on the soil of Ohio deformed the face of nature, and darkened the light of God's day." When news of this speech reached the President, he expressed his approbation in the most unqualified manner, and subsequently thanked General Garfield for "flaying Long alive."

At one time the President called upon the head surgeon at City Point, and told him that he wanted to visit all the hospitals there, and shake hands with every soldier, as incidentally referred to on a former page.

"Do you know what a job you have undertaken, Mr. President?" responded the surgeon.

"How many have you in the hospitals?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"From five to six thousand," answered the surgeon; "and you will be exhausted long before you get through all the wards."

Mr. Lincoln smiled as he continued, "I think I am quite equal to the task. At any rate, I can *try* and go

as far as I can. I shall never see the boys again, probably, and I want they should know how I appreciate what they have done for the country."

The tour of the hospitals began, the surgeon leading the way, and the President stopping at every cot, extending his hand, with words of greeting to one, sympathy to another, and a kind inquiry of some—all glad to take his hand. In his rounds, he approached a cot on which lay a rebel soldier. Before the President had time to extend his hand the repentant soldier extended his, bursting into tears, and saying, "Mr. Lincoln, I have long wanted to see you, and ask your forgiveness for ever raising my hand against the old flag."

Mr. Lincoln wept, as he shook the penitent's hand kindly, assuring him of prompt forgiveness. And this recalls his remark to a public man who was complaining of his Amnesty Proclamation. "When a man is sincerely *penitent* for his misdeeds, and gives satisfactory evidence of the same, he can safely be pardoned, *and there is no exception to the rule.*" The last clause, which we have put in italics, expresses the true Gospel idea of forgiveness better than most sermons of twenty pages.

After the tour of the hospitals had been made, and the President had seated himself in the surgeon's office, word came that, "one of the wards was overlooked, and the boys want to see the President."

"You are thoroughly tired, Mr. President, and so am I," said the surgeon, "and you had better not go; it will make no difference."

"But I must go," Mr. Lincoln replied; "I would

not knowingly omit one, and the boys will be so disappointed if they do not see me."

He went, and completed the hand-shaking for that day, which consumed several hours, and returned perfectly satisfied, because he had carried joy and comfort to the "brave boys" whom he loved as a father.

His letters and public documents abound in expressions which show that the soldiers, officers and privates, were borne upon his mind constantly. He was invited to attend a large meeting in New York in honor of General Grant. He closed his reply with these words: —

"He and his brave soldiers are now in the midst of their great trial; and I trust that at your meeting you will so shape your good words that they may turn to men and guns moving to his and their support."

He closed his letter, accepting his second nomination, with the following: —

"I am especially gratified that the soldiers and seamen were not forgotten by the convention, as they forever must and will be remembered by the grateful country, for whose salvation they devote their lives."

If the people would but remember the soldier, they might withhold some of their praise for himself!

News of the bloody slaughter of the "boys" always filled the heart of the President with grief.

"Terrible! terrible!"

How often this expressive word dropped from his lips! Often he could neither eat nor sleep, his soul was so wrought upon by bad news from the front. When the tidings of defeat with very heavy loss, in the Wilderness battles, reached him, he exclaimed: —

"My God! my God! Twenty thousand poor souls sent to their account in one day! I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!"

One morning, Secretary Seward found him walking his room with a most distressed appearance in his face, when he inquired if the President was not well.

"This dreadful news from the *boys* has banished sleep and appetite," he answered. "Not a moment's sleep last night, nor a crumb of food this morning!"

It was the grief of a father over his fallen sons, — sincere and tender as that of a mother.

At another time, the news of a heavy loss in a hard-fought battle caused him to bury his face in his hands, saying: —

"I shall never more be glad!"

Dr. Holland says of Mr. Lincoln and the soldiers: —

"With the soldiers who were fighting the battles of the country, he had the deepest sympathy. Whenever he was congratulated upon a success, he never failed to allude gratefully to the noble men who had won it. The trials of these men, — their sacrifices of comfort and health, of limb and life, — touched him with a sympathy that really sapped the foundations of his constitution. They were constantly in his thoughts; and not a battle was fought to whose sacrifices his own vitality did not contribute. He admired the fighting man, and looked upon him as, in one sense, his superior. Although he did not plead guilty to the weakness of moral cowardice, he felt that the battle-field was a fearful place, from which, unaided by its special inspirations, he should run. Indeed, Mr. Lincoln did not give himself credit for the physical courage which

he really possessed, though he had probably grown timid with his failing strength.

"This sympathy with the soldiers he manifested in many ways, and in none more than in the treatment of their offences against military law. In a letter to the author, a personal friend of the President says: 'I called on him one day in the early part of the war. He had just written a pardon for a young man who had been sentenced to be shot, for sleeping at his post as a sentinel. He remarked as he read it to me:—

"'I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of the poor young man on my skirts.' Then he added:—

"'It is not to be wondered at that a boy, raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dusk, should, when required to watch, fall asleep; and I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act.'

"This story with its moral is made complete by Rev. Newman Hall, of London, who, in a sermon preached after and upon Mr. Lincoln's death, says that the dead body of this youth was found among the slain on the field of Fredericksburg, wearing next his heart a photograph of his preserver, beneath which the grateful fellow had written, 'God bless President Lincoln!' From the same sermon another anecdote is gleaned, of a similar character, which is evidently authentic. An officer of the army, in conversation with the preacher, said: 'The first week of our command, there were twenty-four deserters sentenced by court-martial to be shot, and the warrants for their execution were sent to the President to be signed.

He refused. I went to Washington and had an interview. I said: "Mr. President, unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many."

"'Mr. General,' he replied, 'there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it.'"

As Dr. Holland intimates, President Lincoln was deeply impressed by deeds of daring, and he never lost sight of officer or private who distinguished himself in raid or battle. At a time when he was very much depressed in consequence of defeats, instead of victories, to the national arms, the news of successes in the Department of the West was brought to him. The battle of Chickamauga had been fought, and the bravery and exploits of General Garfield were rehearsed to him, such as his daring ride from General Rosecrans to General Thomas, and bringing supplies up the Big Sandy to his hungry soldiers.

"How is it," inquired Mr. Lincoln of an army officer who was present at the time, "that Garfield did in two weeks what would have taken one of your regular officers two months to accomplish?"

"Because he was not educated at West Point, as I was," replied the officer, laughingly, thinking the President designed to slur West Point graduates.

"No, that was not the reason," retorted Mr. Lincoln. "It was because, when he was a boy, he had to work for a living."

He made Garfield a major-general for his courage, tact, and efficiency; and when, a few months later,

Ohio proposed to transfer him to Congress, and Garfield objected, the President said: —

"By all means, send him here. We need just such a man of military experience and skill in Congress."

He was often moved by the tales of sacrifice on the part of parents, wives, and sisters. He seemed to enter really into the feelings of patriotic mothers and wives, who cheerfully parted with their dear ones for the sake of their country. He was told of a mother in Boston who had lost five sons in battles, and he immediately sat down and wrote the following letter to her: —

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1864.

"DEAR MADAM: — I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons, who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedon.

"Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"To Mrs. BIXBY, Boston, Massachusetts."

His deep interest in the Union army caused him to hail every organization in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers. The Sanitary Commission, the Christian Commission, and all soldiers' aid societies, won his heart. Any measure or enterprise that would

carry comfort to the "boys" commanded his undivided support. In a speech at the close of a very successful fair in Washington, for the benefit of soldiers, he said: —

"In this extraordinary war, extraordinary developments have manifested themselves, such as have not been seen in former wars; and among these manifestations nothing has been more remarkable than these fairs for the relief of suffering soldiers and their families. And the chief agents in these fairs are the women of America. I am not accustomed to the use of the language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say that, if all that has been said by orators and poets, since the creation of the world, in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America!"

He was invited to preside at a meeting of the Christian Commission in Washington, but a pressure of duties prevented even his attendance. He wrote, however, to the chairman of the committee: —

"While, for reasons which I deem sufficient, I must decline to preside, I cannot withhold my approval of the meeting, and its worthy objects. Whatever shall be, sincerely and in God's name, devised for the good of the soldiers and seamen in their hard spheres of duty, can scarcely fail to be blessed. And whatever shall turn our thoughts from the unreasoning and uncharitable passions, prejudices, and jealousies incident to a great national trouble such as ours, and to fix them on the vast and long-enduring consequences, for weal or for woe, which are to result from the trouble, and especially to strengthen our reliance on the Supreme Being for the final triumph of the right, cannot but be well for us all."

These earnest words voice not only his abiding interest in the loyal army, but also his equally abiding

confidence that God would give final victory to the right.

For the purpose of emphasizing his sympathy with the boys at the front, he attended soldiers' fairs in Baltimore and Philadelphia. Three years before he was obliged to pass through the former city in disguise to escape assassination. In its streets the Massachusetts Sixth had met with a bloody reception, on its way to protect Washington, and left some of its heroic members dead. The city was then a hot-bed of treason. But a great change had been wrought there, and the chief attraction of the Soldiers' Fair was the presence of Mr. Lincoln. Alluding to the remarkable change that had been wrought he said, in his address, —

"Calling to mind that we are in Baltimore, we cannot fail to note that the world moves. Looking upon the many people I see assembled here to serve as they best may the soldiers of the Union, it occurs to me that three years ago those soldiers could not pass through Baltimore. I would say, blessings upon the men who have wrought these changes, and the women who have assisted them!"

In both these places, he spoke of the loyalty and sufferings of the "boys" with fatherly tenderness, and eulogized the women of the land for their self-denying and philanthropic labors in their behalf.

The proceeds of the Fair at Philadelphia amounted to one million three hundred thousand dollars, a result over which the President became enthusiastic. When he was told that the fairs in eleven cities netted nearly FIVE MILLION DOLLARS he exclaimed: —

"Was there ever such a country for patriotism and liberality? How much suffering will be prevented among the brave boys!"

When he was told that the Sanitary Commission, within ten days after the terrible battle of Antietam, sent 28,763 pieces of dry goods, shirts, towels, bed-ticks, pillows, etc.; 30 barrels of old linen, bandages, and lint; 3,188 pounds of farina; 2,620 pounds of condensed milk; 5,000 pounds of beef-stock and canned meats; several tons of lemons and other fruit, crackers, tea, sugar, rubber-cloth, tin-cups, and 4,000 sets of hospital clothing; all of which was tenderly distributed among the wounded by the scores of volunteer agents of the Christian Commission, language was not an ample vehicle to convey his overflowing gratitude; his unbidden tears told how full of joy his heart was.

We have said that Mr. Lincoln was opposed to the war-rule of retaliation; but the suffering of our soldiers in Libby Prison, at Andersonville, Belle Isle, and at other points in the South, caused him to modify his views, and declare for retaliation, at least, under certain circumstances.

The investigation of the Congressional Committee on the "Conduct of the War," confirmed the most harrowing reports from rebel prisons, over which Mr. Lincoln's heart bled, and his indignation was aroused. Speaker Colfax said of him, "I doubt if his most intimate associate ever heard him utter bitter or vindictive language. He seemed wholly free from malignity or revenge, from ill-will or injustice." But the barbarous treatment of his "boys," who were prisoners in Southern stockades, came very near upsetting his

famous motto, "With malice towards none; with charity for all." He could endure censure and even insult, and, "attacked ever so sharply, never answered railing for railing," but his whole soul was stirred over the treatment of Union soldiers by their captors.

The letter of Surgeon Chapel, who had charge of the "West's Buildings Hospital," Baltimore, to which many of our soldiers were sent, on returning from Southern prisons, caused him to weep, as if the sufferers were members of his own family. The letter was addressed to the Chairman of the Congressional Committee, and was as follows: —

"DEAR SIR, — I have the honor to enclose the photograph of John Breiring, with the desired information written upon it. I am very sorry your committee could not have seen these cases when first received. No one, from these pictures, can form a true estimate of their condition then; not one in ten was able to stand alone; some of them so covered and eaten by vermin that they nearly resembled cases of small-pox, and so emaciated that they were *really* living skeletons, and hardly *that*, as the result shows, — forty out of one hundred and four having died up to this date. If there has been anything so horrible, so fiendish, as this wholesale starvation, in the history of this satanic Rebellion, I have failed to note it. Better the massacres of Lawrence, Fort Pillow, and Plymouth, than to be thus starved to death by inches, through long and weary months."

Mr. Lincoln could not consent to the starvation of rebel prisoners, nor to any approximation to cruel treatment. Retaliation must take some other form, or he would not endorse it. His real sympathy with soldiers, in their hardships and perils, extended even to rebel prisoners in our hands. At Frederick, Md., he visited a house in which there were a large number of

Confederate wounded men. After viewing the scene, he said to them: —

"I should be pleased to take you all by the hand, if you have no objections. The solemn obligations which we owe to our country and posterity compel the prosecution of this war. Many of you, no doubt, occupy the attitude of enemies through uncontrollable circumstances. I bear no malice toward you, and can take you by the hand with sympathy and good feeling."

There was hesitation at first, but it was soon broken, and the Confederates stepped forward to shake the President's hand. Some of the number were too badly wounded to rise; Mr. Lincoln approached them, and, taking each one by the hand in turn, remarked, —

"Be of good cheer, boys, and the end will be well. The best of care shall be taken of you."

It was a touching scene, and there were few dry eyes present. Many of the Confederates wept. It was evidently unexpected treatment to them. This was the kind of retaliation in which President Lincoln fully believed. It caused him unpleasantness and pain to be compelled to depart from it. He heartily enjoyed such a scene as was described to him after the battle of Antietam.

One of the agents of the Christian Commission found several wounded Confederate soldiers in a barnyard, deserted by their surgeons, and no one near to help them. They had been lying there with the dead for three days, without food or drink. The agent hurried food to them as soon as possible, and, with others, was proceeding to wash them when one of the

number, from whose feet he was pulling his dirty stockings, began to cry violently.

"What's the matter? Do I hurt you?" inquired the agent.

"No, you don't," sobbed the man.

"What, then, can be the matter? Really, I can't go on with my work unless you tell me what is the matter."

"Matter enough," ejaculated the Confederate. "You call us rebels, and I suppose we are; for I fought against the old flag; but, when we are wounded, you come to us here, not like angels, but like the Lord Jesus Christ himself, washing our feet; and I can't stand it. I can't stand it."

Such treatment of enemies just suited Mr. Lincoln. The rehearsal of that single incident made him happy for a whole day.

In the light of such facts, W. H. Herndon, Esq., of Springfield, Ill., was right in saying, —

"Through his perceptions, — the suggestiveness of nature, his originality, and strength; through his magnificent reason, his understanding, his conscience, his tenderness, and kindness, his heart, rather than love, — he approximated as nearly as most human beings in this imperfect state to an embodiment of the great moral principle, 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.'"

Thousands of the brave men who honored and loved Abraham Lincoln sleep on Southern soil. They went down to the graves of heroes from a thousand battle-fields, through four long, bloody, dreadful years; and no heart throbbed with truer sympathy for them

in their sufferings than the heart of the President; and no eyes shed hotter tears for their loss than his. And when the nation's offering was complete, and there were no more human sacrifices to be laid upon the altar of liberty on gory fields, and the country was jubilant over the final victory and the return of peace, the chieftain himself was added to the hecatomb of loyal men, the tears and lamentations of a loving and afflicted people consecrating the unparalleled sacrifice!

Well may the Grand Army of the Republic cherish the memory of their heroic leader, whose thoughts were ever with them on the field of conflict. How ring his beautiful words, "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

HIS WORK FOR THE COLORED RACE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S life in the White House was distinguished by his work for the colored race. So providential and important were his relations to both free and enslaved negroes, that justice could not be done to him or the subject without a separate exhibit of his work for them. He was, not only "The Saviour of his Country," but, also, "The Liberator of a Race." While his great purpose was to save the Union, giving freedom to the slaves became absolutely necessary. He expressed his views in the following clear, forcible and characteristic way, after three years of war:—

"I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not see, think and feel that it was wrong, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. . . . I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to preserve slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of the government, country and Constitution altogether. . . . I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any

man devised or expected; God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills, also, that we of the North as well as you of the South shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God."

His memorable letter to Horace Greeley contained the following passages, which will appear more and more remarkable as the ages roll on: —

"If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery.

If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it — if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it — and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause.

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

For independent thought, invincible purpose, clearness of expression, model composition, and lofty sentiment, the foregoing was never excelled by American statesmen.

With these principles and aims, Mr. Lincoln grappled with slavery — the real cause of the Rebellion — and, finally, enlisted nearly two hundred thousand negroes as soldiers in the Union army, and gave liberty to every slave in the land.

Sojourner Truth was introduced to Mr. Lincoln as having "come all the way from Michigan to see you."

"I am very much pleased to see you," responded Mr. Lincoln, rising from his seat, and shaking the old lady's hand cordially. "Take a seat."

"Mr. President," replied Sojourner, "when you first took your seat I feared you would be torn to pieces, for I likened you unto Daniel, who was thrown into the lions' den; and if the lions did not tear you in pieces, I knew that it would be God that had saved you; and I said if he spared me I would see you before the four years expired, and He has done so, and now I am here to see you for myself."

"I am truly glad that you have been spared to see this day," answered Mr. Lincoln.

"I appreciate you, for you are the best President who has ever taken his seat," added the old lady.

"I suppose you refer to the emancipation of your race," responded the President.

For half an hour the conversation continued with as much cordiality and politeness on the part of the President as he would have shown to the most refined white woman in Washington.

At one time he learned that Frederick Douglas, the distinguished ex-slave, was in Washington; and he sent his carriage to his boarding-place, with the message: "Come up and take tea with me."

Mr. Douglas accepted the invitation; and, for the first time in the history of our country, a colored man became an invited guest in the Executive Mansion. Mr. Douglas said of that interview, subsequently: —

"Mr. Lincoln is one of the few white men I ever passed an hour with, who failed to remind me in some way, before the interview terminated, that I am a negro."

The children of Concord, Mass., sent a memorial to him, praying for the freedom of all slave children. He replied to it as follows: —

"Tell those little people I am very glad their young hearts are so full of just and generous sympathy, and that while I have not the power to grant all they ask, I trust they will remember that God has; and that, as it seems, He *wills* to do it."

A citizen of Washington entered the President's office one day, and found him counting greenbacks.

"This is something out of my usual line," Mr. Lincoln remarked; "but a President of the United States has a multitude of duties not specified in the Constitution or acts of Congress."

The gentleman responded courteously, hinting that he would like to know what special duty was connected with that pile of greenbacks.

"This money belongs to a poor negro, who is a porter in the Treasury Department, at present very sick with the small-pox. He is now in the hospital, and could not draw his pay because he could not sign his name. I have been to considerable trouble in overcoming the difficulty, and getting it for him, and

cutting red tape, as you newspaper men say. I am now dividing the money, and putting by a portion, labelled, in an envelope, with my own hands, according to his wish." Thus the kind-hearted man had turned aside from grave official duties to assist and comfort one of the humblest of God's creatures in his sufferings and sorrow.

A delegation of colored men from Louisiana waited upon the President to ask for some additional rights.

"I regret, gentlemen, that you are not able to secure all your rights, and that circumstances will not permit the government to confer them upon you. I wish you would amend your petition so as to include several suggestions which I think will give more effect to your prayer, and, after having done so, please hand it to me."

"If you will permit me," replied the chairman of the delegation, "I will make the alterations here."

"Are you, then, the author of this eloquent production?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"Whether eloquent or not, it is my work," was the modest reply; and the negro took his seat by the President's side, and made the alterations suggested. A Southern gentleman present concluded that Mr. Lincoln did not know that the delegation from Louisiana were "black men."

The rebel government inflicted inhuman barbarities upon Union colored soldiers at Port Hudson, Morris Island, and other places. The knowledge of the harrowing facts reaching the President, he immediately issued the following proclamation for the protection of colored soldiers:—

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 30, 1863.

"It is the duty of every government to give protection to its citizens, of whatever class, color, or condition, especially those who are duly organized as soldiers in the public service. The law of nations, and the usages and customs of war, as carried on by civilized powers, permit no distinction as to color in the treatment of prisoners of war as public enemies. To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color, and for no offence against the laws of war, is a relapse into barbarism, and a crime against the civilization of the age. The Government of the United States will give the same protection to all its soldiers; and if the enemy shall sell or enslave any one because of his color, the offence shall be punished by retaliation upon the enemy's prisoners in our possession. It is, therefore, ordered, that for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war, a rebel soldier shall be executed; and for every one enslaved by the enemy, or sold into slavery, a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works, and continued at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"By order of the Secretary of War.

"E. D. TOWNSEND, *Adjutant-General.*"

Here, again, is proof of Mr. Lincoln's genuine interest in the soldiers. Retaliation was a war measure from which he shrank; his whole nature condemned it. And yet he adopted it, in the circumstances, as a dire necessity, to protect the soldier. In no case would he consent to starve or torture rebel prisoners by way of retaliation; but he did consent to take life for life.

President Lincoln often expressed his admiration of the bravery and loyalty of colored soldiers, and once he said to Judge J. T. Mills, of Wisconsin: —

"There have been men base enough to propose to

me to return to slavery the black warriors of Port Hudson and Olustee, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. Should I do so, I should deserve to be damned in time and eternity. Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe."

He was applied to for the pardon of a slave-dealer sentenced to five years' imprisonment and a fine of a thousand dollars. He had served the five years in Newburyport prison, Massachusetts, and was now held because he could not pay the fine. Parties interceded for the prisoner, and bore from him a very touching letter to the President. After having listened to the slave-dealer's advocate, and read his piteous letter, Mr. Lincoln said: —

"That is a very pathetic appeal to my feelings. You know my weakness is to be, if possible, too easily moved by appeals for mercy, and if this man were guilty of the foulest murder that the arm of man could perpetrate, I might forgive him on such an appeal; but the man who could go to Africa, and rob her of her children, and sell them into interminable bondage, with no other motive than that which is furnished by dollars and cents, is so much worse than the most depraved murderer, that he can never receive pardon at my hands. No! He may rot in jail before he shall have liberty by any act of mine."

Before General Wadsworth was killed in the battle of the Wilderness, he wrote to Mr. Lincoln and inquired, "if universal amnesty should not be accompanied with universal suffrage in the event of complete success in the field."

Mr. Lincoln replied: "How to better the condition

of the colored race has long been a study which has attracted my serious and careful attention; hence I think I am clear and decided as to what course I shall pursue in the premises, regarding it a religious duty, as the nation's guardian of these people who have so heroically vindicated their manhood on the battle-field, where, in assisting to save the life of the Republic, they have demonstrated in blood their right to the ballot, which is but the humane protection of the flag they have so fearlessly defended."

The reverence of the colored people for President Lincoln was always great, but its climax was reached when the proclamation of emancipation was issued. At one of his receptions, a large number of colored people gathered about the Executive Mansion, and waited two hours for the crowd of white visitors to pass. At length, they timidly advanced to the reception-room, as if doubting whether they would be welcome, when Mr. Lincoln met them with one of his sweetest smiles, and encouraged them to take his hand. Their joy was unbounded, and they gave vent to their feelings in the wildest manner. An eye-witness says, "They laughed and wept, and wept and laughed, — exclaiming through their blinding tears, 'God bless you!' 'God bless Abraham Lincoln!' 'God bless Massa Linkum!'"

Miss Canedy, of Fall River, Mass., was teaching the colored people at Norfolk, Va., and in her school-room was a plaster bust of Mr. Lincoln. One day she showed it to some colored men who were at work around the building, remarking about their benefactor. Their exclamations were as follows: —

"He's brought us safe through the Red Sea."

"He looks as deep as the sea himself."

"He's king of the United States."

"He ought to be king of the world."

"We must all pray to the Lord to carry him safe through, for it 'pears like he's got everything hitched to him."

"There has been a right smart praying for him, and it must n't stop now."

President Lincoln's entrance into Richmond, after the rebel forces were driven out, was the signal for great rejoicing among the colored people. He entered the conquered city on foot, attended only by "Tad" and the sailors who rowed him up the James river. So quiet and unpretentious was his advent, that the negroes were taken by surprise; and, when they found that the "Great Emancipator" was actually there, their joy knew no bound. Some of them shouted; many of them cried; all of them were frantic with delight. "Glory to God!" "Glory!" "Glory!" "Glory!" was the hearty tribute of the liberated slaves.

"I thank you, dear Jesus, that I behold President Linkum," exclaimed a woman on the street, crying like a child.

"Bless de Lord! Bless de Lord! Bless de Lord!" exclaimed several, jumping up and down as if bereft of their reason.

An eye-witness says, "An old negro cried out, 'May de good Lord bless you, President Linkum!' while he removed his hat, and the tears of joy rolled down his cheeks. The President removed his own hat, and bowed in silence; but it was a bow which upset the

forms, laws, customs, and ceremonies of centuries. It was a death shock to 'chivalry,' and a mortal wound to caste."

Colonel McKaye, Robert Dale Owen, and one or two other gentlemen, were appointed by President Lincoln to investigate the condition of the freedmen on the coast of North Carolina. When they reported to Mr. Lincoln, Colonel McKaye related the following incident, as given by Mr. Carpenter:—

"He had been speaking of the ideas of power entertained by these people. He said they had an idea of God, as the Almighty, and they had realized in their former condition the power of their masters. Up to the time of the arrival among them of the Union forces, they had no knowledge of any other power. Their masters fled upon the approach of our soldiers, and this gave the slaves a conception of a power greater than that exercised by them. This power they called 'Massa Linkum.'

"Colonel McKaye said that their place of worship was a large building which they called 'the praise house;' and the leader of the meeting, a venerable black man, was known as 'the praise man.' On a certain day, when there was quite a large gathering of people, considerable confusion was created by different persons attempting to tell who and what 'Massa Linkum' was. In the midst of the excitement the white-headed leader commanded silence. 'Brederin,' said he, 'you don't know nosen' what you'se talkin' 'bout. Now, you just listen to me. Massa Linkum, he eberywhar. He know eberyting.' Then, solemnly looking up, he added, '*He walk de earf like de Lord!*'

"Colonel McKaye told me that Mr. Lincoln seemed much affected by this account. He did not smile, as another man might have done, but got up from his chair, and walked in silence two or three times across the floor. As he resumed his seat, he said, very impressively: 'It is a momentous thing to be the instrument, under Providence, of the liberation of a race.'"

The colored people of Baltimore presented the President with a very costly and beautiful copy of the Bible. Three colored clergymen and two laymen were the committee to present it. The address accompanying the gift was tender and reverential, to which President Lincoln replied in a characteristic speech, in which he said of the Bible:—

"It is the best gift which God has ever given to man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated to us through this book. But for that book we could not know right from wrong. All those truths desirable for men are contained in it. I return you my sincere thanks for the very elegant copy of the great Book of God which you present."

The Bible bore the following inscription:—

"To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, the friend of Universal Freedom. From the loyal colored people of Baltimore, as a token of respect and gratitude. Baltimore, July 4th, 1864."

A colored woman of Philadelphia presented him with a collection of wax-fruits, with an ornamented stem-table — an elegant affair. Her pastor, Mr. Hamilton, made the presentation address, but closed by saying, "perhaps Mrs. Johnson would like to say a few words."

What Mrs. Johnson did is best told in her own words: "I looked down to the floor, and felt that I had not a word to say, but after a moment or two, the fire began to burn (laying her hand on her breast), and it burned and burned till it went all over me. I think it was the Spirit, and I looked up to him and said: 'Mr. President, I believe God has hewn you out of a rock, for this great and mighty purpose. Many have been led away by bribes of gold, of silver, of presents; but you have stood firm, because God was with you, and if you are faithful to the end, he will be with you.' With his eyes full of tears, he walked round and examined the present, pronounced it beautiful, thanked me kindly, but said: 'You must not give me the praise — it belongs to God.'"

Some public men desired Mr. Lincoln to issue his Proclamation of Emancipation long before he did. Delegations waited upon him to express their wishes in that direction. To a delegation of clergymen from Chicago, who urged the measure upon him, he replied: —

"I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet."

After some discussion, however, he assured them that "the subject was upon his mind night and day, more than any other;" and he added, "Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do."

He called a special Cabinet meeting two or three weeks before the battle of Antietam, and announced to the members: —

"I have prepared a proclamation of emancipation, believing that the time has come to issue it. I have

not called you together for advice on the general subject, for I have settled that, I simply desire to inform you of my purpose, and receive such suggestions as you may make."

The members were somewhat surprised, but expressed a strong desire to hear it read. The President proceeded to read it in a slow, clear voice, evidently impressed with the grave responsibility he was taking upon himself. When he had finished reading the document, and opened the way for suggestions, Secretary Chase remarked:

"I would like to have the language stronger with reference to arming the blacks."

"I think it is bad policy to issue it now," said the Attorney General. "It will cost the administration the fall elections." It was then about the first of September, 1862.

"All these questions I have carefully considered, gentlemen," was Mr. Lincoln's response.

Secretary Seward remarked, at this point:—

"Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind consequent upon our repeated reverses is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government—a cry for help—the government stretching forth its hand to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth its hand to the government—our last shriek on the retreat. I think it would be best to delay it until it can be given to the country supported by military success, rather than after the greatest disasters of the war."

"That is a thought that has not occurred to me," immediately replied the President, "I shall adopt the suggestion at once, and await a signal victory."

Before the discussion ceased, however, Secretary Seward made another suggestion:—

"Mr. President, I think that you should insert, after the word 'recognize,' the words 'and maintain.'"

"I have fully considered the import of that expression," answered Mr. Lincoln; "but it is not my way to promise more than I am sure I can perform, and I am not prepared to say that I can 'maintain' this."

"Nevertheless that ground should be taken," continued the Secretary. "The dignity of the government and the completeness of the proclamation require it."

After a moment of serious thoughtfulness, the President responded, "You are right, Seward, and the words shall go in."

The proclamation was laid aside until the battle of Antietam was fought. Mr. Lincoln waited until he was satisfied that a valuable victory had been achieved, when he called the Cabinet together again, at a special meeting, and announced:—

"The time has come for emancipation to be declared; it cannot longer be delayed. Public sentiment will now sustain it, many of my warmest friends and supporters demand it, *and I promised my God I would do it.*"

The last sentence was not quite understood by Secretary Chase, who asked for an explanation. Mr. Lincoln replied:—

"*I made a solemn vow before God, that if General Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slave.*"

The Cabinet unanimously endorsed the President's decision, and the proclamation was issued September 22, 1862, promising, "That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever, free; and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

This proclamation offended many anti-slavery friends at the North, who wanted the President to strike an immediate and fatal blow at the institution, without warning or conditions. It is believed, however, that subsequent events caused them, and the civilized world, to concur in the President's judgment of the best method, in the circumstances. At the South, the excitement over the proclamation of promised freedom was intense, and the Rebel Congress enacted some violent threats. But the one hundred days of grace passed by, and the memorable first day of January, 1863, arrived, bringing the PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION, which deserves the highest place in the temple of American liberty. It merits the careful perusal of every citizen of the United States, old and young, and commends itself to the friends of humanity in every land.

President Lincoln signed the Proclamation after his public reception on January first, 1863. Mr. Colfax remarked to him, —

"The signature appears somewhat tremulous and uneven."

"Not because of any uncertainty or hesitation on my part," answered the President; "but it was just after the public reception, and three hours' hand-shaking is not calculated to improve a man's chirography. The South had fair warning, that if they did not return to their duty, I should strike at this pillar of their strength. The promise must now be kept, and I shall never recall one word."

Mr. Carpenter's noble conception of a painting to commemorate the act of Emancipation enlisted the President's deepest interest. When the work was nearly completed, the artist remarked to him,—

"I am very proud to have been the artist to have first conceived the idea of the design of painting a picture commemorative of the Act of Emancipation."

"Yes," answered the President, "as affairs have turned, it is the central act of my administration, and the great event of the nineteenth century."

When Mr. Carpenter's work was done, and he was about to take leave of the White House, the President said,—

"Well, Mr. Carpenter, I must go with you and take one more look at the picture before you leave us."

The parting interview with the artist before the picture was very interesting; and President Lincoln closed it in his familiar way, by saying:—

"Mr. Carpenter, I believe that I am about as glad over the success of this work as you are."

This chapter would be incomplete without the Proclamation of Emancipation, which must ever be a

memorable document in the future history of our country. We furnish it complete: —

"Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforth and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people therein respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto, at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such States shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State or the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day of the first above-mentioned order, designate, as the States and parts of

States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin and Orleans, including the City of New Orleans, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

"And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and henceforward shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the Military and Naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons.

"And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence, and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

"And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

"And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[L. S.] "Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh."

"By the President: "ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*"

Speaker Colfax said of Mr. Lincoln and his proclamation, when the great man died:—

"The great act of the mighty chieftain, on which his fame shall rest long after his frame shall moulder away, is that of giving freedom to a race. We have all been taught to revere the sacred characters. Among them Moses stands pre-eminently high. He received the law from God, and his name is honored among the hosts of heaven. Was not his greatest act the delivering three millions of his kindred out of bondage? Yet we may assert that Abraham Lincoln, by his proclamation, liberated more enslaved people than ever Moses set free, and those not of his kindred or his race. Such a power, or such an opportunity, God has seldom given to man. When other events shall have been forgotten; when this world shall have become a network of republics; when every throne shall be swept from the face of the earth; when literature shall enlighten all minds; when the claims of humanity shall be recognized everywhere, this act shall be conspicuous on the pages of history. We are thankful that God gave to Abraham Lincoln wisdom and grace to issue that proclamation, which stands high above all other papers which have been penned by uninspired men."

CHAPTER XXVII.

STILL IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

MR. LINCOLN was renominated for a second term in the summer of 1864. There were not wanting leaders who opposed his renomination. He was too slow and too kind to suit them. But their opposition was short-lived. When the National Convention assembled in Baltimore, the current of enthusiasm for Mr. Lincoln swept away all opposition. Intelligence from the army proved that one feeling pervaded the rank and file, — the "boys" demanded the renomination of "Father Abraham." The colonel of a regiment on the Potomac, in which were many Democrats, reported a conversation among his men, as follows: —

"Who are *you* for, Joe?" inquired one of a Democrat.

"Father Abraham, of course; a new man would upset things," was the reply.

"Who knows but a new man might hurry up the end of this Rebellion!" interjected another.

"But we know who we have now for President," responded the Democrat; "but when you have a new man you must wait to find out."

"That's so," loudly answered a comrade · "no time for an armistice now."

"Soldiers think too much of Lincoln to swap him off now for somebody else," remarked another.

And so the discussion proceeded, until a German, who had remained a silent listener, spoke:

"I goes for Fader Abraham," he said. "Fader Abraham, he likes the soldier-boy. Ven he serves tree years he gives him four hundred dollar, and re-enlists him von veteran. Now Fader Abraham, he serve four years. We re-enlist him four years more, and make *von veteran of him.*"

The German settled the question in that regiment; and it was about a fair representation of the feeling throughout the Union army.

In the convention, the votes of every State except Missouri were cast for Mr. Lincoln. Her twenty-two votes were cast for General Grant, but, immediately upon the announcement of the ballot, they were transferred to Mr. Lincoln.

In less than two months after his renomination, the President resolved to issue a call for five hundred thousand more troops. On laying the subject before his Cabinet, objections were provoked at once.

"It will prove disastrous," said one.

"It will defeat your re-election, Mr. President," suggested another.

"It will furnish material for your enemies to use against you; the people are tired of the war," added the first-named speaker.

For quite a while the measure was discussed; and the President listened with his accustomed deference,

occasionally dropping a word. At length, however, he settled the matter beyond controversy. Rising from his seat, and assuming that commanding attitude so usual when he was about to make a noble stand, he remarked, with profound seriousness, as well as emphasis :—

"Gentlemen, it is not necessary that I should be re-elected, but it is necessary that our brave boys at the front should be supported, and the country saved. I shall call for five hundred thousand more men, and if I go down under the measure, I will go down like the 'Cumberland' with my colors flying."

God crowned his noble decision with success. He did not go down like the "Cumberland" or any other riddled gunboat. Opposition hid itself before the onward march of his popularity. He was re-elected by the largest majority ever known in presidential elections. His popular majority was 411,428, in a total vote of 4,015,902; and he had 212 of the 233 votes in the electoral college. On being publicly congratulated upon this emphatic endorsement, President Lincoln said :—

"I am thankful to God for this approval of the people. But, while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one ; but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government, and the rights of humanity."

The re-election of President Lincoln was equal to

the addition of five hundred thousand more soldiers to the Union army. It destroyed the last hope of the Rebellion. It was staggering when the day of the election arrived; and from that time its fall was rapidly accelerated.

On the fourth day of March, 1865, his second inauguration as President of the United States occurred. A great concourse of people witnessed the imposing ceremonies, and listened to his remarkable inaugural address. According to the national custom, Mr. Lincoln kissed the open Bible, after having taken the oath of office. Mr. Middleton, who passed the Bible to him, instantly marked the verses touched by the President's lips. They were the 26th and 27th verses of the Fifth chapter of Isaiah, and read as follows:—

"And he will lift up an ensign to the nations, and will hiss unto them from the end of the earth; and, behold, they shall come with speed swiftly; none shall be weary nor stumble among them; none shall slumber nor sleep; neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed, nor the latchet of their shoes be broken."

The speedy overthrow of the Rebellion furnished a remarkable interpretation of these words; and they are choice words of prophecy to be forever associated with President Lincoln's memory.

His inaugural address on that occasion has been declared to be the most remarkable State paper extant.

It has often been classed with the "Farewell Address" of Washington; as it proved, indeed, the farewell address of Lincoln to the American people. And as Washington's life would be incomplete without the former, so Lincoln's life would lack an essential fact

without the latter. The address was brief, direct, and affecting, as follows: —

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN, — At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it — all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to *destroy* it without war — seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and

pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the Providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are engaged in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

Charles Sumner said of this address: "The Inaugural Address which signalized his entry for a second time upon his great duties was briefer than any similar address in our history; but it has already gone farther, and will live longer, than any other. It was a continuation of the Gettysburg speech, with the same sublimity and gentleness. Its concluding words were like an angelic benediction."

The subject of Civil Service Reform, which provokes so much discussion at the present time, engaged the attention of Mr. Lincoln at the time he entered upon the second term of his presidential career. He remarked to Senator Clark of New Hampshire: —

"Can't you and others start a public sentiment in favor of making no changes in offices except for good and sufficient cause?"

"It would be an excellent measure," answered the senator. "You would remove or appoint no one for party considerations alone?"

"Exactly. It seems as though the bare thought of going through again what I did the first year here, would *crush* me."

"I am not surprised to hear that remark," continued Mr. Clark. "Nine-tenths of your callers are office-seekers, or persons without any important business."

"Besides, it is all wrong to remove public servants who deserve to be retained, for the sake of promoting politicians who have done well for their party." Then, referring to applicants for office, he added, "It seems as if every visitor darted at me, and, with thumb and finger, carried off a portion of my vitality."

The senator laughed over this figure of a "carcass," carried off by birds of prey; and the President went on: —

"I have made up my mind to make very few changes in the offices in my gift for my second term. I think now that I will not remove a single man, except for delinquency. To remove a man is very easy, but when I go to fill his place, there are *twenty* applicants, and of these I must make *nineteen* enemies."

Senator Clark endorsed these sentiments as belonging to true statesmanship, and hoped that the President would be able to reduce his theory to practice. The latter closed the interview with the following rather sharp remark: —

"Sitting here, where all the avenues to public patronage seem to come together in a knot, it does seem to me that our people are fast approaching the point where it can be said that seven-eighths of them are trying to find how to live at the expense of the other eighth."

Three weeks after Mr. Lincoln entered upon his second term of office, he went to City Point, partly to recruit his wasted energies, and partly to be near the base of military operations now hastening to a crisis. The "boys in blue" greeted him with an enthusiasm that showed their strong love for the man.

A grand review had been arranged for the twenty-fifth of March, in honor of the President; but General Lee attacked and captured Fort Stedman, on that morning, requiring a hard-fought battle, instead of a review, to drive out his forces — a feat that was triumphantly accomplished within a few hours. President Lincoln visited the field of carnage soon after the battle, and, on hearing regrets expressed that the grand review did not occur, he said, —

"This victory is better than any review."

Immediately a council of war was held at City Point, attended by the President and Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, and Ord; and it was followed by those three memorable days of battle, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, sealing the doom of Richmond.

Mr. Lincoln remained at City Point, receiving dis-

patches from the front and forwarding them to Washington. His first dispatch to the Secretary of War on Saturday was, —

"Hard fighting this morning, and our forces repulsed."

A few hours later, he telegraphed, —

"The ground lost has been retaken."

On Sunday morning his dispatch was, —

"The triumphant success of our armies, after two days of hard fighting, during which the forces on both sides displayed unsurpassed valor."

In the afternoon he telegraphed, —

"General Grant has taken twelve thousand prisoners and fifty pieces of artillery."

On Monday morning he telegraphed, —

"RICHMOND has fallen!"

Later, his dispatch to Secretary Stanton read, —

"I am about to enter Richmond!"

The Secretary immediately telegraphed back, —

"Do not peril your life in that way!"

The next morning he returned the following: —

"I received your dispatch yesterday; went to Richmond, and returned this morning."

This was not reckless daring on his part, but his philosophical way of viewing the danger, as we shall learn more particularly in the next chapter.

On Monday, President Lincoln entered the fallen city without parade. Usually, conquerors have taken possession of captured cities and fallen thrones with

the proudest display of exultation, bearing along with them the trophies of war. But true to himself, Mr. Lincoln found it more congenial to his heart to enter the subdued rebel capital without even fife or drum. Unheralded by brilliant cavalcade, he threaded his way as a common man through the streets to the head-quarters of Jefferson Davis, who had become a voluntary fugitive. And though he took possession of the traitor-city without ostentation or military parade, history records his entrance as a triumphal march, and patriot fathers tell the story of it to their children in honor of Lincoln's greatness.

President Lincoln remained in Richmond until Tuesday morning, occupying the house so unceremoniously vacated by the arch-traitor of the Rebellion. The loyal people trembled for his safety when they heard he was there. Many pronounced his going to Richmond "a foolhardy act." All deprecated his unnecessary exposure of life, as they regarded it, and were greatly relieved when the telegraph informed them that he was back again in Washington.

Speaker Colfax expostulated with him upon his seeming disregard of danger, to which the President replied: —

"I should have been alarmed myself if any other person had been President and gone there; but I did not feel in any danger whatever."

Before reaching Washington, on his return, he read aloud twice from his copy of Shakespeare the words which Macbeth uttered about the murdered Duncan, calling the special attention of his friends to them: —

"Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further."

The friends who listened to his remarks upon this striking passage could but recall the singular circumstances, after his assassination.

The fall of Richmond was celebrated throughout the North and West by bonfires, illuminations, speeches, music, ringing of bells, and general rejoicing. Everywhere Mr. Lincoln was remembered and eulogized for his wisdom, patriotism and achievements.

Just one week from the time the news of the fall of Richmond was flashed over the land, the tidings of Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court-house followed, magnifying the general joy tenfold, if possible. The war was ended, and Constitutional Liberty maintained. Over the western portico of the Capitol at Washington was inscribed, with a beautiful banner waving over it: —

"THIS IS THE LORD'S DOING; IT IS MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES."

Over the door of the State Department was the following: —

"THE UNION SAVED BY FAITH IN THE CONSTITUTION, FAITH IN THE PEOPLE, AND TRUST IN GOD."

The day of jubilee had come — "the greatest day," said one, "since the Resurrection."

The welcome news of "Peace" spread over the land with the rapidity of light, and flashed under the ocean to foreign countries, where glad millions joined in fes-

tivities over the end of the conflict and the triumph of freedom. As when Cornwallis surrendered, and the War of Independence was over, the people became wild with joy; so the news — LEE HAS SURRENDERED — awaked almost frantic demonstrations of delight. All modes of expressing exultation were inadequate, and yet all were employed. Sextons rushed to the churches to ring the bells; gunners added the peal of cannon; acquaintances met in the streets and embraced each other; some wept, others laughed, all were jubilant. Never before were so many bells rung together, so many cannon fired, so many shouts of victory raised, so many bands of music waked, so many banners waved, and so many bonfires and illuminations kindled, to celebrate the return of peace and the nation saved.

The praise of Lincoln was on every lip, and has continued to be from that day to the present time. The nation delights to honor his memory, and one of the recent acts of the National Government is a tribute to his memory by a generous increase of his widow's pension.

Mr. Lincoln had accomplished the purpose of his administration — HE HAD CRUSHED THE REBELLION AND SAVED THE UNION.

Charles Sumner said of President Lincoln's administration: "The corner-stone of National Independence is already in its place, and on it is inscribed the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON. There is another stone which must have its place at the corner also. This is the Declaration of Independence, with all its promises fulfilled. On this stone we will gratefully inscribe the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"Each was at the head of the Republic during a period of surpassing trial; and each thought only of the public good, simply, purely, constantly, so that single-hearted devotion to country will always find a synonym in their names. Each was the national chief during a time of successful war. Each was the representative of his country at a great epoch of history.

"The part which Lincoln was called upon to perform resembled in character the part which was performed by Washington. The work left undone by Washington was continued by Lincoln. Kindred in service, kindred in patriotism, each was naturally surrounded at death by kindred homage."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SHOT OF THE ASSASSIN.

FROM the time of Mr. Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency, as we have seen, fears of his assassination prevailed among his friends. The President himself had reason to believe that he was in danger of being shot, for he had a package of threatening letters, which he had appropriately labelled, "Assassination Letters," and laid away. His attention was often called to the subject by anxious friends. On being remonstrated with for unnecessarily exposing himself, he replied, without denying his danger:—

"Soon after I was nominated at Chicago, I began to receive letters threatening my life. The first one or two made me a little uncomfortable, but I came at length to look for a regular instalment of this kind of correspondence in every week's mail, and up to Inauguration Day I was in constant receipt of such letters. It is no uncommon thing to receive them now; but they have ceased to give me apprehension."

Surprise was expressed that he could be indifferent to a peril that his friends considered imminent, and he answered:—

"Oh, there is nothing like getting used to things!"

A cavalry guard was once placed at the gates of the White House, but was removed at his request. "I worried until I got rid of it," he said to a friend.

He once remarked to Colonel Halpine, "It will never do for a President to have guards with drawn sabres at his door, as if he fancied he were, or were trying to be, or were assuming to be, an emperor."

Once he went to General Halleck's private quarters and protested against a detachment of cavalry, detailed, without his request, by General Wadsworth, to guard his carriage going to and from the Soldiers' Home. He remarked, facetiously, yet earnestly:—

"Why, Mrs. Lincoln and I cannot hear ourselves talk for the clatter of their sabres and spurs; and some of them appear to be new hands and very awkward, so that I am more afraid of being shot by the accidental discharge of a carbine or revolver, than of any attempt upon my life by a roving squad of Stewart's cavalry."

Very much in the same vein he replied to Colonel Halpine, who was trying to show him his exposure even in the White House, saying:—

"There are two dangers, the danger of deliberate political assassination, and the mere brute violence of insanity."

The President replied, as related by Mr. Carpenter:

"Now as to political assassination, do you think the Richmond people would like to have Hannibal Hamlin here any better than myself? In that one alternative, I have an insurance on my life worth half the prairie land of Illinois. And beside," — this more gravely, — "if there were such a plot, and they wanted

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to get at me, no vigilance could keep them out. We are so mixed up in our affairs, that — no matter what the system established — a conspiracy to assassinate, if such there were, could easily obtain a pass to see me for any one or more of its instruments.

"To betray fear of this, by placing guards or so forth, would only be to put the idea into their heads, and perhaps, lead to the very result it was intended to prevent. As to the crazy folks, Major, why I must only take my chances, — the most crazy people at present, I fear, being some of my own too zealous adherents. That there may be such dangers as you and many others have suggested to me, is quite possible; but I guess it would n't improve things any to publish that we were afraid of them in advance."

At one time, there was undoubted proof of a rebel plot to abduct Mr. Lincoln, or kill him in the attempt, as there was at one time to capture or kill George Washington; and when the facts were laid before him, he replied: —

"Well, even if true, I do not see what the rebels would gain by either killing or getting possession of me. I am but a single individual, and it would not help their cause, or make the least difference in the progress of the war."

On the morning of April 14, 1865, the President's son, Capt. Robert T. Lincoln, returned from the army, and spent an hour in giving his father a detailed account of Lee's surrender. At the same time, also, he received a letter from General Owen Allen, of New York, entreating him not to expose his life again, as he did by going to Richmond, to which he replied: —

"I intend to adopt the advice of my friends, and use due precaution."

The 14th of April was a holiday for the loyal people; for it was the anniversary of the evacuation of Fort Sumter, just four years before; and the day had been set apart for the restoration of the old flag to its former place over the fort. The ceremony, with speeches, music, cannon, and other demonstrations of joy, at Charleston, S. C., was witnessed by a great concourse of loyal men from every part of the land.

A special programme for the evening of that day was announced at Ford's Theatre, and President Lincoln, General Grant, and other public men in the city were invited; and it was announced in the public journals that these dignitaries would be present.

Mr. Ashmun and Mr. Colfax were with him when his carriage was driven to the gate. The latter gentleman was to leave in the morning for California. Mr. Ashmun had important business to lay before the President; and, before entering his carriage, the latter wrote upon a card: —

"Allow Mr. Ashmun and friend to come in at nine A. M. to-morrow.

"A. LINCOLN."

These were the last words he wrote. Passing out to his carriage, he said to Mr. Colfax: —

"Do not forget to tell the people of the mining regions what I told you this morning about the development when peace comes."

After being seated in his carriage, and the horses started, he added, "I will telegraph you, Colfax, at San Francisco."

It was twenty minutes to nine o'clock when he entered the theatre, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Major Rathbone. General Grant had been called to Philadelphia.

The vast audience rose to their feet, and made such a demonstration in honor of their chief, as was possible only by those who appreciated the end of the war and the reign of peace.

An hour afterwards, the crack of a pistol startled the audience, although, at first, many thought it was a part of the entertainment. A shriek from Mrs. Lincoln, and the leap of the assassin from the President's private box to the stage, however, assured them that a real tragedy had been enacted. The murderer exclaimed, as he leaped to the stage:—

"*Sic semper tyrannis!*" [Thus let it ever be with tyrants.] Then brandishing a gleaming dagger he added, "The South is avenged," and escaped.

For a moment the audience was paralyzed, scarcely realizing the tragic situation.

"John Wilkes Booth!" shouted a man in the audience.

"Shoot him!" "Shoot him!" "Hang him!" screamed a hundred men, awaking to the fact that it was the shot of an assassin which startled them.

Women screamed and fainted; men gesticulated and threatened; everybody was filled with consternation and dismay; hundreds wept in fright and horror. The scene beggared description. From the highest peak of joy, the audience was plunged in a moment down to unutterable sorrow. To add to the terrible fear and apprehension the tidings were brought, as the

excited assembly were issuing from the building, that Secretary Seward and Vice-President Johnson were assassinated, also. At once, hundreds caught up the idea, that the oft-repeated rebel threats to assassinate the members of the Cabinet and take forcible possession of the Government, were being executed. All sorts of rumors of violence and blood spread through the city, creating the apprehension that republican institutions were dissolving into anarchy, and that horrid butchery would destroy what treason had failed to overthrow.

The reports proved to be true, as far as Secretary Seward was concerned. One of the conspirators, Lewis Payne, an infamous character, had entered the secretary's chamber and stabbed him three times in bed. Mr. Seward was helpless at the time, from the effects of a serious injury ; and, but for the courage and great strength of his attendant, the assassin would have killed him on the spot. Mr. Seward's son was present, and was badly wounded, with four others, by the villain, before he escaped from the house.

The unconscious form of the President was borne across the street to the house of Mr. Peterson, where the best medical and surgical talent of the city came to his relief. It was soon manifest that the good and great man was beyond the skill of physicians. He was shot through the back of the head, the ball entering on the left side behind the ear, passing through the brain, and lodging just behind the right eye.

By midnight all the members of the Cabinet stood around the couch of the dying President, together with Mrs. Dixon, for whom Mrs. Lincoln had sent, Miss

Harris, Major Rathbone, Captain Robert Lincoln, and his almost distracted mother, with other friends. At the announcement of Surgeon-General Barnes, that there was "not a ray of hope," Secretary Stanton burst into tears, saying, —

"Oh, no! General, no, no!"

Senator Sumner stood holding one of the President's hands, sobbing as if parting with his father. Mrs. Lincoln walked to and fro from room to room, wringing her hands in despair, exclaiming, —

"How can it be so? Why did he not shoot me instead of my husband?"

Again and again she would leave the room, but soon return, wringing her hands in agony, reiterating, —

"Why is it so? I must go with him!"

Captain Robert Lincoln bore himself with great firmness, comforting his mother in the most affectionate manner, and entreating her to look to God for support. Occasionally, unable to control his feelings, he retired to the hall, and gave vent to his deep sorrow for a moment, and then returned with renewed strength, to assuage the grief of his mother.

Such a night of woe and anguish was never known before in Washington. The weary hours dragged heavily because of their weight of sorrow. The murdered one lay unconscious of his sufferings and the grief of friends around his bed, through all the dismal night. Before eight o'clock in the morning, Secretary Stanton sent the following telegram over the land: —

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN DIED THIS MORNING AT TWENTY-TWO MINUTES AFTER SEVEN O'CLOCK."

But we must return to the assassin. He was known to some persons who saw him and heard his voice, after the fatal shot — John Wilkes Booth — a worthless, dissipated fellow, in full sympathy with the rebel cause. Immediate efforts were put forth by the authorities to capture him and his fellow-conspirators. It was soon ascertained that Booth had been busy laying his plans during the previous day, and that several accomplices were engaged with him. There was unmistakable evidence that other members of the Cabinet were singled out for assassination, and that General Grant would have been a victim had he remained in the city. A letter was found in Booth's trunk which showed that the assassination was planned for March 4 — the day of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and that it failed because the accomplices refused to proceed "*until Richmond could be heard from.*"

Colonel Baker, with his picked men, pursued Booth to the farm-house of one Garrett, in Lower Maryland, in whose barn he was found, with Herold, one of his accomplices. Herold gave himself up, but Booth refused to surrender, whereupon the barn was set on fire, and he was shot by Boston Corbett, in his attempt to escape. Lewis Payne, who made the attempt upon the life of Secretary Seward, George A. Atzerodt, to whom was assigned the murder of Vice-President Johnson, Michael O'Laughlin, Edward Spangler, who aided Booth at the theatre, Samuel Arnold, Mary E. Surratt, and Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, were the conspirators arrested and tried by a military commission. Herold, Atzerodt, Payne, and Mrs. Surratt were sentenced to be hanged, and were executed on the seventh day of July.

We stop here to record a fact about the assassin that has never been published. A retired sea-captain of New Bedford, Mass., remarked, when he read that J. Wilkes Booth had murdered President Lincoln:

"I am not at all surprised; just what I should expect!"

"Why do you say that?" inquired a listener.

"I will tell you," replied the captain; "when J. Wilkes Booth was about ten years old, I was running a vessel from Liverpool to New Orleans, and I brought J. Wilkes, with his father and family, from the former to the latter place. That boy, John Wilkes, was the most ungovernable and impudent fellow of his age I ever met with. Like most boys who go to ruin, he was disrespectful and saucy to his mother. She could do nothing with him. One day she was correcting him for his usual impudence to her, when Mr. Booth, her husband, made his appearance. Observing what his wife was about, he cried out at the top of his voice, 'What! treating that boy so? He never will make a man if you treat him so.'" The captain added: "I am not surprised that such a boy should become an assassin."

Before his assassination, President Lincoln was often likened to William of Orange, whose subjects called him "Father William," as we were wont to call our beloved President "Father Abraham." But when treason had done its worst, and our Lincoln was assassinated, as William of Orange was assassinated, the comparison with that "purest and best-loved ruler of his times" became a remarkable and affecting coincidence.

By midnight, April 14, the tidings of President Lincoln's assassination began to flash over the wires. Long before sunrise the large cities and towns of the country, having night telegraphic connection with Washington, were startled by the terrible news. Governors, mayors and other officials, were called from their beds to receive the dreadful announcement. By the time men and women went to the business of the morning the sad news met them everywhere; and speedily followed Mr. Stanton's telegram announcing the President's death.

Never was there such sorrow in the Republic before. The people had been rejoicing over the close of the war for several days, and the praise of President Lincoln, for his wise and successful administration, was on every lip. The heights of national joy had been reached; and now to plunge therefrom into the lowest depths of sorrow, was a fearful change. The popular heart sunk under the burden of grief. Strong men wept as they went about the streets. Great men buried their faces in their hands and cried as if a member of their own families had been stricken down. The marts of trade were turned to houses of mourning. The transaction of business ceased. Neither rich nor poor had any heart to traffic or labor. Neighbor accosted neighbor — "terrible! terrible!" and burst into tears. The sorrow was universal. Both old and young felt its oppressive weight.

A few weary, sad hours passed, and people began to gather in halls and churches to carry their case to the Lord. There was no help in man for such a trial. When stalwart men bear about so great a sorrow, that

they meet only to speak in tears, the only relief is found at the throne of grace. And so men left their business and women their homes to gather round a common altar ; rich and poor, learned and unlearned, meeting together before the Most High. There were hundreds and thousands of such assemblies on the afternoon of that sorrowful Saturday, April 15, 1865. Words of comfort, prayers, and tears, brought some relief to the mourning people.

The next day was the holy Sabbath ; and such a Sabbath ! Already the symbols of grief had appeared on churches and public buildings, stores and dwelling houses. As if by a general impulse, the people everywhere began on Saturday to drape their homes and places of business with the habiliments of sorrow. The markets were exhausted of every fabric that could be used to express the sadness of human hearts. Houses of worship were crowded on Sunday with honest mourners. In pulpits heavily draped with crape, preachers discoursed upon the great sorrow, and led their sorrowful congregations to the Lord. The day will never be forgotten by the multitude who mingled their common grief.

In some localities the grief expressed itself in the form of vengeance. It assumed that form early on Saturday morning in the city of New York. Armed men gathered in the streets threatening speedy death to disloyal citizens. Their numbers rapidly increased, until fifty thousand assembled in Wall street Exchange, bearing aloft a portable gallows, and swearing summary vengeance upon the first rebel sympathizer who dared to speak. One thoughtless fellow remarked

that "Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago"; and he was struck dead instantly. The grieved and vengeful crowd seethed towards the office of the *World*, a disloyal paper, with mutterings of violence on their lips. It seemed scarcely possible to prevent violent demonstration. A bloody scene appeared to be imminent. At that critical moment a portly man, of commanding physique and voice, appeared upon the balcony of the City Hall, from which telegrams were read to the people, and raising his right hand to invoke silence, he exclaimed, in clear and sonorous tones: —

"Fellow-citizens: Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before his face! Fellow-citizens: God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives!"

The effect of this serious address was magical. The raging populace subsided into repose. A hushed silence pervaded the vast assembly, when the voice of the speaker ceased, as if they had listened to a messenger from the skies. The change was marvellous. The speaker was General James A. Garfield, who became President sixteen years afterwards, and was shot by an assassin four months later! How strange that the inhabitants of that metropolis, who listened to the gifted statesman so gladly, April 14th, 1865, should be shocked by the news of his assassination on July 2d, 1881!

No class of citizens were more sincere mourners for the illustrious dead than the colored race. They went

about the streets of Washington wringing their hands and weeping as Rachel did for her children. They gathered in groups on the streets and bewailed their loss in pitiful lamentations. Many of them appeared to be inconsolable. More sincere and profound sorrow never bowed human hearts.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Charleston, S. C., said :—

"I never saw such sad faces or heard such heavy heart-beatings as here in Charleston the day the dreadful news came! The colored people — the native loyalists — were like children bereaved of an old and loved parent. I saw one old woman going up the street wringing her hands and saying aloud as she walked, looking straight before her, so absorbed in her grief that she noticed no one : 'O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! Massa Sam's dead! Massa Sam's dead!'

"'Who's dead, Aunty?' I asked her.

"'Massa Sam,' she said, not looking at me, renewing her lamentations.

"'O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! Massa Sam's dead!'

"'Who is Massa Sam?' I asked again.

"'Uncle Sam,' she said.

"'O Lord! Lord! Lord!" she continued.

"I was not quite sure that she meant the President, and I spoke again :—

"'Who's Massa Sam, Aunty?'

"'Mr. Lincum!' she said, and resumed wringing her hands and moaning in utter hopelessness of sorrow. The poor creature was too ignorant to comprehend any difference between the very unreal Uncle Sam and the actual President; but her heart told her that he whom

Heaven had sent in answer to her prayers was lying in a bloody grave, and she and her race were left—*fatherless.*"

A friend of the writer was in a city of North Carolina when the news of the assassination reached the colored people there. In their profound grief they followed their leader to their humble place of worship, filling it to overflowing. Our friend went thither, and found the whole congregation upon their knees, giving vent to their feelings in convulsive sobs and piteous moans. Even their patriarchal leader was too full for utterance; and, on his knees, he was crying with his afflicted people. At length, an old woman, bowed with age and trembling with emotion, rose to express her grief in words. Clasping her dusky hands together, and lifting her streaming eyes heavenward, she exclaimed:—

"Bress de Lord! bress de Lord! Dey hab killed Massa Linkum, but dey can't kill God!"

"Amen!" "Amen!" "Amen!" was the response from every part of the house, showing, not only the greatness of their bereavement, but, also, their gladness that God was left. From that moment their tongues were loosed, and they found relief in the inspiring thought, "they can't kill God."

The Atlantic Cable flashed the terrible news across the sea, "PRESIDENT LINCOLN ASSASSINATED," startling foreign governments, and eliciting expressions of profound sympathy.

Queen Victoria instructed Earl Russell to convey her unfeigned sorrow to the government of the United States, and, at the same time, with her own hand, she addressed a letter of touching condolence to Mrs. Lincoln.

The London "Spectator" declared that all England wept for "the noblest President whom America has had since the time of Washington; certainly the best, if not the ablest, man ruling over any country in the civilized world."

The Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon, the Emperor of France, addressed a letter of true sympathy to Mrs. Lincoln; and the French government seconded the address of the Emperor to the United States, expressing the deepest sorrow over our national bereavement.

The governments of Russia, Italy, Prussia, Belgium, Turkey, Austria and Switzerland, were equally demonstrative in their expressions of grief and condolence.

Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, said, "The echoes of his funeral knell vibrate through the world, and the friends of freedom of every tongue and in every clime are the mourners."

Speaker Colfax said, —

"Of this noble-hearted man, so full of genial impulses, so self-forgetful, so utterly unselfish, so pure and gentle and good, who lived for us and at last died for us, I feel how inadequate I am to portray his manifold excellence — his intellectual worth — his generous character — his fervid patriotism. Pope celebrated the memory of Robert Harley, the Lord of Oxford, a privy counsellor of Queen Anne, who himself narrowly escaped assassination, in lines that seem prophetic of Mr. Lincoln's virtues: —

'A soul supreme in each hard instance tried;
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.'

. . . . .

"Murdered, coffined, buried, he will live with those few immortal names who were not born to die; *live* as the Father of the Faithful in the time that tried men's souls; *live* in the grateful hearts of the dark-browed race he lifted from under the heel of the oppressor to the dignity of freedom and manhood; *live* in every bereaved circle which has given father, husband, son, or friend to die, as he did, for his country; *live* with the glorious company of martyrs to liberty, justice, and humanity, that trio of Heaven-born principles; *live* in the love of all beneath the circuit of the sun, who loathe tyranny, slavery, and wrong. And, leaving behind him a record that shows how honesty and principle lifted him, self-made as he was, from the humblest ranks of the people to the noblest station on the globe, and a name that shall brighten under the eye of posterity as the ages roll by —

'From the top of Fame's ladder he stepped to the sky.'"

CHAPTER XXIX.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

IMMEDIATE preparations were made for the obsequies. The dead body of the President was removed to the White House, where it was embalmed and placed in a costly casket resting upon an elaborate catafalque.

On Monday, a meeting of Congressmen, with other notable persons in Washington, was held in the Capitol, when Charles Sumner of Massachusetts was appointed Chairman of a Committee to arrange for the funeral ceremonies. At four o'clock in the afternoon this Committee reported Wednesday for the time of the funeral, and the names of six Senators and six Representatives for pall-bearers, and one gentleman from each State and Territory as a National Committee to attend the remains to Springfield, Illinois.

On Tuesday morning the White House was thrown open to the tens of thousands anxious to behold once more the face of their beloved ruler. All day, until far into the evening, a steady stream of visitors, of all ages and classes, passed into the presence of the dead. Thousands were unable to gain admittance to the Ex-

ecutive Mansion during the day, on account of the multitude, and they turned away in disappointment.

When the hour of the funeral arrived on Wednesday, the city, with all its public buildings, was elaborately draped in black. The symbols of mourning were of the most varied and expensive character. Decorative art was taxed to its utmost to express the sentiment of grief that pervaded the city. A public man, looking at the sable drapery, remarked: —

"As it should be. The nation would have it so. It tells the real sorrow of the people."

The funeral services were conducted in the East Room, where the family and relatives of the President, with many distinguished men, were seated. Mrs. Lincoln was too much prostrated to attend the funeral service. Many governors, senators, judges, representatives, and other men of note, were present from different parts of the Union. Governors Fenton of New York, Andrew of Massachusetts, Brough of Ohio, Parker of New Jersey, Oglesby of Illinois, and Buckingham of Connecticut, were there. The ceremonies were simple and touching, very appropriate for the truly Republican statesman for whom the nation mourned. Rev. Dr. Gurley paid a just and eloquent tribute to the dead. He said: —

"Probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply and firmly embedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people as Abraham Lincoln. Nor was it a mistaken confidence and love. He deserved it; deserved it well; deserved it all. He merited it by his character, by his acts, and by the tenor and tone and spirit of his life. . . He rose to the dignity and momentousness of the occasion; saw his duty as the magistrate of a great and imperilled people, and he determined to do his

duty and his whole duty, seeking the guidance and leaning upon the arm of Him of whom it is written — 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. . . . Never shall I forget the emphasis and the deep emotion with which he said, in this very room, to a company of clergymen and others, who called to pay him their respects in the darkest days of our civil conflict: 'Gentlemen, my hope of success in the great and terrible struggle rests on that immovable foundation, the justice and goodness of God. And when events are very threatening, and prospects very dark, I still hope that, in some way which man cannot see, all will be well in the end, because our cause is just, and God is on our side.' Such was his sublime and holy faith; and it was an anchor to his soul both sure and steadfast. It made him firm and strong It emboldened him in the pathway of duty, however rugged and perilous it might be. It made him valiant for the right, for the cause of God and humanity, and it held him steady and unswerving to a policy of administration which he thought, and which all now think, both God and man required him to adopt."

At the close of the services in the presidential mansion, the body was conveyed to the Capitol, followed by a larger and more imposing procession than had ever been seen in Washington. The grand avenue leading from the White House to the Capitol was one dense mass of human beings, and all the neighboring streets of the city were thronged with tearful spectators. As the hearse, which was drawn by eight gray horses, heavily draped in black, approached the Capitol grounds, several bands joined in a mournful requiem, answered by minute guns from the fortifications. The casket was deposited in the rotunda, resting upon a grand catafalque, when Dr. Gurley conducted further ceremonies suited to the place and the occasion. Then the doors were thrown open, that the remains might be

viewed by the tens of thousands who had failed to gain access to the Executive Mansion. From that time, all through the night, and far into the next day, a tide of people flowed in and out of the rotunda, to view the face of the President whom they had honored and loved. Of the pageant of that day, Dr. Holland says: "In many of its aspects, it was never paralleled upon this continent. Nothing like it — nothing approaching it — had ever occurred in this country, if, indeed, in the world."

The same day was set apart, throughout the land, for funeral ceremonies, in honor of the deceased President. In hundreds and thousands of towns and cities, churches and public halls were thrown open, and the clergy and other professional gentlemen as well as laymen, addressed the assembled multitudes, and led them to the throne of grace.

The funeral train left Washington on the morning of April 21. Along with the casket of the President, was borne that of Willie — father and son united in death in the journey homeward, as they were united in life, four years before, on their journey thitherward. The train was elaborately draped, from the locomotive to the last car.

At Baltimore, where conspirators sought the President's life, four years before, on his journey to Washington, thus obliging him to pass through the city by night, a vast concourse of people assembled to pay their tribute of respect to the dead. The city was almost as profusely draped as Washington itself; and when the casket was opened to the public, for a brief time, as honest tears were shed by the multitude

about his remains as were wept in any other part of the land.

The inhabitants of every village through which the funeral train passed, gathered at the depots, and, with uncovered heads, watched it as it swept by, while the tolling of bells, and sometimes the solemn dirge by a band, together with sable draperies on buildings and flags, added pathos to their grief.

At York, six ladies entered the funeral car, bearing an immense floral tribute, which they laid upon the coffin so tenderly, and with so much emotion, that all witnesses were moved to tears.

The funeral cortége reached Philadelphia on Saturday evening, and the remains were conveyed to Independence Hall, followed by a procession of one hundred thousand people, while from three to four hundred thousand more were spectators. In the solemn shadows of night, moving to the measure of funereal music, the departed President was laid in the historic hall, which was one mass of flags, drapery, and flowers. Few failed to recall the prophetic words of the dead man, uttered within that hall four years before, when he was on his way to Washington to assume the duties of President:—

"All the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated, and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence." . . .
"Now, my friends, can this country be saved on this basis? If it can, I shall consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say *I would rather be assassinated on the spot.*"

After the addition of a few more words, he added:

"I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by and, *if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.*"

How wonderful his words in view of the appalling fact, that the enemies of the Declaration of Independence finally took his life!

From Saturday night until Monday morning, the face of the murdered President was viewed by three hundred thousand people — an eager, orderly, mourning procession, moving in and out of Independence Hall, night and day, to pay their sincere tribute of respect to the dead.

In the city of New York more than one hundred thousand people were in the procession, twenty thousand of whom were soldiers. One hundred bands of music played during the march. Nearly a millon people witnessed the pageant. Public services were held in Union Square, where Hon. George Bancroft delivered the eulogy, and Dr. J. P. Thompson read the President's last inaugural address. The following beautiful ode by the poet Bryant was read by Dr. Osgood:—

"Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle, and merciful, and just!
Who in the fear of God didst bear
The sword of power — a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done — the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right."

Of the ceremonies in New York, Morris said: "The funeral ceremonies of the first Napoleon, in the streets of Paris, when his remains were transferred from St. Helena to the Invalides by Louis Philippe, were regarded as the greatest pageant the world had ever known, but the pageant in New York far exceeded it."

At Albany the scene was no less imposing. The city was shrouded with crape, and beautiful sentiments appeared here and there: —

"The great heart of the nation throbs heavily at the portals of the grave."

"All joy is darkened; the mirth of the land is gone."

"And the mourners go about the streets."

"And the victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people."

"The Martyr to Liberty."

"Though dead, he yet speaketh."

"Washington, the Father of his country; Lincoln, the Saviour of his country."

At Dunkirk, upon a tastefully draped platform was "a group of thirty-six young ladies, representing the States of the Union. They were dressed in white. each with a broad black scarf resting on the shoulder, and holding in her hand a national flag."

At Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio, one hundred and eighty persons a minute saw the remains, "two rows of spectators were constantly passing, one on each side of the coffin." Flowers wrought into every conceivable device, to express affection and respect for

the dead, literally covered the coffin and platform — harps, wreaths, bouquets, crosses, anchors, and crowns.

At Piqua ten thousand people assembled at midnight, with uncovered heads, as distinctly seen under the blaze of torches and bonfires as under the light of mid-day, and thirty-six ladies in white, with black sashes, upon a draped platform, sang a plaintive tune amidst a hushed silence that was oppressive. As they closed, a band followed with a touching dirge. The effect of these ceremonies at midnight baffles description.

The body of the President lay in state at Indianapolis over the Sabbath of April 30, and was viewed by over one hundred thousand people, among whom were five thousand Sabbath-school scholars who came in a body with flowers to scatter upon the bier.

At Chicago, the preparations for funeral ceremonies were too elaborate to be described. Thirty-six young ladies in white, with black sashes, bareheaded and with a black velvet wreath over the brows, a star in front, their arms full of flowers — immortelles and garlands — met the procession before it reached the court-house, and laid their floral tributes upon the funeral car. As the coffin was deposited in the spacious hall, a hundred singers, overhead and invisible, sang a funeral dirge with melting effect. Speaker Colfax delivered an eloquent eulogy. Some of the mottoes displayed were:

"The altar of Freedom has borne no nobler sacrifice."

"Illinois clasps to her bosom her slain, but glorified son."

"He was sustained by our prayers, and returned embalmed by our tears."

During the two days the remains reposed in Chicago, five hundred thousand mourners paid their tributes of respect to their lamented fellow-citizen and neighbor.

But at his home, in Springfield, among his former intimate friends and townsmen, the most touching scenes occurred. Many sobbed aloud as they looked upon his familiar face in death. Old men and women, young men and maidens, mourned as for a brother and father. From the country around, for fifty miles and more, people came wearing badges of mourning — so many thousands that the town could scarcely contain them. And when the body was conveyed to the Oak Ridge Cemetery, where Bishop Simpson delivered a funeral oration, acres of ground were one vast "sea of upturned faces." In just two weeks from the time the funeral cortége left Washington, upon its march of sixteen hundred miles, the remains were deposited in the grave, over which a grateful country has reared a costly monument.

Conspicuous among the mottoes displayed in the town, were these two :—

"Sooner than surrender this principle, I would be assassinated on the spot."

"Washington, the Father of his country ; Lincoln, the Saviour."

The closing paragraph of Bishop Simpson's eloquent eulogy shall close our story of him who worked his way from his pioneer home to the White House :—

"Chieftain ! farewell ! The nation mourns thee. Mothers shall teach thy name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate thy virtues. Statesmen shall study thy record and learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though thy lips be, yet they

still speak. Hushed is thy voice, but its echoes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons of bondage listen with joy. Prisoned thou art in death, and yet thou art marching abroad, and chains and manacles are bursting at thy touch. Thou didst fall not for thyself. The assassin had no hate for thee. Our hearts were aimed at, our national life was sought. We crown thee as our martyr — and humanity enthrones thee as her triumphant son. Hero, martyr, friend, farewell ! "

CHAPTER XXX.

ORATION BY HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

OUR grief and horror at the crime which has clothed the continent in mourning, find no adequate expression in words, and no relief in tears. The President of the United States of America has fallen by the hands of an assassin. Neither the office by which he was invested by the approved choice of a mighty people, nor the most simple-hearted kindliness of nature, could save him from the fiendish passions of relentless fanaticism. The wailings of the millions attend his remains as they are borne in solemn procession over our great rivers, along the seaside, beyond the mountains, across the prairie, to their resting-place in the valley of the Mississippi. His funeral knell vibrates through the world, and the friends of freedom of every tongue and in every clime are his mourners.

Too few days have passed away since Abraham Lincoln stood in the flush of vigorous manhood, to permit any attempt at an analysis of his character, or an exposition of his career. We find it hard to believe that his large eyes, which in their softness and beauty expressed nothing but benevolence and gentleness, are

closed in death; we almost look for the pleasant smile that brought out more vividly the earnest cast of his features, which were serious even to sadness. A few years ago he was a village attorney, engaged in the support of a rising family, unknown to fame, scarcely named beyond his neighborhood; his administration made him the most conspicuous man in his country, and drew on him first the astonished gaze, and then the respect and admiration of the world.

Those who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind, his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy, his steady tendency of purpose; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself. But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them; that when he went to Washington the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the republic on a solid foundation; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States, to whom they belonged; that the capital, which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and, in a great measure, held for the diffusion of slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom; that men then talked a jargon of a balance

of power in a republic between slave States and free States, and now the foolish words are blown away forever by the breath of Maryland, Missouri, and Tennessee; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss, threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a rebellion was growing into indefinable proportions; now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing away; the country is cast into another mould, and the gigantic system of wrong, which had been the work of more than two centuries, is dashed down, we hope forever. And as to himself, personally: he was then scoffed at by the proud as unfit for his station, and now, against usage of later years, and in spite of numerous competitors, he was the unbiassed and the undoubted choice of the American people for a second term of service. Through all the mad business of treason he retained the sweetness of a most placable disposition; and the slaughter of myriads of the best on the battle-field, and the more terrible destruction of our men in captivity, by the slow torture of exposure and starvation, had never been able to provoke him into harboring one vengeful feeling, or one purpose of cruelty.

How shall the nation most completely show its sorrow at Mr. Lincoln's death? How shall it best honor his memory? There can be but one answer. He was struck down when he was highest in its service, and, in strict conformity with duty, was engaged in carrying out principles affecting its life, its good name, and its relations to the cause of freedom and the progress of mankind. Grief must take the character of action,

and breathe itself forth in the assertion of the policy to which he fell a victim. The standard which he held in his hand must be uplifted again higher and more firmly than before, and must be carried on to triumph.

Above everything else, his proclamation of the first day of January, 1863, declaring, throughout the parts of the country in rebellion, the freedom of all persons who had been held as slaves, must be affirmed and maintained.

Events, as they rolled onward, have removed every doubt of the legality and binding force of that proclamation. The country and the rebel government have each laid claim to the public service of the slave, and yet but one of the two can have a rightful claim to such service. That rightful claim belongs to the United States, because every one born on their soil, with the few exceptions of the children of travellers and transient residents, owes them a primary allegiance. Every one so born has been counted among those represented in Congress; every slave has ever been represented in Congress; imperfectly and wrongfully, it may be, — but still has been counted and represented. The slave born on our soil always owed allegiance to the general government. It may in time past have been a qualified allegiance, manifested through his master, as the allegiance of a ward through its guardian, or an infant through its parent. But when the master became false to his allegiance, the slave stood face to face with his country; and his allegiance, which may before have been a qualified one, became direct and immediate. His chains fell off, and he rose at once in the presence of the nation,

bound, like the rest of us, to its defence. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation did not take notice of the already existing right of the bondman to freedom. The treason of the master made it a public crime for the slave to continue his obedience; the treason of a State set free the collective bondmen of that State.

This doctrine is supported by the analogy of precedents. In the times of feudalism, the treason of the lord of the manor deprived him of his serfs; the spurious feudalism that existed among us differs in many respects from the feudalism of the middle ages, but so far the precedent runs parallel with the present case; for treason the master then, for treason the master now, loses his slaves.

In the middle ages, the sovereign appointed another lord over the serfs and the land which they cultivated; in our day, the sovereign makes them masters of their own persons, lords over themselves.

It has been said that we are at war, and that emancipation is not a belligerent right. The objection disappears before analysis. In a war between independent powers, the invading foreigner invites to his standard all who will give him aid, whether bond or free, and he rewards them according to his ability and his pleasure, with gifts or freedom: but when at a peace he withdraws from an invaded country, he must take his aiders and comforters with him: or, if he leaves them behind, where he has no court to enforce his decrees, he can give them no security, unless it be by the stipulations of a treaty. In a civil war, it is altogether different. There, when rebellion is crushed, the old government is restored, and its courts resume

their jurisdiction. So it is with us; the United States have courts of their own, that must punish the guilt of treason, and vindicate the freedom of persons whom the fact of rebellion has set free.

Nor may it be said, that because slavery existed in most of the States when the Union was formed, it cannot rightfully be interfered with now. A change has taken place, such as Madison foresaw, and for which he pointed out the remedy. The constitutions of States had been transformed before the plotters of treason carried them away into rebellion. When the Federal Constitution was framed, general emancipation was thought to be near; and everywhere the respective legislatures had authority, in the exercise of their ordinary functions, to do away with slavery. Since that time the attempt has been made, in what are called slave States, to render the condition of slavery perpetual; and events have proved, with the clearness of demonstration, that a constitution which seeks to continue a caste of hereditary bondsmen through endless generations is inconsistent with the existence of republican institutions.

So, then, the new President and the people of the United States must insist that the proclamation of freedom shall stand as a reality. And, moreover, the people must never cease to insist that the Constitution shall be so amended as to utterly prohibit slavery on any part of our soil for evermore.

Alas! that a State in our vicinity should withhold its assent to this last beneficent measure: its refusal was an encouragement to our enemies equal to the gain of a pitched battle; and delays the only hopeful

method of pacification. The removal of the cause of the rebellion is not only demanded by justice; it is the policy of mercy, making room for a wider clemency; it is the part of order against a chaos of controversy; its success brings with it true reconcilement, a lasting peace, a continuous growth of confidence through an assimilation of the social condition.

Here is the fitting expression of the mourning of to-day.

And let no lover of his country say that this warning is uncalled for. The cry is delusive that slavery is dead. Even now it is nerving itself for a fresh struggle for continuance. The last winds from the South waft to us the sad intelligence that a man who had surrounded himself with the glory of the most brilliant and most varied achievements, who but a week ago was counted with affectionate pride among the greatest benefactors of his country and the ablest generals of his time, has initiated the exercise of more than the whole power of the Executive, and, under the name of peace, has, perhaps unconsciously, revived slavery, and given the hope of security and political power to traitors, from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. Why could he not remember the dying advice of Washington, never to draw the sword but for self-defence or the rights of his country, and, when drawn, never to sheathe it till its work should be accomplished? And yet, from this ill-considered act, which the people with one united voice condemn, no great evil will follow save the shadow on his own fame; and that, also, we hope will pass away. The individual, even in the greatness of military glory, sinks into insignifi-

cance before the resistless movements of ideas in the history of man. No one can turn back or stay the march of Providence.

No sentiment of despair may mix with our sorrow. We owe it to the memory of the dead, we owe to the cause of popular liberty throughout the world, that the sudden crime which has taken the life of the President of the United States shall not produce the least impediment in the smooth course of public affairs. This great city, in the midst of unexampled emblems of deeply-seated grief, has sustained itself with composure and magnanimity. It has nobly done its part in guarding against the derangement of business or the slightest shock to public credit. The enemies of the republic put it to the severest trial; but the voice of faction has not been heard; doubt and despondency have been unknown. In serene majesty, the country rises in the beauty, and strength, and hope of youth, and proves to the world the quiet energy and the durability of institutions growing out of the reason and affections of the people.

Heaven has willed it that the United States shall live. The nations of the earth cannot spare them. All the worn-out aristocracies of Europe saw in the spurious feudalism of slaveholding their strongest outpost, and banded themselves together with the deadly enemies of our national life. If the Old World will discuss the respective advantages of oligarch or equality; of the union of church and state, or the rightful freedom of religion; of land accessible to the many, or of land monopolized by an ever-decreasing number of the few, — the United States must live to

control the decision by their quiet and unobtrusive example. It has often and truly been observed, that the trust and affection of the masses gather naturally round an individual; if the inquiry is made, whether the man so trusted and beloved shall elicit from the reason of the people enduring institutions of their own, or shall sequester political power for a superintending dynasty, the United States must live to solve the problem. If a question is raised on the respective merits of Timoleon or Julius Cæsar, or of Washington or Napoleon, the United States must be there to call to mind that there were twelve Cæsars, most of them the opprobrium of the human race, and to contrast with them the line of American Presidents.

The duty of the hour is incomplete, our mourning is insincere, if, while we express unwavering trust in the great principles that underlie our government, we do not also give our support to the man to whom the people have entrusted its administration.

Andrew Johnson is now, by the Constitution, the President of the United States, and he stands before the world as the most conspicuous representative of the industrial classes. Left an orphan at four years old, poverty and toil were his steps to honor. His youth was not passed in the halls of colleges; nevertheless, he has received a thorough political education in statesmanship, in the school of the people, and by long experience of public life. A village functionary; member successively of each branch of the Tennessee Legislature, hearing with a thrill of joy the words, "The Union, it must be preserved;" a representative in Congress for successive years; governor of the

great State of Tennessee, approved as its governor by re-election; he was at the opening of the rebellion a senator from that State in Congress. Then at the Capitol, when senators, unrebuked by the government, sent word by telegram to seize forts and arsenals, he alone of that southern region told them what the government did not dare to tell them, that they were traitors, and deserved the punishment of treason. Undismayed by a perpetual purpose of public enemies to take his life, bearing up against the still greater trial of the persecution of his wife and children, in due time he went back to his State, determined to restore it to the Union, or die with the American flag for his winding-sheet. And now, at the call of the United States, he has returned to Washington as a conqueror, with Tennessee as a free State for his trophy. It remains for him to consummate the vindication of the Union.

To that Union Abraham Lincoln has fallen a martyr. His death, which was meant to sever it beyond repair, binds it more closely and more firmly than ever. The blow aimed at him was aimed not at the native of Kentucky, not at the citizen of Illinois, but at the man, who, as President in the executive branch of the government, stood as the representative of every man in the United States. The object of the crime was the life of the whole people; and it wounds the affections of the whole people. From Maine to the southwest boundary of the Pacific, it makes us one. The country may have needed an imperishable grief to touch its inmost feeling. The grave that receives the remains of Lincoln, receives the costly sacrifice to the

Union; the monument which will rise over his body will bear witness to the Union; his enduring memory will assist during countless ages to bind the States together, and to incite to the love of our one undivided, indivisible country. Peace to the ashes of our departed friend, the friend of his country and of his race. He was happy in his life, for he was the restorer of the republic: he was happy in his death, for his martyrdom will plead forever for the Union of the States and the freedom of man.

BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,
No. 4 Pearl Street.

J. A. Garfield

FROM

LOG-CABIN

TO

THE WHITE HOUSE.

LIFE OF

JAMES A. GARFIELD:

BOYHOOD, YOUTH, MANHOOD, ASSASSINATION, DEATH, FUNERAL.

BY

WILLIAM M. THAYER,

AUTHOR OF "FROM PIONEER HOME TO THE WHITE HOUSE," ETC.

With Eulogy

BY HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

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TO

ALL WHO HONOR TRUE MANHOOD,

This Volume,

PORTRAYING THE INDUSTRY, COURAGE, DECISION, ENERGY,
PERSEVERANCE, AND NOBLE CHARACTER
OF THE LATE PRESIDENT

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

IN HIS EARLY STRUGGLES FOR A LIVELIHOOD AND EDUCATION,
AND HIS GRAND PUBLIC CAREER,

Is Sincerely and Affectionately Dedicated.

PREFACE.

EIGHTEEN years ago the author prepared a book for youth and young men upon the life of Abraham Lincoln, entitled THE PIONEER BOY, AND HOW HE BECAME PRESIDENT. The favorable reception of that volume carried it through thirty-six editions. After the nomination of General Garfield for the presidency, it was thought that a similar work upon his life would furnish one of the noblest examples of success to all who honor true manhood.

With the plan of making the volume not a work for the campaign, but a standard volume for the family for the years to come, months were employed in gathering and preparing the material.

The materials for the work were furnished by General Garfield; several of his early associates, two of whom were born in log-cabins near him; several of his teachers and pupils; the owner and captain of the canal-boat on which he served; and intimate friends of his manhood, — the most reliable sources of information possible. The materials forcibly impressed us with the similarity between the lives of President Lincoln and President Garfield.

Both of these statesmen were born in log-cabins, built by their fathers, in the wilderness, for family homes. Both were poor as mortals can well be. Both were born with talents of the highest order; but neither enjoyed early advantages of schools and teachers. At eight years of age Lincoln lost his mother; and when Garfield was eighteen months old he lost his father. Both worked on a farm, chopped wood, and did whatever else was needful for a livelihood, when eight years of age. Both improved every leisure moment in study and reading. Both read all the books that could be borrowed for miles around; and each was known, in his own township and time, as a boy of remarkable mental ability and promise. Both of them early displayed great tact and energy, turning a hand to any kind of labor, — farming, chopping, teaming, carpentering. In his youth, Lincoln ran a flat-boat down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, eighteen hundred miles, on a trading expedition; Garfield, at about the same age, served on a boat of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal, driving mules and acting as steersman. Both were well known for their industry, tact, perseverance, integrity, courage, economy, thoroughness, punctuality, decision, and benevolence. Both taught school in the backwoods as soon as they knew enough to teach. Each of them studied law when pursuing another vocation for a livelihood,

— Lincoln a surveyor, and Garfield a teacher. Each became a member of the legislature in his native State before thirty years of age. Both served the country in war, when about the same age, — Lincoln in the "Black Hawk War," and Garfield in the "War of the Rebellion." Each was the youngest member of the legislature, and the youngest officer in the army when he served. The talents and eloquence of both made them members of Congress, — Lincoln at thirty-seven years of age, and Garfield at thirty-three; each one of them being the youngest member of the House of Representatives at the time. Both of them took high rank at once as debaters and eloquent speakers, as well as stalwart opposers of slavery. Both, also, won a reputation for wit and humor and geniality, making them popular with both sides of the House. Neither of them were candidates in the National Conventions that nominated them for the Presidency, — both were compromise candidates when it became apparent that union could be secured upon no others. Their names were introduced amid the wildest enthusiasm; thousands cheering, hats swinging, handkerchiefs waving, and the bands playing national airs. The nomination of each was hailed with demonstrations of joy throughout the country.

And now, the most remarkable of all coincidences in their lives we record with sadness, — both died

in the Presidential office by the ASSASSIN'S SHOT. History has no parallel for this amazing fact. We search in vain the annals of all countries for a kindred record. Beginning life in the obscurity of the wilderness, and ending it on the summit of renown! Their first home a log cabin! their *last*, the White House! Beloved by a trusting nation, and shot by the assassin!

A more inspiring example to study and imitate cannot be found in the annals of our Republic. As a model of whatever belongs to noble traits of character, heroic achievements, and the highest success fairly won, we present him in this book.

W. M. T.

FRANKLIN, MASS., 1882.

NOTE. — This book has been revised, greatly enlarged, and embellished with new portraits and illustrations, and is printed from new electrotype plates.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

EULOGY.

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FROM LOG-CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

A RUMOR came to the log-cabin that a school would open soon at the village, one-and-a-half miles distant. It was only a rumor at first, but the rumor grew into fact in the course of a week.

"Jimmy must go, mother," said Thomas, who was nearly thirteen years old, a boy of heroic spirit and true filial and fraternal devotion.

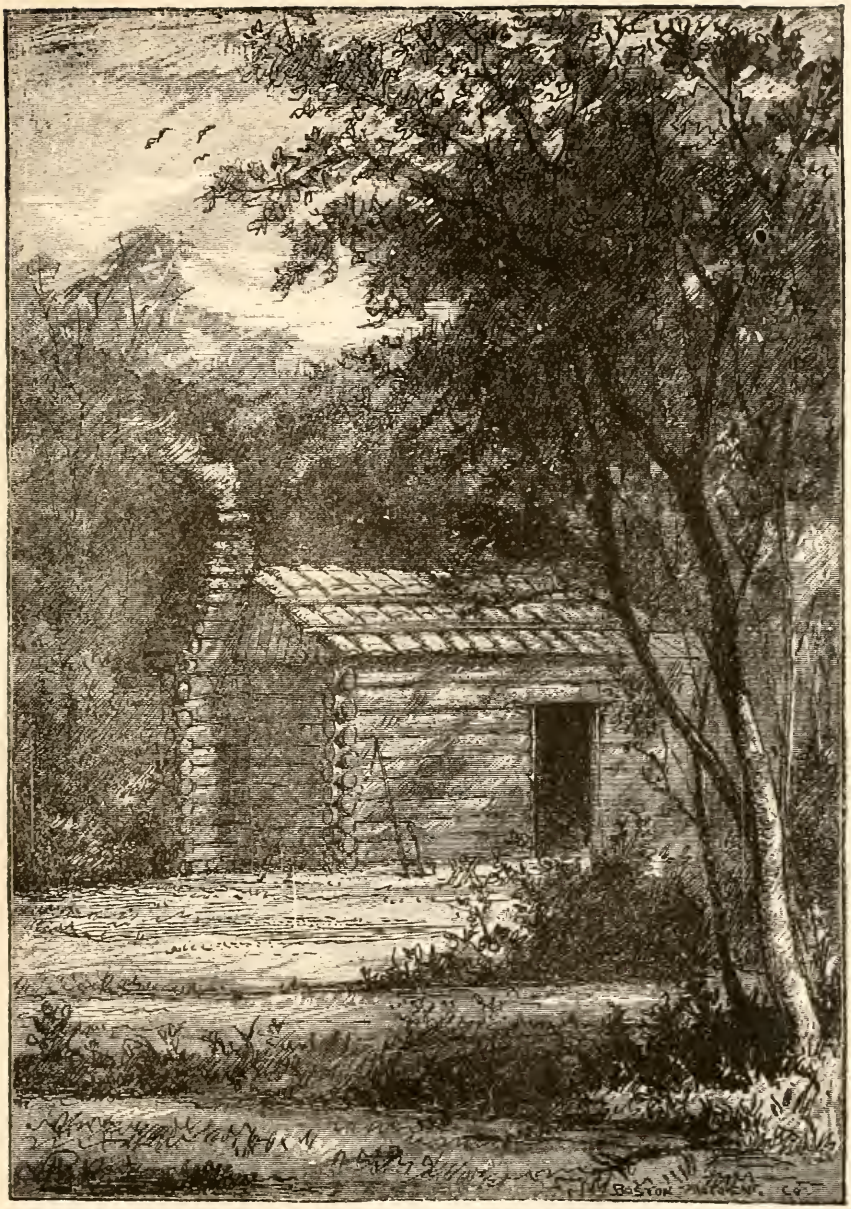
"Yes, Jimmy must go," responded his mother, with such a smile as lights up the face of those mothers only who think what a treasure and joy there is in the little three-year old; for Jimmy had not yet reached his fourth birthday. "I wish you could go, Tom, also," she added.

"I wish I could, too," the thoughtful lad replied; "but the potatoes would hardly be dug, and the corn would hardly be harvested, nor the winter rye be put in, if I should go. The girls and Jimmy can go, and my work will get us food and clothes." The last sentence was spoken with so much interest, as if the son and brother found his highest pleasure in being able to run the little farm alone, while his sisters

and precious little brother could attend the school together, that his good mother could scarcely suppress her honest pride over the unselfish and noble boy. Her maternal pride came very near making a demonstration and applying some pet names to Thomas, but her excellent judgment, which usually ruled, guided her into a wiser course, and she let the occasion pass with only a few well-chosen words of approval.

"It is a good chance for Jimmy," added Thomas, after a moment had passed, in which remark his mother saw the "heap" of love he had for his little brother; and every one else would see it now, too, could they understand the circumstances. More than one person had remarked that Thomas thought a "heap" of James.

It was a busy time in the cabin, preparing the children for school. The girls and Thomas went to school before the family removed to Orange, so that it was not a new thing to them. Besides, their mother had taught them much. She had made no special effort to teach James, except to tell him Bible stories, and answer his multitudinous questions in her instructive way. Still, James knew nearly all his letters, and was better versed in Bible history than most children of his age at the present day. The stories of the Ark, Cain and Abel, Joseph, Ishmael, Isaac, Jacob, Absalom, Daniel, the Bethlehem Babe, and many others, were familiar to him at that time. The little fellow possessed a remarkable memory, and he was bright and sunny, the light and joy of the log-cabin. It would not suffice to say that his



Birthplace of James A. Garfield.

mother thought that he was particularly a bright and talented boy; for mothers are quite apt to think very well of their offspring. But when we add that Thomas and his sisters, and the neighbors also, regarded James as a very precocious and promising lad, the reader may safely conclude that the hero of this volume was none of your simple-minded "children of the woods" — neither a juvenile drone nor ignoramus. He was just the little fellow to make music at home or in the school-house.

"Jimmy can't walk half the way," said Thomas; "he will be tired to death before he hardly gets out of sight of home."

"I'll see to that," replied his sister, with an air of assurance that indicated her plans were all laid. "Jimmy won't be tired."

"What is going to prevent it?" inquired Thomas.

"You'll see," answered his sister, somewhat evasively, though Thomas knew by her appearance that there was real significance in what she said.

"Well, what's up now?" added Thomas, sure that some project was in her head.

"Nothing is up, except Jimmy; he will be *up* — on my back," answered the brave girl, who had resolved to spare her lively little brother's legs by carrying him to school.

"Carry Jimmy to school!" exclaimed Thomas; "you will be more tired than he will be to walk. It is a bigger load than our great-grandfather carried in the Revolutionary war. You'll get sick of that."

"It won't be the first thing I am sick of that I have done," was all the girl's reply.

We did not mean to tell this resolute maid's unpoetical name; but we desire to say something about her, and so we must tell her name. It was MEHETABEL. The name was load enough to carry to school without adding the burden of Jimmy. Mehetabel was fifteen years old, just such a strapping girl as would grow up in the woods, among tall trees; but she did not merit such a name as that. It sat upon her better at fifteen than it could have done in babyhood, undoubtedly. Just think of a baby bearing the name of MEHETABEL! We have looked for its origin, and find that it belongs to the old Jewish dispensation, and ought to have been dumped into oblivion with its lumbering ceremonials. But, somehow, it slid over into the new dispensation, and after the lapse of eighteen hundred years and more it now confronts us in Ohio!

Well, the first day of school arrived, and MEHETABEL took her two burdens — her name and her brother — and trudged off to school. Jimmy was mightily pleased with his new mode of conveyance, and so were the whole family; and they made a jolly morning of it in starting off the pioneer troop, who were only forty-six years distant from the White House. The log-cabin smiled as it had not smiled since that terrible day of sorrow, of which we shall soon speak. Thomas was the happiest boy in Ohio on that blessed morning, although he did not know it; and he went to work with fresh vigor and determination, splendid fellow that he was. While the children are in school, and Thomas is driving work on the farm, and the good mother is having a lonely

day in the cabin, with her spinning-wheel, we will stop to tell how this family came to be in the woods of Ohio, and add some definite information about the father.

In the year 1799 Thomas Garfield was a farmer in Worcester, Otsego County, N. Y. That year a son was born to him, to whom he gave the name of Abram. Thirty-two years afterwards, this son Abram became the father of James A. Garfield.

Before Abram was two years old, his father suddenly sickened and died, leaving his wife and several children penniless, — a sorrow that was singularly repeated in the life of Abram, who died, as we shall see, when James was less than two years of age, leaving his wife and four children to battle with the hardships of life. It was not possible for Abram's mother to keep the family together and provide for so many mouths; so a neighbor, James Stone, took Abram into his family, and reared him as one of his own children.

When the lad was ten years old, widow Ballou removed into the neighborhood, from New Hampshire. Mrs. Ballou had a daughter, Eliza, about a year younger than Abram, a very bright, promising girl. Abram and Eliza became playmates, and thought very much of each other.

Eliza was fourteen years old when her mother conceived the idea of emigrating to Ohio, which was then the "Far West," and great stories were told about its prolific soil and future wealth. Emigrants from New York, and also from the New England States, were removing thither in considerable num-

bers. James Ballou, her son, now a young man, saw emigrant wagons passing through New York, or starting from it, their destination being Ohio, and became more enthusiastic than his mother to go. At last she decided to remove thither, sold her little farm, packed her household goods into an emigrant wagon, and with her children started for the West. Abram was a lonely boy when Eliza left, and the two separated regretfully.

It was a long and tiresome journey of six weeks, — a trip that could be accomplished now in twelve hours. The family were in the wagon, except when the wagon was stuck in the mud, and they were compelled to unload, and, with levers, lift it out. The roads were fearfully bad, without a bridge over a single river; so they had streams to ford, swamps to wade, and quagmires to avoid, enough to test the courage and patience of the most experienced woman and the bravest girl. On the way James shot game, so that there was no lack of food. At length they reached Zanesville, Muskingum County, one of the oldest settlements in Ohio at that time; and there they settled.

About five years later Abram Garfield took the "Ohio fever," as it was called, or else the memory of the fair-haired maiden inspired him to nobler deeds, and he, too, started for the West, — a young man of twenty years, hopeful, fearless, ambitious, and smart. He found work in Newburg, near Cleveland. Cleveland was then only a small collection of log-cabins, containing about one hundred people. Newburg was newer and more isolated. But, for some reason, the

young adventurer selected the latter place for his home.

It is quite evident that he not only worked, but cast about to learn something of the maiden he could not forget. For he learned, after a time, that the Ballou family were at Zanesville, whither he wended his way on a visit, as soon as possible. The family gave him a hearty greeting, especially Eliza, who had grown into a winsome damsel of almost nineteen. That Abram was glad to see her would be a tame way of stating the fact. If Eliza had constituted all the "Far West" there was at that time, Abram would have been fascinated by the country, making no account at all of New York in the comparison. Without stretching out the tale into a "long yarn," it will suffice to say, that Eliza just filled Abram's eye, and in less than two years from that time became his wife. They were married February 3, 1821, and repaired at once to his chosen home, Newburg, where a log-cabin, eighteen by twenty feet, containing but one room, awaited them. It was a very humble abode, but true love put as much happiness into it as could have been there if it had been a palace. The cabin was destitute of sash or glass, though places for three windows, covered with greased paper, admitted light. Greased paper was a common substitute for glass, and was the "stained-glass" of that day. The furniture was manufactured by her noble husband, of whom she was as proud as he was of her; and it was the latest style of that region, therefore fashionable. It consisted of several three-legged stools, a puncheon table, a bed in one corner, constructed of poles and

slabs, a frying-pan, one iron pot, two wooden plates, with knives and forks to match, and a "Dutch oven," which was simply a kettle with a rimmed cover, on which live coals were laid. Here James A. Garfield's father began life in earnest, and here he lived nine years, during which time three of his children were born. He tilled the soil, and also at two different times took contracts on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal, which was in process of construction.

The young adventurer was not satisfied, however. His growing family demanded larger provision for the future, so he purchased fifty acres of land, at two dollars an acre, in Orange, Cuyahoga County, seventeen miles from the first home of his wedded life. He selected this locality because Amos Boynton, whose wife was sister to Mrs. Garfield, had purchased a tract there; and the families could remove thither together. One log-cabin was erected first, in which both families lived, thick as "three in a bed," until another cabin could be built. When these cabins were built the nearest neighbor was seven miles away. It was January, 1830, when Abram Garfield removed to this new home in the wilderness. His cabin was larger and more substantial than the one he left. It was twenty by thirty feet, made of unhewn logs, notched and laid one upon another, in what boys call the "cob-house" style, to the height of twelve feet or more in front, and eight feet or more on the back side. The spaces between the logs were filled with clay or mud, making a warm abode for winter, and a cool one for summer.

The chimney was constructed of wood and mud,

rising from the roof like a pyramid, smallest at the top. The roof was covered with slabs, held in place by long weight-poles. The floor was made of logs, each split into two parts and laid the flat side up, hewn smooth with an axe. There was a loft above, to which the family ascended by a sort of permanent ladder in one corner of the cabin. The children slept upon the floor of the loft, on straw beds. The only door of the dwelling was made of plank; and three small windows furnished all the light possible, though not so much as was needed. This, briefly, was the pioneer home in which James A. Garfield was born, on the 19th day of November, 1831, and from which he went forth to his first day at school, as already described.

Abram Garfield was a tall, heavy, handsome man, capable of great endurance; just the man to plunge into a wilderness to make a home and clear land for a farm. He possessed the strength, will, and wisdom for such an enterprise. His brain was in fair proportion to his body, large and active, making him a strong-minded man; and, under other and more favorable circumstances, he might have made a broad and deep mark on his day and generation. But he thought of little except his family in that day of hardship and want, and so he chose a home and occupation where honor and fame were out of the question. But, with all his physical strength, the loving husband and father was not exempt from the attacks of disease. One day, in the midst of his hard toil, he heard the alarm of "Fire in the forest." Forest fires were common in summer time, and often large tracts of

woods were burned over; and sometimes pioneer cabins were destroyed, and the crops on little farms in the wilderness were injured.

"It is coming this way certainly," said Mr. Garfield, with some anxiety, after satisfying himself as to the danger. "I'm afraid it will make trouble for us. Mehetabel, run to the house with my axe, and bring me the shovel."

The girl was assisting her father. Within five minutes Mr. Garfield had the shovel, and Mrs. Garfield, and all the children except the baby, were out to watch the fire.

"We must fight it," said Mr. Garfield, "or only ashes will be left of our home at sundown."

"I fear as much," replied Mrs. Garfield. "These forest fires are terrible."

"Mehetabel, you and Thomas follow me;" and he ran across the house-lot to the edge of the woods to prevent the fiery demon from attacking his habitation.

Thomas and his sister followed. The fire reached the spot almost as soon as they did, and the battle with it began. It was a long and hard fight. Mr. Garfield met the enemy with all the vigor of a father contending for his children. He fully realized what their situation would be if the sun should go down upon the ruins of their home, and the thought impelled him to superhuman efforts. For nearly two hours, in the burning sun of a hot July day, he fought the fire with his strong arm. Sometimes the battle seemed to turn in favor of the fiery element, and again the resolute pioneer appeared to have the

advantage over it. At last, however, the fire was conquered, or rather, was prevented from devouring the little cabin and desolating the crops, though it swept on beyond the farm, whither the wind drove it.

Thoroughly heated and exhausted, Mr. Garfield sat down upon a stump to rest, and enjoy the cool, refreshing breeze that sprang up from the West. He did not dream that he was exposing his health by sitting, covered with perspiration, in that cool wind. But that night he was seized violently by congestion of the throat, and his stout frame writhed in pain, threatening speedy dissolution. As early in the morning as possible, Mehetabel was posted away to Mr. Boynton's, and Thomas to a neighbor in another direction, for their assistance. There was no physician within many miles; but one of the neighbors summoned claimed to possess some medical knowledge, and the patient was passed over into his hands, substantially, after he arrived. He applied a blister, thereby aggravating the disease, and hurrying the sick man to his grave. Mrs. Garfield did all that true love and remarkable efficiency could do to save her husband, but her tender and faithful ministrations were fruitless; he sank rapidly, and at last died without a struggle. His last words were, looking upon his children, and then addressing his wife:

"I have planted four saplings in these woods; I must now leave them to your care."

Oh, what a dark pall settled upon that abode! A happier family never dwelt in a palace than was found in that cabin. And now the burden of sorrow that

rested upon the widowed wife and fatherless children was gauged by the greatness of bereaved affection. Little James was but eighteen months old when his father died — too young to understand the irreparable loss, or to feel the pangs of grief that well-nigh crushed other hearts. It was well that his baby-spirit could not take in the sorrow of that hour; there was anguish enough in that stricken home without adding his touching wail thereto.

The neighbors came, what few there were (only four or five families within a radius of ten miles), and sympathized and wept with the widow and fatherless ones. With their assistance the lifeless remains were enclosed in a rough box, and borne out through the low doorway, and buried in a corner of the wheat-field, near by. No sermon, no remarks, no prayers, except the silent prayers that went up for grace from aching hearts! Reader, you will never know, you never *can* know, nobody can ever know, except by the dreadful experience, what the death and burial of a loved one is in the wilderness, amid the gloom and silence of primeval forests. That bereaved widow still lives, and after the lapse of nearly fifty years she bears the marks of that great sorrow. A kind Providence that "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" has wonderfully sustained her, and she has found her Saviour to be as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Still the brow of almost eighty years is furrowed by the severity of that affliction.

An incident should be recorded here. It occurred a short time before Mr. Garfield's death; and he was reading a volume of Plutarch's "Lives," with James

in his lap. The latter could speak the words, "papa," "mamma," and others. "Say Plutarch," said his father. James repeated it very distinctly. "Say it again," continued Mr. Garfield. James repeated it plainly, as before, and continued to repeat it. Looking up to his wife, Mr. Garfield remarked, with a true father's love and pride, "Eliza, this boy will be a scholar some day!"

Winter was approaching; and winter in the wilderness, especially when the stalwart arm upon which loved ones depend for support and defence is palsied in death, is not calculated to dispel gloom from a dwelling. Could human experience be more dreary than when a woman is left a widow, alone with her children, in a wilderness swept by wintry storms; and that affliction intensified by extreme poverty, so that economy and careful planning are needful to keep the wolf of hunger from the door? What a winter it was! The snow lay deep and heavy upon the earth, burying the sacred mound in the corner of the wheat-field out of sight, and the high winds moaned through the naked forests as if wailing for the dead. The howl of wolves and the cry of panthers never sounded so terrible as they did during those long, desolate, wintry nights. The children, realizing the loneliness of their situation, now that their strong protector was dead, would lie awake at night to listen tremblingly to the howls and cries of these hungry animals, at the very door of their cabin. Sometimes it seemed to them that the panthers knew their courageous father was lying dead in the wheat-field, and so they ventured to come to the very door to moan and cry, as famishing

children cry for bread. Baby James, however, slept on, oblivious alike to the sorrows and perils of the hour. God was keeping him against the night of national danger, when he would listen to the yell of the wolves of plunder at the door of the republic. That winter, alone in the almost pathless forest, with the warring elements and beasts of prey uniting to make desolation more desolate, could not have had more sad thoughts, bitter tears, hours of loneliness, and blasted hopes, crowded into it than were the natural outcome of the direful situation.

It seemed to the weary ones that spring would never return; but it did, after a long, never-to-be-forgotten winter. And spring swept away the snow and ice, and the streams ran singing again, and the dead things of the field and forest returned to life, save only the dead in the corner of the wheat-field. There was no resurrection there; and so hope was not revived in the cabin, and a gloomy outlook made even spring-time sad. There was no money in the house, and there was a debt on the farm. Food, also, was running low; and the widowed mother might hear her children cry for bread. What could she do? Leaving the children still at school, we will continue the story of her sufferings.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE SCHOOL-DAYS.

IN her strait Widow Garfield sought the advice of neighbor Boynton, whose real kindness had been a solace to her heart. He said :

"No woman with four children can carry on a farm like this alone, and support her family. I see no possible way out of your trouble except to sell your place and return to your friends."

"And leave my husband in the wheat-field?" responded Mrs. Garfield. "Never ; I can't do that."

"But what else can you do?" continued the neighbor.

Looking at the circumstances squarely, with her accustomed good sense and courageous spirit, she answered :

"When I have sold, paid the debts and the expense of removal to my friends, I shall have little or nothing left, and that, too, without a rod of land on which to raise corn to make a loaf."

"Your friends could help you," suggested the neighbor.

"I can never cast myself upon the charity of

friends," Mrs. Garfield replied, with an emphasis that showed she meant what she said. "So long as I have my health I believe that my Heavenly Father will bless these two hands so as to support my children. My dear husband made this home at the sacrifice of his life, and every log in this cabin is sacred to me now. It seems to me like a holy trust, that I must preserve as faithfully as I would guard his grave."

The heroism that came out through these words was worthy of a Revolutionary matron; and the woman's fortitude fairly drew tears from the eyes of the neighbor.

"Then you would not sell your farm any way?" added the neighbor, inquiringly.

"Not all of it," she replied. "Part of it might go; enough to pay the debt."

"I never thought of that," answered the neighbor. "Perhaps that is the way out of your trouble. Better think that over, and I will. I'll look about, too, and see what can be done by way of selling part of it."

The neighbor left, and Mrs. Garfield went immediately to a greater than he, where she had often been in her want and woe for counsel. On her knees in one corner of the cabin she laid her case before God. and promised to follow His guidance if He would only make duty plain. God did make it plain as day to her. She arose from her knees without a doubt in her heart. She was happier than she had been any time since death darkened her home. She felt like singing the twenty-seventh Psalm: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the

Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Calling Thomas, who was not quite eleven years old, but now the only male dependence on the farm, she laid the case before him, as if he had been a man of thirty years, and the resolute and trusty boy replied:

"I can plough and plant, mother. I can sow the wheat, too, and cut the wood, milk the cows, and do heaps of things for you."

"You are a small boy to do so much," responded his mother; "but with my help perhaps it can be done. God has promised to be with the widow and fatherless. I don't feel that I can move away from this place."

"We needn't," Thomas said, quickly. "I want to live here, and I will work real hard."

"Not too hard, my son, lest there be two graves instead of one in the corner of the wheat-field," answered Mrs. Garfield, with much emotion. "We must finish the fence around the wheat, and that will be very hard work; but I think that I can split the rails, and together we can set the fence."

"And I can finish the barn, I know," added Thomas. His father had partially fenced the wheat-field, and had been putting up a small barn, which was nearly completed.

And so the whole subject was canvassed, and plans laid, in the full expectation of remaining on the pioneer farm. Nor did the widow have to wait long to sell a portion of her land. Settlers were coming into that part of Ohio occasionally, and one of them heard, through the neighbor spoken of, that Mrs.

Garfield would dispose of part of her land. He lost no time in finding her humble abode, and at once bargained with her for twenty acres, paying cash for the same. With this money she paid all the debts, although it took the last dollar to remove this incumbrance.

Spring was fairly upon them when the sale was effected, so that she and Thomas proceeded at once to put the little farm in order. He procured a horse of the nearest neighbor, who was generous enough to offer him the use of the animal, and prepared the ground for wheat, corn, and potatoes, and a small garden for vegetables. It was truly wonderful to witness the tact and endurance of this boy-farmer of ten years, toiling from early morning till night set in, his young heart bounding with delight over his ability to assist his widowed mother. Without any assistance, except such as his mother, and sister of twelve years, rendered, he did the planting and sowing in a style that assured a good harvest in the autumn.

At the same time his mother prepared the fence for the wheat-field. She found trees in the forest already felled, and she split the rails, every one of them, severe as the labor was, sometimes almost exhausting her strength, and always making a large draft upon her nerves. But the necessity was laid upon her, and she stopped not to inquire, as she did in the case of Thomas, whether there might not be another grave in the wheat-field at no distant period. Before July the house-lot, which was the small plat of cleared land sowed and planted, was fenced in, and the little farm was doing well. There was no school

for Thomas and his sisters to attend, so that he had all the time there was from morning until night to labor, and wait — wait for the seed to grow. He did his work, apparently, with as much ease and efficiency as a young man of twenty would have done it.

But another trial awaited the afflicted family. Food was becoming scarce, and no money to purchase more. An examination satisfied the widow that the corn would be exhausted long before harvest unless the family were put upon a daily allowance. So, without speaking of this new trial to her children, she counted the number of weeks and days to harvest-time, and estimated the amount of corn that would be required each day. To her surprise and grief, a fair daily allowance would exhaust the bin of corn before harvest. She took in the situation at once, and, bravely and quickly as a general on the field of battle, decided she would forego supper herself that the children might have enough. For a while the devoted mother lived upon two meals a day, though working harder than she had ever worked any previous summer; for she assisted Thomas on the farm to the extent of her strength, and even beyond her strength.

A few weeks elapsed, and the doting mother discovered some mistake in her calculations, and she was startled to find that the present daily allowance of corn would consume the last ear before the new crop could be gathered. Without a murmur, and with a martyr spirit, she resolved to forego dinner; and from that time until harvest she indulged in but one meal a day. All this self-denial was practised in a

manner to conceal it as much as possible from the children. They were growing and hearty, and Thomas especially needed substantial food, since he was doing almost a man's labor. Seldom was a pioneer family found in more straitened circumstances in mid-summer than was Widow Garfield's in the year 1834. Had not the spirit of a Revolutionary matron presided over that cabin, and the grace of Him who does not suffer a sparrow to fall without his notice sustained the presiding genius, the history of that family would have closed that year in the forests of Ohio.

But the harvest came, and a blessed harvest it was! The crops were abundant, and of excellent quality. Want fled at the sight of the bending sheaves and golden ears. The dear mother had come off conqueror in her long contest with the wolf of hunger, and her heart overflowed with gratitude to the Great Giver. The twenty-third Psalm had new significance in that log-cabin, — "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," etc., — and the grateful mother repeated it over and over, from day to day, as the real language of her soul in the hour of deliverance from distressing want. The first full meal which the abundant harvest brought was a benison to that household, and never again did hunger and starvation threaten to destroy them.

We have told the reader somewhat about the father of this family, and now that so much has been said of the mother we need to say more. We stop here to record briefly some facts of her early history.

She was a descendant of Maturin Ballou, a Huguenot of France, who was driven from that country on

the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He joined the colony of Roger Williams and came to America, settling in Cumberland, R. I. There he built a church, which still stands, and is carefully preserved as a relic of the past. It is known as the "Elder Ballou Meeting-house." When it was built there were no saw-mills in the country, and no nails, and few tools to work with, so that the old "meeting-house" is a great curiosity. Its galleries and pews are hewn out of solid logs, and put together with wooden pegs. Even its floor was hewn out of logs, and fastened down with wooden pegs. Here Maturin Ballou preached the gospel while he lived, and was followed by his son, then his grandson, then his great-grandson, and so on to the tenth generation. A race of preachers sprang from this pioneer minister. In one family of the Ballous, the father and four sons were clergymen ; then followed three grandsons, one great-grandson, and one great-great-grandson, all from one branch. There were also many lawyers, doctors, and other public men among the Ballous, eminent for their talents and remarkable force of character. Some of them figured in the American Revolution, both as officers and privates, as heroic and efficient in war as they were renowned in peace. They were a conscientious people, and one of them, who preached in the old meeting-house about the year 1775, would not receive any salary for his services. He protested against being a "hireling." And yet he was so poor that one of his sons was forced to learn to write upon "birch-bark, in lieu of paper, and use charcoal, instead of pen and ink." This son was the celebrated

Hosea Ballou, founder of Universalism in the United States. His father broke away from the Cumberland fold before Hosea was born, and removed to New Hampshire, where he settled. A cousin, James Ballou, emigrated thither with him, married, and became the father of Eliza Ballou, who, as we have seen, is the mother of James A. Garfield.

It is not difficult, therefore, to discover the origin of Mrs. Garfield's (mother of James) great fortitude, indomitable perseverance, tact, talents, and large executive ability. Were she otherwise, she would not fairly represent the long line of illustrious ancestors whose record is found upon two hundred years, and more, of our nation's history.

In the spring of 1835, a family moved into the vicinity, which proved of great benefit to the Garfields. They had sewing to be done, and Mrs. Garfield was glad of the opportunity to do it. A boy was needed, also, to plough and chop occasionally, and Thomas found it a good opportunity to earn a little money for his mother. It was additional sunshine let into the log-cabin.

It was an era when Thomas brought home the first money that he earned. A happier boy never crossed a threshold than he was when he handed the avails of his labor to his mother, saying :

"Now the shoemaker can come and make Jimmy a pair of shoes."

"Certainly," answered his mother ; "and he will be indebted to you for the first pair of shoes that he ever wore. You 'll never be sorry."

"I never expect to be sorry," replied Thomas.

"Jimmy ought to have had a pair a long time ago, and he would have had a pair if there had been any way for me to earn them."

"Well, you can send word to the shoemaker as soon as you please," continued his mother; "the quicker the better."

James was three and a half years old at that time, and he had not known the luxury of a pair of shoes, no, not even in the winter. To come into the possession of the first pair of shoes, in these circumstances, was an event of great importance. To a child in the woods, it was like the accession of a fortune to a poor man, now. Be assured, reader, that Jimmy greeted the advent of the shoemaker with hearty good-will when he came; and he came very soon after the shoe question was settled, for Thomas lost no time in securing his services.

Then, in that part of the country, shoemakers did not have shops of their own, but they went from cabin to cabin, boarding with the families while they were making shoes for the members. In this case, the cobbler boarded with Mrs. Garfield, and his board paid part of the cost of the shoes. Shoemakers were not experts in the business, at that time and in that region, so they required much more time to produce a pair of shoes; and when they were completed, no one could say that their beauty added to their value. They answered every purpose, however, in a region where fashion was at a discount.

The acquisition of that pair of shoes elated the little possessor more than an election to Congress did less than thirty years thereafter. He was rich now,

and well equipped for pioneer life. He could defy the snows of winter as well as the stubs of summer.

One thing more should be told here. Abram Garfield and his noble wife were Christians. Before removing to Orange, they united with a comparatively new sect, called Disciples, though Campbellites was a name by which they were sometimes known, in honor of the founder of the sect, Alexander Campbell. Their creed was very short, plain, and good. It was as follows :

1. A belief in God the Father.

2. That Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, the only Saviour.

3. That Christ is a Divine Being.

4. That the Holy Spirit is the Divine agent in the conversion of sinners, and in guidance and direction.

5. That the Old and New Testament Scriptures are inspired of God.

6. That there is future punishment for the wicked, and reward for the righteous.

7. That God hears and answers prayer.

8. That the Bible is the only creed.

With such decided opinions, of course their cabin home was dedicated to God, and the Bible was the counsellor and guide of their life. The voice of prayer was heard daily in the rude abode, and the children were reared under the influence of Christian instruction and living.

It has taken us so long to relate the history of this family previous to Jimmy's first day at school, that we must now hasten to meet the children, on their return, as told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

GETTING ON.

MRS. GARFIELD was making her spinning-wheel hum when the children came home. She was obliged to economize her time, in order to clothe her family with goods of her own manufacture. The spinning-wheel and loom were just as indispensable to pioneers, at that time, as a "Dutch oven" was. The age of factories had not come, certainly not in that part of the country. In New England, even, factories were in their infancy, then, — small affairs.

"Oh, such a good time as we have had!" exclaimed Mehetabel, as she came rushing into the cabin with James and her sister.

"Twenty-one scholars," added her sister, under considerable excitement. "Mr. Lander's children were there, and they have twice as far to go as we have. They have to walk over three miles."

"And how did Jimmy get on at school?" inquired their mother, as soon as there was a place for her to put in a word.

"He liked it," answered Mehetabel; "he said his letters; and he asked the master how he knew that letter was R."

"Just like him," ejaculated Thomas, laughing outright. Thomas had just come in, leaving his work when he saw the children return. "The master will have enough to do to answer all his questions. What did the master tell him?"

"He told him that he learned it was R at school, when he was about as old as he was," replied Mehetabel. And Thomas was giving Jimmy a toss in the air, by way of sport, while she was relating the facts, and Jimmy himself was making a most vigorous attempt to embellish the occurrences of the day from his imperfect vocabulary.

"How did you like your ride, Jimmy?" inquired Thomas.

"I liked it," was the child's answer, uttered in a gleeful way.

"You liked it better than Hit did, I guess."

"I liked it well enough," responded Mehetabel.

"Wer'n't you awful tired?"

"I wasn't tired much."

"Did you carry him all the way?"

"Pretty much. He walked a little of the way home. He isn't much of a load."

"Did he sit still in school?"

"Pretty still. He left his seat once, and went over to scrape the acquaintance of another boy opposite."

"What did the master say?"

"He took him by the hand and led him back, looking at us, and smiling; and he told him that each boy and girl had his own seat in school, and he must keep it."

"You are a great one, Jimmy," exclaimed Thomas, tossing the little midget into the air again. "You will make music for them in school."

"Well, children, I am glad that you like your school so well," remarked their mother, who had been listening to the prattle with maternal interest. "You must make the most of it, too, for we can't expect many school advantages in these woods. Poor opportunities are better than none."

Ohio schools were of the poorest class then, short and miserable. The teachers knew but little to begin with, and children had to travel so far to school that their attendance was limited to certain parts of the year. In many schools, reading, spelling, and writing were the only branches taught. Geography and arithmetic were added to the studies in some schools. All of these branches were pursued in the school which the Garfield children attended. Teachers in the new settlements, at that time, were usually males; it was not supposed that females could teach school well. That females make the best teachers, as a class, is a recent discovery.

The books used in the best pioneer schools of Ohio were Webster's Spelling-book, the English Reader, Pike's and Adams' Arithmetic, and Morse's (old) Geography. The Garfields possessed all of these. They had, also, the Farmer's Almanac, and a copy of Davy Crockett's Almanac, which was found, at one time, in almost every cabin of the West. Reading-books were scarce then throughout the country, in comparison with the present time; in the wilds of Ohio they were not so plenty as panthers and wolves.

Many of the few books found there related to exciting adventures with beasts of prey, hair-breadth escapes on perilous waters, and the daring exploits of pirates and rascals; and they were illustrated with very poor pictures. Three or four volumes, besides the Bible and school-books, constituted the whole literary outfit of the Garfields. They had more brains than books, as the sequel will abundantly prove.

The village where the school was located was not much of a village, after all. In addition to the log school-house, eighteen by twenty feet, there was a grist-mill, and a log-house, in a part of which was a store, the other part being used for a dwelling. The place is now known by the name of Chagrin Falls, and derived its singular name from the following fact: A bright Yankee began the settlement, attracted thither by the stream of water. He removed to the place in the winter time, when the stream was swollen and swift, and he erected a saw-mill. But when the summer came the stream dried up, and his hopes dried up with it. His *chagrin* was so great over his *dry* enterprise that he named the locality as above, in order to warn his Yankee relations against repeating his folly.

We cannot delay to rehearse much that transpired in school during this first term that James attended. Two or three matters of special interest only can be noticed.

We have said that James was very familiar with Bible stories; and we have intimated too, that he was very inquisitive. His questions often created a laugh in school, both teacher and scholars enjoying their

originality and pertinency very much. The fact was, James meant to understand things as he went along, and so his active brain put many inquiries over which the school was merry. They were not merry because his questions were pointless and childish; far otherwise. They were merry because such a little fellow showed so much brightness and precocity by his inquiries. Scholars and teachers came to regard him as a sort of prodigy.

One day, at noon, an older scholar set him upon the table, saying:

"Now, Jimmy, you be master and ask questions, and we will be scholars and answer them."

"Take your seats, then," responded Jimmy, by way of consenting, his bright eyes sparkling with delight.

The pupils took their seats in glee.

"Now go ahead, Jimmy," cried out Jacob Lander. "Don't ask too hard questions."

Jimmy immediately began on his hobby — Bible questions.

"Who made the ark?"

"Noah," answered a half dozen voices.

"Who told him to make the ark?"

"God," replied several.

"What for did God want he should make the ark?"

There was a pause; no one answered. It was one of Jacob Lander's hard questions, that James should have avoided. After waiting in vain for an answer, he answered it himself.

"To save his self and family in."

"Save from what?" cried out Jacob.

"From the flood," replied James.

"Who was the oldest man?" James continued.

"Methusaleh," several answered.

"How old was he?"

Nobody could tell, and so James told them.

"Who was the meekest man?"

"Moses," was the prompt answer.

"Who had a coat of many colors?"

"Joseph," equally prompt.

"Who was swallowed in the Red Sea?"

Nobody replied. He told.

And thus, for ten or fifteen minutes, this child of not quite four years interrogated the scholars around him, presenting one of the most marvellous scenes on record, whether in wilderness or city. From his earliest years his memory was very remarkable, embracing and retaining stories, facts, and whatever he heard, with unusual accuracy. He acquired very much information in school by listening to the recitations of other and older pupils. Nothing was more common, during his first term at school, than for him to repeat at home something he had learned from the recitations of older scholars. Then, too, nothing escaped his notice. His faculty of observation was ever on the alert. Language, manners, apparel, methods of work, conversation, almost everything attracted his attention; so that he was ever surprising friends, from his childhood, by the amount of information he possessed.

He was a great imitator, too. Children differ very much in this regard. James was one in whom this faculty appeared to be large by inheritance. It was

encouraging to behave well in his presence, it was perilous and doubly wicked to set a bad example before him. Coupled with his observation, this quality made him sharp and critical, for one of his years.

"School will keep through the winter," said Mehetabel to her mother, as she came home one day, near the close of the term. "Jacob's father is raising the money to pay the master."

"How did you learn? I have not heard of it," answered Mrs. Garfield.

"Several of the scholars said so; and they are all going."

"Going to have a vacation?" inquired her mother.

"Yes; two or three weeks; school will begin in December for the winter."

"I am very glad indeed that you can have such an opportunity to attend school," continued her mother.

"Then I can go, can I?"

"Yes; you can all go except Jimmy. He cannot go so far in the winter; and it will be too hard for you to carry him through the snow."

"Will Tom go?"

"I hope so; he has worked very hard that the rest of you might go, and now he should go."

Ten minutes afterwards Thomas was discussing the matter, and presenting reasons why he could not attend.

"I shall find enough to do taking care of the cows and chopping wood, even if there is no snow to shovel, which is not very likely."

"But we must let some things go undone, if possible, that you may learn when you can," suggested

his mother. "In this new country you must take education when you can get it."

"I can study at home evenings and stormy days," replied Thomas.

"That is what Jimmy must do — study at home," continued Mrs. Garfield. "He has a good start now, and he can make a good reader before next summer."

The result was that Thomas did not attend the winter term, nor James. Their two sisters went, and Mrs. Garfield instructed James and assisted Thomas somewhat in his studies.

Long winter evenings in the woods were favorable for study by the light of the blazing fire, that made the cabin more cheerful even than it was in daytime. Pioneers could not afford the luxury of a tallow candle or an oil lamp. Sometimes they adopted a substitute for both — the pitch-pine knot. But usually, in winter, pioneers depended upon the light of the fireplace. Fireplaces were very large, so as to admit logs four feet long, with a quantity of smaller fuel in like proportion. When the mass of combustible material was fairly ablaze, the light and heat penetrated into every corner of the cabin; and the heat below greatly modified the excessive cold of the loft above.

That winter was a memorable one for James. He made decided progress in spelling and reading before the next summer came, with its hot days and growing crops. It was after the winter was over and gone, and the warm sunlight was bathing the forests and gladdening the earth, that James came into possession of a child's volume somehow, — either it

was a present or was borrowed of a neighbor, — from which he derived much real pleasure. One day he spelled out and read aloud the following line:

"The rain came pattering on the roof."

"Why, mother!" he shouted, under visible excitement, "I've heard the rain do that myself."

"You have?"

"Why, yes, I have," he continued, as if a new revelation were made to him. And then he read the line over again, with more emphasis and louder than before:

"The rain came pattering on the roof."

"Yes, mother, I've heard it just so!" and the little fellow appeared to be struggling with a thought larger than ever tasked his mind before. It was the first time, probably, that he had learned the actual use of words to represent things, to describe objects and events — the outside world on paper.

From that time James was introduced into a new world, — a world of thought. Words expressed thoughts to him, and books contained words; and so he went for books with all his mind, and might, and strength. There was nothing about the cabin equal to a book. He preferred the "English Reader" to anything that could be raised on the little farm. He revelled in books — such books as he could find at that time when there was a dearth of books. Day after day the "English Reader" was his companion. He would lie flat upon the cabin floor by the hour, or sprawl himself out under a tree, on a warm summer day, with the "English Reader" in his hand, exploring its mines of thought, master-

ing its wonderful knowledge, and making himself familiar with its inspiring contents. This was before the lad was five years old; and he was scarcely six years old when he had committed to memory a great portion of that "Reader." Other volumes, too, occupied much of his attention, though none to such an extent as the "English Reader." Such was his childish devotion to books that his mother could scarcely refrain from prophesying, even then, an intellectual career for him. She knew not how it could be done, — all the surroundings of the family were unfriendly to such an experience, — but somehow she was made to feel that there was a wider, grander field of action for that active, precocious mind.

CHAPTER IV.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

"WE can have a school-house nearer to us," remarked Mrs. Garfield to Mr. Boynton. "For the sake of my James, I wish we could have."

"There are scarcely enough families yet to make such a change," replied Mr. Boynton; "some of them would have to go as far as they do now."

"That is very true; but more families would have a shorter distance to go than they have now. I think that fact is worth considering."

Mrs. Garfield was giving utterance, for the first time, to thoughts that had been in her mind for several months. In her own mind she had numbered the families which might be induced to unite in erecting a log school-house upon one corner of her farm. She continued:

"Suppose you inquire of Mr. Collins and others, and learn what they think about it. If eight or ten families will unite, or even eight families, we can have a school nearer home. I will give the land on which to build the house; and three days' labor by seven or eight men will complete the building. It is not a

long or expensive job, and it is just the time to start now, if the thing is to be done."

"Perhaps it can be done," Mr. Boynton answered thoughtfully. "The more I look at it, the less difficult it seems. I will consult the neighbors you mention, and others, too. I should be as pleased as anybody to have it done." And as he spoke the last sentence he turned towards home.

Without recording the details of this new enterprise, we need only say, that it was very easily accomplished; and before winter set in, a log school-house stood on the Garfield farm. Neighbors welcomed the project, especially because it would be an advantage to Widow Garfield, whom they very much respected, and to whom their warmest sympathies had always been tendered in her affliction.

"Now you can go to school by your own conveyance," said Thomas to Jimmy, one day after the school-house was finished. "You won't have to make a beast of burden of Hit any longer. You will like that, won't you?"

James assented; when his mother added:

"Your master is coming from New Hampshire, where I was born. You will like him; and he is to board here to begin with."

Mrs. Garfield had four children, and Mr. Boynton six, to go to school, — ten in all from two families.

It was through Mrs. Garfield's influence that the school-house was built; and then, it was through her influence that a school-master was imported from New Hampshire. The school-house was twenty feet square, with puncheon floor, slab roof, and log benches with-

out backs, — large enough to accommodate twenty-five scholars. Teachers always "boarded round," dividing the time equally among the families ; and it was considered quite an advantage to a family of children to have the "master" board with them.

By hard labor, assisted by his mother and sisters, Thomas harvested the crops in the autumn, cut and hauled wood, and did other necessary work, so that he could attend the winter term of school with his sisters and James. He had everything about the farm in fine order when December and the school-master, whose name was Foster, arrived. They came together, and one was about as rough as the other. The "master" was a young man of twenty years, uncouth in his appearance, large and unwieldy, but a sensible sort of a Yankee, who had picked up considerable knowledge without going to school or reading much. On the whole, he was full as much of a man as pioneers could expect for the small wages they were able to pay. He was kind-hearted, of good character, and was really influenced by a strong desire to benefit his pupils.

He took up his abode at the beginning of school with Mrs. Garfield, and slept in the loft with Thomas and James. At once his attention was drawn to James, as a very precocious child. Good terms were established between them ; and when they started off together for the school-house, on the first day of school, the teacher said to him, putting his hand kindly on his head :

"If you learn well, my boy, you may grow up yet and be a general."

James did not know exactly what a general was, but then he concluded that a general must be some great affair, or a school-master would not speak so favorably of him. The remark fastened upon the lad's mind; somehow he felt, all through the day, that he was beginning just then to make a general, whatever that might be. It was not out of his mind for a minute: and he labored somewhat upon the point, how long a time it would take to make him into a general. However, he knew that there was one being who stood between him, and all learning, and all the future, — and that being was his mother. What he did not know, she would know. As soon as he reached home, after school, he inquired:

"Ma, what 's a gen'ral?"

"What 's what?" his mother answered, not comprehending his question.

"What 's a gen'ral?" James repeated, somewhat more distinctly.

"Oh, I see now — a general!" she answered; "that is what you want to know."

"Yes; the master said I might make a gen'ral if I learn."

"That is what put it into your head, then," continued his mother, laughing, "You don't know whether you would like to be one or not, I suppose: is that it?"

"I want to know what it is," James replied.

"Well, I will tell you, my son, for your great-grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War under a general. You ought to know something about that, and something about your ancestors, too, as well as about a general."

She proceeded to tell him about his paternal ancestors: "How Edward Garfield came to this country from England, with John Winthrop, John Endicott, Francis Higginson, and many other Puritans, to escape oppression at home, and settled in Watertown, Mass., which was as much of a wilderness then as Ohio was, when your father removed here. The Indians were his neighbors, and he bought land of them, and lived in peace with them. There he and his descendants lived, some of them removing into other towns, and many of them among the most influential citizens of that time. By and by, England, the mother-country, made war upon the people there, and the fight of Concord bridge occurred on the 19th of April, 1775. The soldiers of England wore red coats, glittering with brass buttons, and they carried guns with which to shoot down the farmers and people of Massachusetts Colony, unless they would surrender and obey the King of England. But the men would do neither. They seized their guns, determined to defend themselves, and shoot the red-coats rather than continue to be subject to the king. Your great-uncle, Abraham Garfield, was among the soldiers at Concord Bridge. This was the beginning of the Revolutionary War, in which our soldiers fought bravely for their rights, and your great-grandfather, Solomon Garfield, was one of them. Then our soldiers wore blue coats, trimmed with brass buttons, and they were led by generals who were the most distinguished men, like General Washington. The generals wore coats that shone with gold lace, and epaulets, or ornaments, on their shoulders, and hats

like the one General Washington wears in the almanac picture, made showy with gold lace and a feather. Generals carried swords instead of guns; and they rode horseback, and led the soldiers into battle. I hope we shall never want any more generals in this country, for it is terrible to shoot down men as they do in war. But by study and learning you can make a man equal to a general, and be as honored, without killing your fellow-men.

"When the Revolutionary War was over, your great-grandfather removed into the State of New York, where he had a son whom he named Thomas. Thomas grew up to be a man, and was married, and had a son whom he named Abram; and this Abram was your father. Now, it will be easy for you to remember, that Solomon Garfield was your great-grandfather, a soldier of the American Revolution; that Thomas Garfield, a pioneer of New York state, was your grandfather, and Abram, his son, a pioneer of Ohio, was your father. There was no general among all your ancestors, though some of them were equal to generals. If you should ever become a general, you will be what no one of your ancestors ever was, as far back as we can trace them — two hundred and fifty years."

James listened to this recital with wonder. He scarcely knew before that he was connected with the world outside of the Ohio wilderness. Now, he clearly understood that his relations acted a conspicuous part in settling this country, and were people of much consequence. It was a new and inspiring thought to him. His cabin home was invested with

new interest and more importance. How far his life was influenced by this revelation of the past, we cannot say, but there is no doubt that his active brain was stirred to nobler thought, and his young heart stamped by indelible impressions.

James believed in his teacher, and his teacher believed in him. There was mutual attraction from the outset. The teacher saw that the backwoods boy was a great man in embryo. He was glad to have such a scholar under his tuition. He was somewhat taken aback, however, by subsequent occurrences. The second day of school he established the following rule:

"Scholars cannot study their lessons and look about the school-room: therefore gazing about is strictly forbidden."

It was a novel rule to the pupils. It savored of more strictness than they had been accustomed to. It was a very difficult rule for James to observe. He acquired much information by his close observation. His two eyes and two ears were more than books to him. Besides, he had never undertaken to perform the feat of sitting bolt upright upon a log bench without a back, and looking down upon his book with steady gaze. It was a severe ordeal for a boy who never sat still in his life, and who evidently was not constructed upon the principle of sitting still. However, his heart accepted the rule, and he meant to do the best that he could with it. If he were to make a general, or something else as good, he must do as the "master" told him to do. As much as that was clear to him. But the first thing he

knew, his eyes were *off* the book, and *on* the class reciting.

"James!" said the teacher pleasantly, "have you forgotten the rule so quick?"

"I forgot," was James' laconic reply; and down dashed his eyes upon his book. Not long, however. A taking answer to a question in the class on the floor brought up his eyes again, as if by magic.

"What! so soon forgetting the rule again, James?" exclaimed the teacher. "You have a very short memory."

James looked down upon his book abashed, but he made no reply. The fact was, he meant to mind the rule and do his best to please his teacher. But it was never intended that two such eyes and two such ears as James possessed should come under a rule like that. The teacher was unwittingly at fault here. He did not quite understand his pupil; and so he insisted upon the observance of the rule, and for two weeks continued to correct James, hoping that he would finally bring his eyes and ears into complete subjection. But his effort was fruitless. James was incorrigible, when he meant to be obedient, and he grew nervous under the discipline. He thought so much about keeping his eyes in the prescribed place that he could think very little about his lessons; and so he became comparatively dull and defective in his recitations.

At length, just before the teacher left Mrs. Garfield's for another boarding-place, he said to her, in James' presence:

"I do not want to wound your feelings, James is such a noble boy; but then I want to tell you—"

"Say on," replied Mrs. Garfield, quite startled by the solemn tone of the "master."

"James is not quite the boy in school that I expected."

"How so?" interrupted Mrs. Garfield, completely taken by surprise. "You astonish me."

"I know that you will be grieved, but I think it is my duty to tell you." And Mrs. Garfield could see that he shrunk from telling her, and she began to think that something awful had happened; still she repeated:

"Say on."

"Well, it is only this: James don't sit still, and he don't learn his lessons. I fear that I shall not be able to make a scholar of him."

"O James!" his mother exclaimed, as if the teacher had put a shot through her body. That was all she said; and it was uttered in a tone of agony that went straight to the little fellow's heart, as he stood looking and listening. She sent him to school that he might make a scholar, and now her hopes were dashed in a moment. No wonder that her response was an exclamation of disappointment and grief!

"I *will* be a good boy," ejaculated James, bursting into tears, and burying his face in his mother's lap. "I *mean* to be a good boy." And he never told more truth in a single sentence than he did in the last one. It never will do for a philosopher, however wise, to attempt to repress the centrifugal force of nature; and that was what the teacher was trying to do.

"Perhaps he can't sit still," at length Mrs. Garfield suggested; "he never was still in his life."

"I *will* sit still," was the boy's response, still sobbing as if his heart would burst, yet speaking before the teacher had time to reply.

"Perhaps so," answered the teacher, thoughtfully, as if the grieved mother had awakened a new idea in him.

"I never knew him to fail of learning before," Mrs. Garfield continued; "never."

"I *will* learn, mother!" the boy shouted between his sobs.

"You mean to learn, I have no doubt," answered his mother. "Some boys do worse than they intend; perhaps that is the trouble with you."

"You dear child," said the teacher, putting his hand upon his head, touched by the lad's piteous appeals; "you and I are good friends, and I think we shall have no more trouble. I will try you again. So wipe up, and let us laugh and not cry."

The teacher saw his mistake. The child's mother had opened his eyes by her wise suggestion. In his mind he resolved to let the centrifugal force alone, and adopt another policy. So the subject was dropped, and James went to school on the following day, to sit still or not, as he pleased. The teacher resolved to leave him to himself, and see what the effect would be. The result was excellent. The boy did not sit still, of course he did not; but he was natural and happy, and his eyes fulfilled their function in roaming about more or less, and his ears heard what was going on in the school-house. The teacher could not make a blind and deaf boy of him, any way, and so he ceased to try. He allowed him to see and hear for himself; and it

just filled the lad with happiness. It fired his ambition, and brought out his brilliant parts, so that he became the star of the school.

It was quite a number of days before Mrs. Garfield saw the teacher again, as he went to board with another family. Then he called to cheer the mother, whom he had so thoroughly grieved. Her first question was, as he entered her house, —

"How does James do now?"

"Oh, grandly," the teacher replied, in a tone that indicated great satisfaction in being able to speak so approvingly.

"I am so glad!" was the mother's only response; and her heart was healed.

"He is perpetual motion in school," continued the teacher, "but he learns; no scholar learns so fast as he does."

"Then you have given up your rule?" Mrs. Garfield remarked, inquiringly.

"Yes; I think you are right about him. Such a rule cramps him; he can't be himself under it. I guess he tried hard to obey it."

"Children are very unlike," continued Mrs. Garfield. "James is unlike my other children in his restlessness and energy, as well as in his precociousness. I hope that he will come out all right."

"Come out all right!" responded the teacher. "My word for it, he will make his mark in the world; you can depend on that."

"I hope so;" and Mrs. Garfield put her whole mother's heart into those last three words.

The restive nature of James was a theme of remark

frequently. Thomas sometimes complained of it. He lodged with James, and the latter would toss and tumble about, often awaking Thomas by his movements, kicking off the clothes, and thereby putting himself and brother to considerable inconvenience. Often he would turn over, and feeling cold after having kicked off the bedclothes, he would say in his sleep, —

"Tom, cover me up."

Thomas would pull the clothing over him, and lie down to his dreams, but only to repeat the operation again and again. It was said of James, twenty-five years after that time, when he had become a general, that, one night, after a terrible battle, he laid down with other officers to sleep, and in his restlessness he kicked off his covering ; then, turning partly over, he said, —

"Tom, cover me up."

An officer pulled the blanket over him, and awoke him by the act. On being told of his request in his sleep, James thought of his good brother Thomas and of the little log-house in the woods of Ohio ; and he turned over and wept, as he did in childhood when the teacher concluded that he could not make a scholar of him.

At the beginning of the school the teacher had said :

"At the close of the term I shall present this Testament (holding up a pretty Testament of rather diminutive size) to the best scholar, — best in study, behavior, and all that makes a good scholar."

It was a new thing to them, and it proved quite an incentive to most of the pupils. Several tried hard

for it; but it was pretty well understood, before the term was half through, who would have the book. None were surprised when, at the close of the last day of school, the teacher said, —

"James! step this way."

James lost no time in obeying.

"This book," passing the Testament to him, "is yours. I think you have fairly earned it as the best scholar in school. I have no fault to find with any scholar; but your remarkable progress entitles you to the book."

The pupils were all satisfied; James was a happy boy, and his mother wept tears of joy.

From the time that James was permitted to be himself in school, his advancement was remarkable. Every teacher regarded him as a boy of uncommon talents, and every scholar was attracted to him as by magnetic influence. He read every book that he could beg or borrow; yet he was efficient to assist Thomas on the farm at six years of age. He went to school whenever there was a school; but that was only a few weeks in a year. He improved his evenings and leisure time at home, however, and all the books at hand were read over and over, until he was perfectly familiar with their contents. His mental appetite was always craving, nor was it ever gorged by excess of food. It appeared to be capable of appropriating and digesting all that the times and locality could furnish.

About this time the Garfield and Boynton children formed a kind of club for improvement in spelling. The spelling-book became the field of their exploits.

They studied it enthusiastically, and drilled each other in its contents, as if they meant to master it. The result was great proficiency in spelling — all of them excelling their companions at school. The drill was of great advantage to them in spelling-matches, when the winter school was going; especially to James, who became quite an enthusiast in that branch. He was the best speller in school, when more than half the pupils were older than he. Some of them said that James could spell every word in the book correctly. Whether he could or not, in choosing sides for a spelling-match, James was sure to be the first one chosen.

CHAPTER V.

BOY FARMER.

AT eight years of age, James had his daily labor to perform as steadily as Thomas. The latter went out to work among the neighbors, often imposing thereby quite a responsibility upon James, who looked after the stock and farm at home. He could chop wood, milk cows, shell corn, cultivate vegetables, and do many other things that farmers must do.

It was very great assistance to the family when Thomas could earn a little money by his labor. That money procured some indispensable articles, the absence of which was a real privation both to mother and children. They needed more money now than ever, because all must have shoes, and all must have books; and there were the teachers to pay, and occasional meetings at the school-house now were some expense. So that the earnings of Thomas just met a demand of the time, in which every member of the household shared.

"You are eight years old, my son, and Thomas is seventeen," said Mrs. Garfield to James. "Thomas was not eleven years old when your father died, and

he had to take your father's place on the farm. You must be getting ready to take Thomas's place, for he will soon be of age, and then he will have to go out into the world to seek his fortune, and you will have to take care of the farm."

"I can do that," James answered.

"Not without learning how to do it," said his mother. 'Practice makes perfect' is an old and true proverb."

"I know that I can take care of the farm, if Tom could," interrupted James with some assurance.

"Yes, when you are as old as he," suggested his mother.

"That is what I mean, — when I get to be as old as he was."

"I hope that some day you will do something better than farming," continued Mrs. Garfield.

"What is there better than farming?" James asked.

"It is better for some men to teach and preach. Wouldn't you like to teach school?"

"When I am old enough, I should."

"Well, it won't be long before you are old enough. If you are qualified, you can teach school when you are as old as Thomas is now."

"When I am seventeen?" James responded with some surprise. All of his teachers had been older than that, and he could scarcely see how he could do the same at seventeen.

"Yes, at seventeen or eighteen. Many young men teach school as early as that. But farming comes first in order, as we are situated."

"And it is time to get the cows, now," remarked James, hurrying off for them, and terminating the conversation.

James was a self-reliant boy, just the one to take hold of farm work with tact and vigor. He scarcely knew what "*I can't*" meant. It was an expression that he never used. The phrase that he had just employed in reply to his mother, "*I can do that*," was a common one with him. Once it put him into a laughable position. He was after hens' eggs in the barn, with his playmate, Edwin Mapes.

"Look here, Jim!" called out Edwin, at the same time exhibiting an egg that he had found.

"You're a lucky fellow," answered James, taking the egg.

"Suck it," responded Edwin; "some boys suck eggs."

"I never did," replied James.

"Nor I," answered Edwin, "but I could do it, I suppose."

"So could I, if other boys have done it," continued James in rather a characteristic way.

"You can't do it," challenged Edwin; "I stump you to do it."

Putting it in that way aroused the indomitable spirit of James, and he accepted the challenge.

"Here goes my first raw egg," he exclaimed as the yolk went into his mouth. He was very fond of boiled eggs, but the raw one proved nauseating, and would not down at his bidding.

"Sticks in your crop, don't it?" shouted Edwin, laughing heartily over the spectacle.

James was not in a condition to reply, but his action seemed to say:

"I said I could swallow an egg, and I will."

His stomach heaved, his face scowled, and Edwin roared: still James held to the egg, and made for the house as fast as his nimble limbs could take him, Edwin following after to learn what next. Rushing into the house James seized a piece of bread, thrust it into his mouth, chewed it up with the egg, and swallowed the whole together.

"There!" he exclaimed, "it's done."

He did what he said he would, and he felt like a conqueror. Edwin swayed to and fro with laughter; and, although forty years have elapsed since that day, it is not impossible for him to get up a laugh over it still. Mrs. Garfield looked on with curious interest, not comprehending the meaning of the affair until an explanation followed. Then she only smiled, and said "Foolish boy!"

He was a "foolish boy;" "foolish" just as many promising boys are "foolish "at times. But the spirit of the lad appeared through the "foolish" act. Nevertheless, the "*I can*" element of his character rather dignified the performance. The more we think of it, the more we are inclined to take back our endorsement of that word "foolish," because the act was an outcome of his self-reliance. When William Carey, the renowned missionary to India, was a boy, he possessed a daring, adventurous spirit, that expressed itself in climbing trees and buildings, and in going where, and doing what, few boys would do because of the peril. One day he fell from the top of a tree, on

which he perched like an owl, and broke one of his legs. He was confined to the house and bed several weeks; but the first thing he did on his recovery was to climb that identical tree to its very top, and seat himself on the bough from which he had fallen, to show that the feat was not impossible. There is no doubt that his mother called him a "foolish boy," to risk his limbs and life again on a tree; but his admirers have ever loved to rehearse the deed, as proof of the boy's invincible, reliant spirit. No one who reads of Carey's immense labors for the heathen, his fearlessness in great danger, his hair-breadth escapes from death, his tact and coolness in every emergency, can fail to see that his "foolish" act of climbing the tree was a good illustration of the maxim, that "The boy is father of the man."

James was not egotistical or self-confident; these are no part of self-reliance. Nor was he proud; pride is no part of self-reliance. He was not conscious of having anything to be proud of. No boy was ever more simple-hearted and confiding in others than was he. He did not tell his mother that he could run the farm because he overrated his abilities; it was the honest expression of what he was willing to do, and what he thought he could do. It was the opposite of that inefficient, irresolute boyhood that exclaims, "I can't," when it ought to be ashamed to say it; and when a decided, hearty, "I can," would prove a trumpet-call to duty, rallying all the powers to instant action. This was one thing that encouraged his mother to expect so much of him when he should become a man. On one occa-

sion, after he began to labor on the farm, and quite a task was before him, she said to him:

"James, half the battle is in thinking you can do a thing. My father used to say, 'Where there's a will, there's a way;' repeating a proverb that is as old as the hills."

"What does that mean?" interrupted James, referring to the proverb.

"It means, that he who *wills* to do anything *will* do it. That is, the boy who relies upon himself, and determines to perform a task in spite of difficulties, will accomplish his purpose. You can do that?" And his mother waited for a reply.

"I can," James answered, with emphasis.

"Depend upon yourself. Feel that you are equal to the work in hand, and it will be easily done. 'God helps those who help themselves,' it is said, and I believe it. He has helped me wonderfully since your father died. I scarcely knew which way to turn, when he died; I scarcely saw how I could live here in the woods; and yet I could find no way to get out of them and live. But just as soon as I fell back upon God and myself, I took up the cross, and bore it easily. We have fared much better than I expected; and it is because I was made to feel that 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' God will bless all our efforts to do the best we can."

"What'll he do, when we don't do the best we can?" inquired James.

"He will withhold his blessing; and that is the greatest calamity that could possibly happen to us. We can do nothing well without his blessing."

"I thought God only helped people be *good*," remarked James, who was beginning to inquire within himself whether He helped farmers.

"God helps folks to be good in everything, — good boys, good men, good workers, good thinkers, good farmers, good teachers, good everything. And without his help we can be good in nothing."

James drank in every word, and looked very much as if he believed that he and God could run the farm successfully. His mother continued:

"If you do one thing well you will do another well, and so on to the end. You will soon learn that your own efforts are necessary to accomplish anything, and so you will form the habit of depending upon yourself, — the only way to make the most of yourself."

Such was the instruction that James received from the wisest of mothers, just when such lessons respecting self-reliance would do him the most good. It was on this line that he was started off in his boyhood, and he followed that line thereafter. He had no one to help him upward, and he had no desire to have anybody help him. Unlike boys who depend upon some rich father or uncle to give them "a good start," or upon superior advantages, he settled down upon the stubborn fact, that if anything was ever made out of him he must do it himself. Hard work was before him, and hard fare, and he expected nothing less. A statesman who rose from obscurity to eminence once said, "Whatever may be thought of my attainments, it must be conceded that I made as much out of the stuff put into my hands as was possible." That the germ of such an impulse must have taken root in

James' heart early, is quite evident from some remarks of his to young men after he was forty years old:

"Occasion cannot make spurs, young men. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours, — a part of yourself. . . . Let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I have never known one to be drowned who was worth saving. . . . To a young man who has in himself the magnificent possibilities of life, it is not fitting that he should be permanently commanded; he should be a commander. You must not continue to be *employed;* you must be an *employer.* You must be promoted from the ranks to a command. There is something, young men, that you can command; go and find it, and command it. You can at least command a horse and dray, can be generalissimo of them, and may carve out a fortune with them."

Another incident of James' early life illustrates the phase of his character in question, and, at the same time, shows his aptitude in unexpected emergencies. He was eight or ten years of age when it occurred, a pupil in school with his cousin, Henry Boynton. Sitting side by side, one day they became more roguish than usual, without intending to violate the rules of

school. Sly looks and an occasional laugh satisfied the teacher, who was a sharp disciplinarian, that something unusual was going on, and he concluded that the wisest treatment would be to stop it at once.

"James and Henry!" he called out, loudly, "lay aside your books and go home, both of you."

A clap of thunder would not have startled them more. They looked at each other seriously, as if the result was entirely unexpected, and delayed for a moment.

"Don't dilly-dally," exclaimed the teacher; "both of you go home immediately."

"I will go," answered James. Henry said nothing; and both passed out. James made an express of his dexterous legs, shortening the distance from the school-house to home to about three or four minutes, and an equal time to return. Returning to school, he entered the room, puffing like an engine, and resumed his seat.

"James! did I not tell you to go home?" shouted the teacher, never dreaming that the boy had had time to obey the mandate.

"I have been home," answered James, not in the least disconcerted. He had obeyed his teacher promptly, though he took very good care that his mother did not see him when he reached the cabin.

"Been home?" responded the teacher, inquiringly, surprised that the boy had been home in so short a time.

"Yes, sir, I have been home," replied James; "you didn't tell me to *stay*."

"Well, you can *stay* here, now," answered the

teacher with a smile, thinking that was the best way to dispose of so good a joke. James remained, and was very careful not to be sent home again, lest the affair might not terminate so pleasantly. Henry sulked about the school-house for a while, and then went home and stayed the remainder of the day. That was the difference between the two boys. James saw the way out of the trouble at once, through the most literal obedience, and, believing that he was equal to the emergency, he started promptly to fulfil the command. He was neither sulky nor rebellious, but happy as a lark, lively as a cricket, and smiling as a morning in May. Such a little episode rather tightened the bond existing between the teacher and James. The former discovered more of that sharp discrimination and practical wit in the affair, for which he had already learned that James was distinguished.

James was now eleven years old, and Thomas was twenty. The district concluded to erect a frame school-house, and sold the old one to Thomas for a trifle. Thomas and James, assisted by their cousins, the Boynton boys, took it down, and put it up again directly in the rear of their mother's cabin, thus providing her with an additional room, which was a great convenience. Thomas did it in anticipation of leaving home when he should attain his majority.

CHAPTER VI.

SUNDAY IN THE WOODS.

"PIONEERS need a Sabbath full as much as anybody else," was Mrs. Garfield's remark to James, and her other children. "'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' is a commandment that must be kept in the woods as faithfully as elsewhere. In large towns and cities people prepare for this by building houses of worship, some of them with tall and handsome spires, pointing to heaven, with bells in the towers."

"What for do they want bells?" inquired James, to whom this announcement about houses of worship and bells was a revelation. Neither James nor the other children had seen a house of worship, or heard a Sabbath bell, and their mother touched upon a theme as new and fascinating as a novel when she described Sabbath scenes in large towns.

"The bells call people to worship promptly, by ringing at the time of meeting," Mrs. Garfield replied to James' question.

"Bells would not be of much use to pioneers, who live so far apart, even if they could afford to have them," she continued.

"Wouldn't they sound splendid in the forests?" exclaimed James.

"Indeed they would," responded his mother; "and they would be good company, too. I imagine it would not be so lonesome if Sabbath bells echoed through the wilderness. But pioneers ought to be thankful that they can ever have preaching, under any circumcumstances whatever."

"I should like to live in a big town where they have meeting-houses with tall spires," added James.

"Perhaps you will some day," suggested his mother. "None of us will live to see them in this town, probably."

The last remark was rather of a damper upon James' aspirations, who scarcely expected, then, ever to find a home elsewhere. The foregoing conversation will derive significance from an acquaintance with the religious privileges of the family.

At the time of which we are speaking there was no stated preaching in the vicinity of the Garfield estate. The sect called Disciples held occasional services in school-houses and dwelling-houses. These occasional services began before the death of Mr. Garfield. As the latter, with his wife, had united with that sect before removing into the township of Orange, they were especially ready to welcome the itinerant preacher to their log-cabin, and to the school-house. Sometimes the meeting was at a cabin or school-house five, six, and even eight miles away. It was not unusual, in James' boyhood, for pioneers to travel six and eight miles to a religious meeting, on Sunday. They went with ox-teams and horse-teams, single and double, and

some men and boys walked the whole distance. Often, in some sections, the father would ride horseback to meeting, with his wife on a pillion behind him, carrying her youngest child, the older children following on foot. The meagre religious privileges were highly valued, and there was much labor and hardship involved in availing themselves of them.

The preachers of that day were illiterate men, — good, but uncultivated. They were *pioneer* preachers, just as the settlers were *pioneer* settlers. They were well suited, perhaps, to the times and locality, — rough, sincere, earnest men, who found real satisfaction in travelling through the destitute country, usually on horseback, to do the people spiritual good. Occasionally there was a remarkable preacher among them, possessing great native ability, force of character, and singular magnetic presence. These were especially welcome, although any one of the number was received cordially. In their travels they called at all cabins, as pastors now make visits from house to house, their visits being chiefly of a religious character. They ate and lodged in cabins, wherever noon and night overtook them. The best fare that a cabin had was cheerfully set before them, and the best advice and sympathy the preacher could command were freely proffered. It is not possible for us, at this day, to say how great was the influence of this pastoral work. Men may read about it, and laugh over it now, but there can be no doubt that it provided a much needed and indispensable source of Christian power, influence, and enjoyment. It contributed largely to

make pioneer life nobler, and, in an important sense, educational.

James enjoyed no better opportunities of religious worship than we have described, before he was ten years of age. Occasional worship was a privilege that he highly prized, as others did. He did not readily let slip an opportunity to attend public worship. And the impressions it left upon his heart were gauged by his deep interest in such occasions.

Whether there was any meeting or not, however, the weekly Sabbath was recognized in the Garfield cabin. No labor upon that day, except works of necessity, was the rule carefully observed. The Bible stood in the place of preacher. It was both read and studied. Mrs. Garfield's rule was to read four chapters daily on week days, and more on the Sabbath, when she formally expounded it in her sensible and thoughtful manner. The children asked questions as well as she. James was especially inquisitive about the Scriptures, and, after he learned to read, he read them much, both on the Sabbath and week days. Bible stories that he learned from his mother's lips, before he could speak plainly, became invested with new charms when he could read them at his leisure. He became so familiar with many narratives, that he knew just where in the Bible to turn to them; and he had a multitude of questions to ask about "God's book," as his mother reverently called it.

"How do you know that it is 'God's book,' mother?" he asked.

"Because it is not like any book that man ever wrote."

"You said once that Moses, Isaiah, David, Matthew, Paul, and others wrote it," recalling his mother's explanation of different books.

"Yes, that is true, they did write it; but they wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. They could not have written it without God's help. They wrote just what God told them, by his Spirit, to write."

"And that is why you call it God's book?" James inquired.

"Yes; he is the author of it, although he directed men to write it, and guided them, also, in doing it."

"Are all the stories in it true stories?"

"Yes; every one of them."

"Is it true that Joseph had a coat of many different colors?"

"I expect it is."

"Why didn't he have a coat of *one* color? Would it not be easier to make such a one?"

"His father loved him more than he did his other children, and he made such a coat for him out of his partiality."

"Did he do right to love one of his children more than he did others?"

"No; he did not."

"Was his father a good man?"

"Yes. Some good men do wrong."

"If good men do wrong, how do you know them from bad men?"

"They don't do so many wicked things, nor so bad things, as bad men do."

"Can't good men stop doing bad things?"

"Yes; with God's help."

"Don't God always help them?"

"No."

"Why don't he?"

"Perhaps they don't deserve it."

"Can't men be good without his help?"

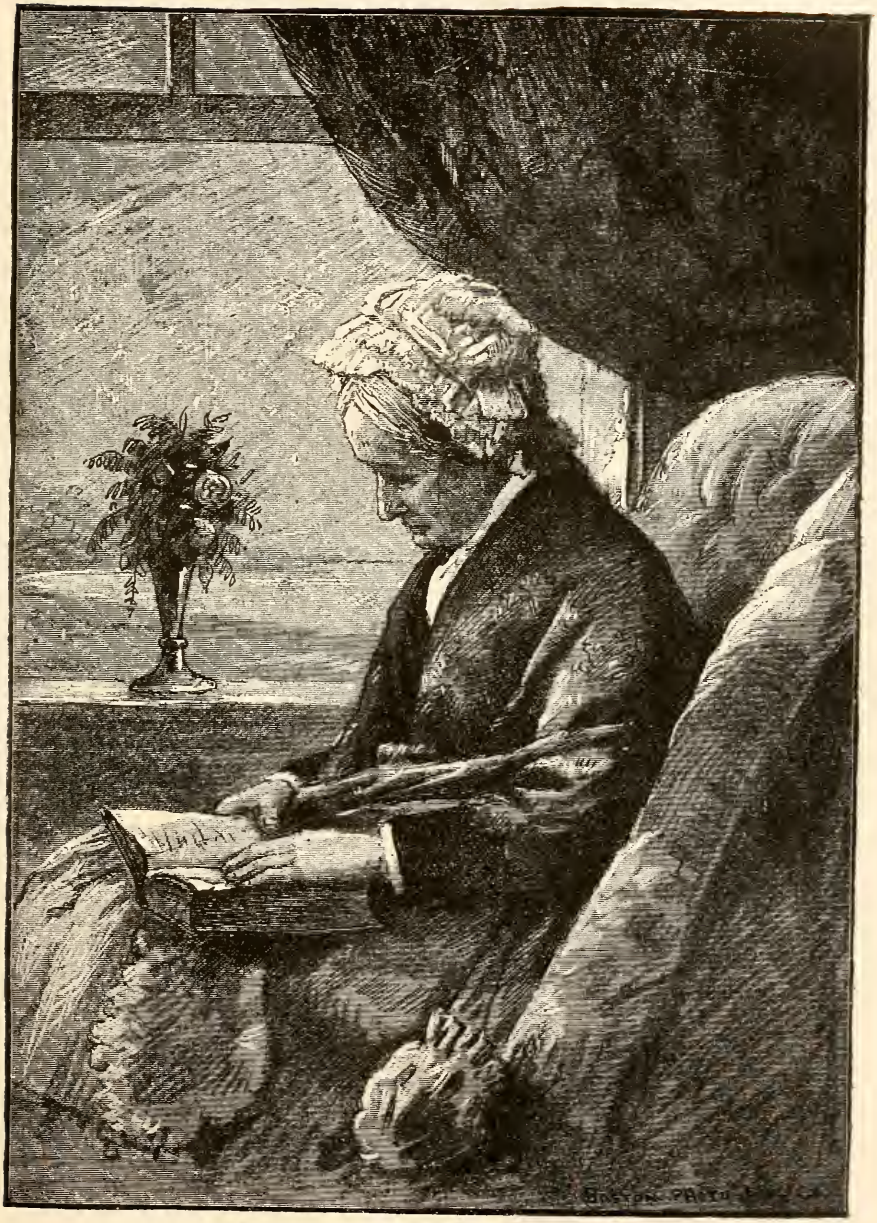
"No; and what is worse, they won't be."

"Why won't they?"

"Because they are so wicked."

"How can they be good, then?" meaning that he could not see how a good man could be a wicked man at the same time.

In this dialogue appears the inquisitiveness of James, as well as his discrimination and thoughtfulness. Often his mother was unable to answer his boyish questions about the Bible. Their depth and point confounded her. It was here, especially, that she had unmistakable proof of his remarkable talents. It was around the old family Bible that the chief interest of the Sabbath clustered in her rude home. It was to her family what a Constitution is to the State, and what character is to the individual. Largely it made up for the absence of books, teachers, money, and conveniences. It would be quite impossible to say how much unalloyed happiness it contributed to the family. Certainly, its wise teachings were so indelibly impressed upon James' heart that its contents were more familiar to him at forty years of age than they are to most Christian men, so that its figures, symbols, and laconic sentences adorned his public addresses, to the admiration of listeners.



MOTHER OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.

It is probable that James and his brother and sisters received more real valuable lessons, to assist in the formation of good habits, and to establish noble purposes, in their western cabin, than the children of many Christian families do from the constant ministrations of public worship. The absence of religious advantages was a good reason for the best improvement of the few enjoyed. The mother, too, felt additional obligations to guide, instruct, and mould the hearts of her offspring, because there was so little outside of her cabin to aid her. For these reasons, perhaps James enjoyed better advantages to become distinguished than he would have had in the more populous and wealthy parts of the country.

When James was eight years old the Temperance Reformation was moving on with power. The New England States presented a scene of enthusiasm without precedent, and the interest spread into north-eastern Ohio. Even the cabins of pioneers were reached by the wave of influence for temperance. Mrs. Garfield was just the woman to welcome such a reform, and to appreciate its true value. The subject was a fitting one for the Sabbath, although it was not neglected on other days. As the handmaid of religion, it challenged her best thoughts and efforts.

"Drunkenness is a terrible sin," she said, "and I was always glad that your father had the same view of it that I have."

"Didn't he drink rum or whiskey?" asked James.

"Seldom; and he got out of patience with men intoxicated. He thought they were very weak men by nature."

"Why don't men stop drinking it when it is hurting them?" James inquired.

"It is difficult to say why they don't. Some think they can't do it."

"Can't stop!" James exclaimed, with surprise.

"It is said that they can't stop, — that they form such a terrible appetite that they can't control it."

"I would," responded James, with characteristic firmness.

"Better never begin to use intoxicating liquors; that is the only safe course. It is easier not to begin to go wrong, than it is to turn back and do better, after beginning."

"What do men drink liquor for?"

"It would be difficult to tell what some of them drink it for, I think. Most men drink it because they like it, I suppose."

"Does it taste good?"

"I suppose it does to those who like it."

"I should like to taste of some, just to see what it tastes like," added James.

"I rather you would never know how it tastes, my son. If you never taste it, you can never become a drunkard, that is certain. 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' Nothing could be truer than that."

"What is there in rum that makes it hurt people so?" continued James.

"There is alcohol in it, and it is that which makes

drunkards. It don't hurt any one to drink milk or water, does it?"

"Of course it don't."

"Well, there's the difference between these wholesome drinks and intoxicating liquors; there is no alcohol in the milk and water."

"What for do they put alcohol into them, if it hurts people?"

Mrs. Garfield explained the last question as best she could, assuring him that the alcohol was not put in, but was developed in the drink by an artificial process, and that men wanted to produce the alcohol in order to make money.

In this way the great reformatory idea of that day found a lodgment in the Garfield cabin. James did not obtain a very definite idea of the enormous evil of intemperance, living where he had no opportunity to observe it; but his idea was distinct enough to cause him to abhor the cause of the woe. His mother gave him facts enough respecting the curse of intemperance, that had come under her own observation, to show him that intemperance was a terrible evil, and his young heart was fully resolved to avoid the way to it.

Another lesson that made Sunday in the woods a memorable day to James, although it was prominent on other days also, was loyalty to the country. Mrs. Garfield's memory was full of facts respecting the sacrifices and sufferings of her ancestors to defend and preserve American Independence; and many an hour, as we have already intimated, was whiled away in recitals of their heroic deeds.

There is no doubt that James formed an exalted

idea of what we call LOYALTY from these stories that were so inspiring and marvellous to the young. It is often the case that indirect methods fasten upon the young mind so tenaciously that they outlast many lessons that have been imparted with the utmost care and hopefulness. It is certain that James derived an impulse from some source, in regard to loyalty, that contributed to make this virtue one of the most prominent elements of his character in manhood. Although his mother did not formally imitate the example of the father of Hannibal, who led his son to the altar of his divinity at eight years of age, and made him swear eternal hate to the enemies of Rome, yet she did what was tantamount to that, and what secured as effectually the devotion of her son to the defence of his country.

"Never be afraid to do what is right," Mrs. Garfield remarked. "The biggest coward in the world is the man who is afraid to do right."

"I shouldn't think men would be afraid to do right," remarked James.

"I shouldn't think *boys* would be afraid to do right," responded his mother, perceiving that James scarcely thought there was an opportunity for this sort of bravery in boyhood. "Boys don't dare to do right, sometimes."

"When?" inquired James, as if he questioned the truth of the latter statement.

"When they don't dare to obey their mothers or teachers because their companions don't want they should," answered his mother, intending to remind him of certain facts in his own boyish life.

"I thought you meant when I got to be a man," said James, with a look denoting that he was *hit*.

"I meant when a boy, as well. If you don't begin to stand up for the right when you are young, you never will when you are old. 'The boy is father of the man,' is a proverb as true as it is old. Then a cowardly boy is as contemptible as a cowardly man. Obey your mother and teacher, though all your companions laugh at you."

"I do," answered James.

"Yes, I think you do, generally; and I speak of it now, that you may give even more attention to it in the future than in the past, and grow more and more fearless to oppose wrong as you grow older. When you become a man you will meet with many more, and greater temptations, than you have now, and unless you have more decision and courage you will not be equal to the circumstances."

"Daniel's bravery got him into the den of lions," suggested James.

"Very true; and it was better for him to be in a den of lions, with God on his side, than a friend of the king, with God against him. If you are like Daniel in moral courage, I shall be satisfied. The lions could not devour him so long as God was his friend; and God is always the friend of those who stand by the right."

James never had other than royal lessons upon moral courage and kindred qualities. These things, which lie at the very foundation of stability of character and personal excellence, were ingrained into his early life. The Sabbath furnished a favorable oppor-

tunity for special efforts in this direction, though every day in the week bore witness in the same line.

We must not close this chapter without reference to one fact connected with the Garfield family that is worthy of particular attention. It was their "coat-of-arms." A coat-of-arms formerly was a "habit worn by knights over their armor. It was a short-sleeved coat or tunic, reaching to the waist, and embroidered with their armorial ensigns and various devices." The Garfield coat-of-arms consisted of a shield, with a gold ground, three horizontal crimson bars crossing it in one corner, over it a helmet with raised visor, together with a heart, and above the whole an arm wielding a sword, on which was inscribed the motto, *In cruce vinco* — "IN THE CROSS I CONQUER."

What we wish to say about this coat-of-arms relates to the motto. It tells of a courage that was born of faith in God, such as was found in the Ohio cabin, and without which the sorrows and hardships that invested its early history would have proved too much for flesh and blood. It is a grand spirit to brood over a human habitation, beneath whose roof childhood buds and blossoms into true life. It appropriates the Sabbath, Bible, and every other hallowed power that is accessible, to the "life that now is," because of another "life that is to come." It was this spirit that James nursed from his mother's breast, and inhaled from the domestic atmosphere that wrapped his boyhood, to arouse heroic qualities, and bend them to victorious work.

When James was about ten years old, his uncle, Amos Boynton, organized a congregation in the

school-house, and took charge of it himself, when no minister was on the ground. Mr. Boynton was a man of excellent abilities, and a very devoted Christian man. He was more familiar with the Bible than any man in the township, and could repeat large portions of it. A copy of the Scriptures was his constant companion. He carried it with him into the field. If he stopped to rest himself, or his cattle, the brief time was spent in reading the Book of books. His familiarity with the Bible qualified him to conduct Sabbath services in the log school-house; and they were of great moral and spiritual advantage to the people. To James they were of as much real value as to any one.

At that time religious controversy ran high in northern Ohio. The Disciples were a new sect, and all other sects denounced them; while they, in turn, expressed themselves freely concerning the errors and follies of their opponents. James often heard discussions at home upon these controverted religious questions, in which his mother engaged with others. It was not unusual for preachers to refer to them in their sermons; and always, when preachers stayed at his mother's house, as they often did, these questions were discussed, and they made a deep impression upon the active mind of James. So bright a boy as he could scarcely fail to see that vast importance attached to subjects in which the ministers and his mother were so much interested. These controversies lent more or less importance to Sunday in the woods.

Among the topics discussed was Baptism, the

Disciples being immersionists. The extent to which James' mind was impressed by these discussions is learned from the following fact. Considerable political excitement prevailed in that part of Ohio in the "Harrison Campaign." The neighbors were all for Harrison, — Whigs, — and James had heard his mother say that his father was a Whig, and a great admirer of Henry Clay, and voted for him when he was a candidate for President. One day some neighbors were discussing politics in James' presence, when one of them asked him, in a sportive way, "Jimmy, what are you, Democrat or Whig?"

"I'm Whig; but I'm not *baptized*," answered James.

The subject of Baptism was so thoroughly impressed upon his mind, and the subject of Whigism, also, that the little fellow supposed he could not be a properly constructed Whig until he was baptized.

CHAPTER VII.

HIGHER UP.

ALLOO, Jim, now you will have to be a farmer in earnest! for I am going to Michigan," said Thomas, when he returned from Cleveland. "Got a place out there."

"Where?" inquired James, not understanding where it was that his brother was going.

"To Michigan," repeated Thomas. "It is more of a wilderness than Orange is."

"I know that," answered James. "What are you going to do out there?"

"Clearing," replied Thomas; "twelve dollars a month."

"You don't get so much as that, do you?" said James, to whom that amount of monthly wages seemed enormous.

"Yes, twelve dollars a month. It's hard work, early and late. Mother shall have a frame-house, now."

"Good!" was James' answer, given with evident satisfaction.

At this time James was twelve years old, and Thomas was twenty-one; a period that had been

much discussed in the family, in anticipation of its arrival. There was a definite understanding, between Thomas and his mother, that the former should leave home at twenty-one, and James should run the farm. It was important that Thomas should be earning something abroad now that he had attained to his majority, and James was old enough to attend to affairs at home. Thomas went to Cleveland for the purpose of obtaining work, without any definite idea of what that work would be. Emigration to Michigan was increasing, and there was considerable excitement over the resources of that State, so that labor was in considerable demand for that section. The first opportunity that opened to Thomas he accepted without hesitation, and it was, as already announced, clearing land for a farmer in Michigan, at twelve dollars a month.

Thomas passed into the house with James to make known the result of his errand to Cleveland.

"I hope it will prove all for the best," remarked Mrs. Garfield, after hearing the report. "It's farther away than I expected."

"Yes, it is some distance; but that is of little consequence, after all. It is good pay."

"How far is it?" asked James, who was intensely interested in the change.

"I don't know exactly," answered his mother: "it's farther than I wish it was."

"Will you live in a log-house, Tom?" James continued.

"Yes; a cabin not half so large and good as this."

"How long shall you be gone?"

"Six months certain; perhaps longer."

"And you will have to take Tom's place on the farm," said Mrs. Garfield, addressing James. "That will be taking a step higher."

"I can do it," responded James, "though I am sorry Tom is going."

"We shall miss him sadly," remarked Mrs. Garfield. "It will be more lonesome than ever when he is gone; but we must make the best of it."

"It will be best all round, I am thinking," said Thomas, "if it is the way for you to have a frame-house, mother. I mean that shall come about."

"That will be nice, won't it, mother?" exclaimed James, who was thoroughly prepared to appreciate a real house, after twelve years' occupancy of a cabin.

"Yes, it will be nice indeed, almost too nice to prove a reality," replied his mother.

"It will prove a reality," remarked Thomas with decision.

Thomas had spent much time, during the last five years, in cutting and preparing lumber for a new house, hoping the time would come when his mother could command money enough to employ a carpenter to erect it. He had prepared sufficient lumber for the house when he became twenty-one years of age; but there was no money to pay a carpenter to put it up. Now Thomas saw the way clear for erecting the house after a while, and the prospect fired his ambition. He was willing to go to Michigan for that object alone; indeed, he rejoiced to go, if by so doing a frame-house could be secured.

Thomas was busy preparing to leave, and James was equally busy in attending to lessons that Thomas

gave him about the work to be done on the farm. The ground was to be ploughed, the wheat sowed, the corn and potatoes planted, with all the etceteras usually belonging to the season's labor. Thomas had his directions to give concerning all these things, that his little brother might the more successfully perform farm-work. However, his time at home was limited, as his engagement required him to be in Michigan at an early date; and soon he was gone.

It was almost like making another grave in the corner of the wheat-field to part with Thomas. He had been the main stay of the family since the death of his father, and his mother had leaned upon him as mothers will upon a noble son; and now to miss his face and voice, and miss his counsels and labors, created a void in the home circle that brought tears to the eyes of all. It was a trying hour for James, to whom Thomas was both brotherly and fatherly. The most tender and loving confidence existed between the two. Thomas was proud of his gifted little brother, and James had perfect confidence in his efficient big brother. It was not strange, therefore, that James felt the absence of Thomas deeply, and deplored the necessity that compelled him to leave home. Nevertheless, he went to work upon the farm with a will. He knew how to labor, because he had labored much with Thomas for four years, and was often called the "boy-farmer;" but now he was a farmer in a more important sense, and must rely upon his own judgment, plans, and efficiency to a great extent. He was much higher up than before in the matter of care and responsibility.

Here, as well as anywhere, we may describe the scenery about the Garfield estate, for that may have had an important influence upon the life and character of James. He was the sort of boy who delights in beauty and grandeur, to whom a river, mountain, or wild forest was more attractive than they often are to older heads. A person reared in the locality describes the scenery as follows : —

"Orange township is situated in the south-eastern portion of Cuyahoga County, fifteen miles from Cleveland. It is now, and always has been, strictly a farming town. There is no village within its limits.

"Its surface is irregular and hilly, presenting some of the finest rural scenery to be found in this part of Ohio. On the north-east flows the Chagrin River, from which the land gradually rises towards the south-west for a distance of three miles. Looking east from this range of hills a grand view is obtained. The valley of the Chagrin, with its simple beauty, and the country for twenty miles beyond, are distinctly visible. All combine to form a picture that is strong, charming, and impressive. It was to a spot south of this chain of hills that the parents of General Garfield came in 1830."

We should have said that at this time, the "Western land speculation" was running high. People grew wild over the prospect of coining money out of the wild lands of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois. Men at the East bought thousands of acres of land in the West, that they never saw, and did not positively know that such land existed. Hundreds and thousands of people sold houses and lands in New England

and in the Middle States, and removed thither, to make their fortunes. Perhaps Thomas cherished a secret hope that somehow he should become a rich man in the woods of Michigan. It is certain that the opportunity to labor in that State came to him through the "Western land mania." We will leave him there, felling trees and clearing land for the Michigan farmer, while we look after James at home.

"Well, your farmer boy is making things lively," remarked a neighbor, who called upon Mrs. Garfield. "He's as handy as any of us with his tools."

"And works as hard, I guess," responded Mrs. Garfield.

"That is so; all of us work hard enough," rejoined the neighbor.

"Pioneer life is beset with hardships," continued Mrs. Garfield; "though its poverty is not so hard to be borne as poverty in a large town or city."

"Do you really think so?"

"Certainly I do."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, don't you see that there are no rich around us to be compared with? We are not continually being reminded of our extreme poverty by the presence of those who can have all that money can buy."

"You think there is some satisfaction in all being poor together?" interrupted the neighbor, jocosely.

"Yes; that is about it. 'Misery loves company,' and I suppose that is true of poverty."

"Well, we are all poor enough, if that is all," continued the neighbor; "and on your theory we ought to be tolerably happy."

"We are, I think, as happy as the human race averages, and perhaps a little more than that. God averages human experience well, after all our fault-finding."

"There must be some satisfaction in thinking so; but I can't exactly accept that view. Pioneers have more than their full share of hardships and trials, in my opinion," replied the neighbor, just as James came in from the corn-field. Turning to him, by way of cordial salutation, he added,

"What do you think about it, James?"

"Think about what?"

"Whether pioneers have more hardships than other people?"

"I don't know much about it," answered James. "If I knew what hardships other people have I could tell something about it; but I don't."

James never spoke a truer word. He was born and reared in the forest. He had never seen even a village, much less a large town or city. He had seen but one or two frame-houses at that time; and these had just been erected in the vicinity. How could he understand that others enjoyed more than he did? He was a happy boy. He had his home, though it was a cabin. He had his mother, and brother, and sisters, and they were just as dear to him as home and brothers and sisters are to those who dwell in palaces. Perhaps they were more so: we incline to the belief that they were. He had a mother; and if any mother was ever worth more to a child than his was he did not know it, nor could he be made to believe any such thing. So he was a contented boy. What other

people, more highly blest, called hardships, he accepted as a matter of course. He scarcely knew that it was not as good as others enjoyed. Why should he not be a rollicking, wide-awake, happy boy? Hard work challenged his best endeavors now that his brother was gone; but hard work is not necessarily a hardship. Some rich men work more hours in a day to keep their money, than the poor man does to keep soul and body together. And often it is more annoying labor, straining the nerves, banishing sleep, fretting the disposition, and keeping up a continual fever of anxiety.

James did not call hard work hardship; he never thought of such a thing. He was never happier than he was during that season of severe toil after his brother left home. He had greater responsibility, but responsibility is not hardship. He felt more manly and competent; and he was both, now that the care of the farm and his mother rested on his shoulders. A close observer could see the honest pride of a noble heart cropping out through his manly bearing. Call it hardship to run the farm! He never dreamed of it; it was his delight. The language of singing expressed his daily experience far better than complainings. Under his homely jacket nestled a spirit that had not learned discontent. No! Neighbor Mapes put his question to the wrong party, when he said, —

"What do you think about it, James?"

James was not the passenger to awake. Break the slumbers of somebody who is happy only when he is asleep. James was happiest when he was awake, as mortals everywhere should be. And he never was

more wide awake than he was on the farm during that season of excessive labor.

"Going to exchange work with Mr. Lamper," said James one day to his mother.

"How so?" inquired his mother.

"He wants an extra hand once in a while, and so do I; and then I want his oxen sometimes."

"You have seen him?"

"Yes; and have made the bargain."

"A good arrangement, I guess," added his mother. "Then, his head is older than yours, and he can show you some things about farming that you don't know."

"And 'Two heads are better than one, if one is a sheep's head,' I have heard you say a good many times," added James, in his lively way.

"If they are *pioneer* heads, it is so," rejoined his mother, whose opinion of pioneer life was more favorable than that of neighbor Mapes. "Pioneer life requires all the wisdom that can be got together to make life in the woods successful."

This reference to "life in the woods" was partly in a vein of pleasantry; for now the designation was scarcely appropriate. Nearly fourteen years had elapsed since Mrs. Garfield moved into that township, and great changes had been wrought in that time. Many settlers had moved into the township, and the unbroken forests had yielded to the pioneer's axe, and well-conducted farms dotted the landscape. Neighbors were near and many now, as compared with the distance and number of them ten years before. The pioneer stage had really passed, and it was not "life in the woods" that James was living. There was a

saw-mill and an ashery in the vicinity ; also a carpenter was added to the population of the town. All this brought a change that James, young as he was, could but notice.

The plan of exchanging work was one that James originated, and it proved of great value to him during the season. It lightened his labor when "Two heads were better than one," and gave him the use of the oxen when no other aid could be half so valuable. Then Mr. Lamper was glad to exchange labor with a boy who was equal to a man in his efficiency. James could turn his hand to any sort of work upon the farm, and had physical strength to endure almost any strain. His honest pride of character assisted him, too, more than ever in his work, as any sharp observer could see.

We cannot dwell upon the labors of that eventful season, except to add, that the farm did for James what a teacher did for some other boys. The celebrated engineer, and inventor of the locomotive engine, George Stephenson, said that he studied mechanics with his engine instead of a professor. Indeed, the engine was his professor, and taught him daily the most important lessons. He was eighteen years of age, and was running the engine in a colliery. On Saturday afternoons, when the workmen were released from labor, and were spending their time in rum-shops, or attending dog-fights, George took his engine to pieces, and cleaned and studied it. He could neither read nor write, but he could understand and appropriate the silent lessons of his engine ; and these made him the renowned inventor

of the locomotive. Well might he call the engine his teacher.

James might have called the farm his teacher. It taught him many excellent lessons. He extracted the most valuable knowledge from its soil. He evoked inspiring thoughts from its labor. His manhood developed under its rigid discipline. His mind enlarged its mental grasp. The season spent in the log school-house could not have pushed him higher up than did his experience on the farm. It was positive proof that work is discipline as much as study, and that it can do for boys, often, more than study to qualify them for the stern duties of life. James was more of a man at the close of that season than he was at the beginning of it.

He had little time to read during those months; and yet he never valued reading more. He was never more hungry for knowledge than he was during that period of constant labor. He thought much of going to school; and often the thought would force itself upon his mind, how can I get an education? Not that he formed any definite plan concerning it, or even considered that such a thing was possible; but the vague thought would sometimes arise. And then his mother frequently dropped remarks which showed the strong desire of her heart, that James might, at some future time, she knew not how or when, become a scholar. That such a boy should spend his life in tilling the earth appeared to her like wasting pearls.

"James, I hope that you will not always have to work on a farm." How often she remarked thus.

"What would you do if I shouldn't?" was James' thoughtful reply.

"I hardly know. 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps,' and I am glad of it. There is my hope, that some day you can get an education."

"I should like to, if it is best."

"I know it will be best, if you can do it. You can never know too much."

"I guess that is so," replied James, half humorously. "I couldn't ever know too much to work on a farm. There is more to learn about it than I could learn in many years."

"That is true, no doubt; but I have a strong desire that you should become a scholar; and sometimes the desire is so strong that I feel as if I could not be denied."

"I don't feel so."

"Wouldn't you like to study, and become a scholar?"

"Why, yes, I should like nothing better; but how can I do it?"

"I don't know, and that is what troubles me, though I ought not to be troubled. I know that God will open the way, if it is best, and I ought to leave it there; but, somehow, I can't help having anxiety about it."

"Well, it can't be at present," added James, as if perfectly satisfied with his situation.

Thus James was led on, and his mother, too, not knowing whither Providence was guiding them. James was going up higher all the while, although

it scarcely seemed so to his doting mother. The Lord was laying a deeper foundation than could have been laid if she had had her own way. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

CHAPTER VIII.

BOY CARPENTER.

OM is coming!" was the shout Mrs. Garfield heard, as she caught sight of James bounding across the garden. "Tom is coming!" louder yet. One would have thought the boy had suddenly lost his reason, judging by his antics.

Sure enough! Looking from the cabin door she saw Thomas approaching, and James had already reached him in his pleasurable excitement. If James was glad to get hold of Thomas' hand, Thomas was equally rejoiced to get hold of James. The greeting was mutual and hearty. The big brother and the little brother made for the house, hand in hand, their tongues running glibly all the while.

"Are we going to have a frame-house now?" asked James, almost the first thing.

"Yes, we'll have a frame-house now, and let the hens keep house in the cabin," replied Thomas.

"It's just about good enough for them," remarked James in response. "It will make a good hen-house."

"Rather better accommodations than they have had," Thomas added; "and will compare well with our quarters when the house is done."

By this time mother and son stood face to face, James shouting:

"Going to have the frame-house now, mother!"

Mrs. Garfield found that she was a good deal like James, and when she saw that her Thomas was certainly coming, she forgot everything else, and hastened to meet him,—not as wildly as James, but very much as all fond mothers will do when they have not seen their good sons for seven months. She went across the house-lot at double-quick, and soon had hold of the big boy as firmly as he had hold of her. It was a glad meeting. Mothers and sons who dwell in palaces scarcely know what a luxury it was. Why, it more than paid for the long separation. The meeting paid principal and interest in full. The family were united again,—girls, boys, and mother,—one girl rather big now, twenty-three years old; and Thomas almost twenty-two, just the age of his father when the latter was married. Happy family!

They were hardly seated in the cabin, when Thomas flung a handful of gold into his mother's lap, saying:

"Now you can have a frame-house;" and the noble young man seemed to be perfectly satisfied, now that he was able to give his mother a better home. "We'll go about it at once."

"My! what a lot!" was James' exclamation when he saw the shining gold; and he proceeded to examine the treasure in his mother's lap.

"How much is there, Tom?" he asked.

"Seventy-five dollars, just."

"And you earned it all?"

"Every cent of it."

James read aloud the inscriptions on the new, bright coin, while he handled it in amazement that his own brother could make such a "pile." Things had not been conducted on a gold basis in that cabin, so that it was a new spectacle that suddenly broke upon James' delighted vision. He had not seen *gold* coin before, nor had he dreamed that such an article could come out of the Michigan woods. It is not strange, therefore, that the backwoods boy was considerably elated over the sight. What a mint was to him later, that seventy-five dollars in gold was to him then.

"Why don't you say something, mother?" exclaimed James, no doubt expecting that his mother would be as gushing as himself over the gold. The fact was, she could not have said anything if she had tried. What mother could in the circumstances? That great boy, as old as his father was when she became his bride, coming home with such proof of his filial love! Thinking of his mother more than he did of himself! Happy only in helping her! Who wonders that she sat mute as a marble statue? There was no language for such an occasion. All the Noah Websters in the world could not provide words for such a moment. A mother's heart, at such a time, defies expression. At least it was so with mother Garfield's heart. It could have taken that strapping son to itself, and folded him like a baby again, and covered him over with kisses, which would have been only a figure of speech, but language was out of the question. James saw the point as soon as her tears dropped upon the gold coin. He could not exactly understand it, though, for *he* felt like hurrahing instead of crying, and he knew that his

mother was glad that she could have a frame-house, for he had often heard her express a wish of that kind. So he could not quite understand it. Readers! it was because he was like all the rest of the boys and girls — they do not understand the mystery of a mother's love.

The excitement of the hour passed, however, and the equilibrium of feeling and daily duties was restored.

"I'm off again, mother, as soon as I get you into the new house," said Thomas. "There's plenty of work in Michigan, and I must be doing it."

"Well, you must manage it to suit yourself. I suppose that Mr. Treat can be had at any time to put the house up." Mr. Treat was the carpenter.

"I will find out. I can work with him, and we'll make a quick job of it."

"I'll work, too," said James. "I can carry boards, drive nails, and do other things."

"You can draw the sand, too, Jimmy," replied Thomas.

"Sand! What do you do with sand?" exclaimed James, forgetting that mortar was necessary. It was excusable, however, since he was familiar only with mud, that made the log-house tight.

"To make mortar with, of course; we must have mortar for plastering," Thomas answered. "I can get lime, brick, nails, and windows at Cleveland."

"And you'll take me along with you, I s'pose," suggested James.

"Yes; I can chuck you in most anywhere. Perhaps I shall need your help."

James had not been to Cleveland, at that time. It was but a small place, of about a thousand inhabitants, though growing rapidly.

"How long will you be gone to Cleveland?" inquired James.

"One day only; can't spare any more time. A long day, perhaps."

"When shall you go?"

"Just as soon as I have engaged Mr. Treat."

Mr. Treat was seen and engaged at once, and Thomas and James made the trip to Cleveland for windows, nails, etc. Bricks were obtained subsequently, without going to Cleveland.

A few days only elapsed before the carpenter and Thomas were at work on the new house. James, too, was not a mere spectator. He was far more interested in the erection of the house than he would have been in a circus. It was an era in his life. All the spare moments he could snatch from the farm-work and care of the stock he devoted to the new house. He had drawn the sand before the carpenter began to frame the building.

"Here, Jimmy, I see you want to help," said Mr. Treat. "Just take this chisel and mallet, and put this mortise through as you have seen me do the others. I guess you can do it."

"Yes, I can do that," James answered, elated with the idea of being able to render assistance; and with mallet and chisel the mortise was hurried through.

"Give us another," exclaimed James, proud of his achievement.

"What!" responded Mr. Treat, "got that done so quick?"

"Yes, all done; look at it," answered James.

"And well done, too," said Mr. Treat, examining the mortise. "Pretty good for a boy."

"Can I do another?" continued James.

"Yes, a dozen if you want to;" and the carpenter started him on another mortise, and after that another, and another, until he had completed the sixth.

"You must try your hand at planing now," said Mr. Treat. "A small boy to shove a plane, but I guess you can do it. Here (arranging a board on his bench), try this, and see how you make it."

At that time planing machines were unknown, at least in that part of the country; all the planing was done by hand. In the newly-settled townships, like Orange, also, less planing was done; more rough boards were used. The frame-houses were of rude construction, having no particular style or comeliness, — just a comfortable place to live in, more comfortable and pleasant than log-cabins. Many of them could boast only of a single room below, — parlor, sitting-room, kitchen, and wash-room, all in one, — the second story remaining unfinished, and used for lodging, being divided into apartments by curtains. It was very little labor and small expense to erect such a dwelling. Others were somewhat more elaborate, having two, and even three rooms below, with sleeping-rooms finished above. The Garfield house contained three rooms below, and two above, unfinished. Hence, seventy-five dollars was ample to buy

nails, bricks, lime, and other necessary articles, and to pay the carpenter in addition.

James went on with the planing very readily, for he had watched both Mr. Treat and Thomas in this part of the work until he comprehended the "knack," as the carpenter called it. As we have already said, his sharp observation was equal to a teacher, and it made him master of many things that he never could have known without this faculty. Captain Samuel Brown, a bridge-builder, lived on the banks of the Tweed, across which he desired to build a bridge. While he was studying the subject, he chanced to walk in his garden early one fine morning, when his attention was arrested by a spider's-web across his path. A careful examination of the web suggested to him the idea of a suspension-bridge, constructed by the use of iron ropes or chains, as the spider had built his light bridge. No indifferent gazer would take the hint of a suspension-bridge from the web of a spider, but sharp, discriminating observation took the hint.

James' keen observation enabled him to build many suspension-bridges over impassable places in his boyhood and youth, and, in comparison with some of them, his success with carpenter's tools is scarcely worth mentioning.

"I like this," said James, as he turned over the well-planed board to the carpenter, "it's fun!"

"You will not find much *fun* in it when you have kept at it all day," replied the carpenter. "It takes elbow-grease to do this work well."

"Elbow-grease!" repeated James; "what's elbow-grease?"

"It is *sweat*, that is pouring out of you now, Jimmy," the carpenter replied. "Can't do much at planing without putting sweat into it."

"Sweat alone won't run a plane," rejoined James, intimating to the carpenter that brains were needed as much as work.

"That is so," replied Mr. Treat; "but you understand what I mean. The most skilful workman will find hard labor in this business; and to do it well, he must be willing to sweat."

"If sweat is proof of doing it well, then the board is well planed, Mr. Treat, for I sweat enough," James added.

"You have done it well; I couldn't have done it better myself," replied Mr. Treat. "You were born to be a carpenter, I guess."

"I'd like to be one," interrupted James, "if I could be a good one."

"Well, you would make a good one, my boy, judging from the work you have done. Perhaps you will be a boss-carpenter before you are twenty-one. Who knows?"

"I couldn't be that without a chance," remarked James, intimating that a chance was scarcely possible for a boy in his circumstances.

"Of course not; but where there's a will there's a way."

"That's what mother says."

"And that is what overcomes difficulties," continued Mr. Treat. "But there are more boards (pointing to a pile on the ground) if you want to do more of this sort of work."

Another board was laid on the bench, and James continued to drive the plane for an hour and more. He was general errand-boy when he was about the building, so that he could not use plane or chisel long, without interruption. It was, "Go here," and "go there;" "get this," and "get that;" to all of which demands he cheerfully responded.

The raising of the house was a grand affair to James. It was the first house-raising he ever attended, and it was a great novelty. He was sent to notify the neighbors of the event on a given day, and to solicit their assistance. The neighbors were thoroughly glad that Mrs. Garfield was going to have a new house, and many were their praises of the son who thus provided for his worthy mother. They were promptly on hand at the time, and the frame went up without mistake or accident. And now came another treat for James. He had had his eye upon a keg of nails for some days, anticipating the highest kind of pleasure from driving them. It was sport for him to drive nails, as it is for boys generally, and he expected to have his fill of the fun.

"Now, Jimmy, you can try your hand at driving nails," said Mr. Treat, addressing the boy-carpenter. "That is pretty work, and won't require quite so much elbow-grease."

"I have a particular liking for driving nails," replied James; "where shall I begin?"

"Right here, where I have put in these two. Lay them just as I have laid these, and it will be right. See if you can 'hit the nail on the head;' some boys never can do it, and so they grow up to be

men, and live and die, without ever 'hitting the nail on the head.'" Mr. Treat cast a knowing look at James as he said it, and a smile played over his face, as if curious to see how his figurative expression was taken.

"I can hit that sort of a nail on the head, if I can't any other," answered James, with a smile, understanding the drift of his figure of speech. And hastily he let drive his hammer at a nail, and missed it the first time, much to his chagrin.

"Missed the first blow!" exclaimed the carpenter, with a shout of laughter. "You didn't do that as well as you did the planing and mortising. How is that?"

"Only a blunder," James replied, with evident mortification.

"Well, see if you can strike again without blundering," responded Mr. Treat, laughing. "There's a 'knack' in driving nails as well as in planing boards. Just get the 'knack' of the thing, and it will go."

"Here goes the 'knack,' then," exclaimed James, as his hammer struck the nail squarely on the head. "The 'knack' it is, every time! Nails are made to drive, and I will drive them." And his hammer flew with unerring aim, as nail after nail was driven in, with a will that signified determination and force of character. Missing the first blow just set him on his feet, resolved that a steady aim and square hit should attend every blow that followed. He learned the lesson of carefulness and brave endeavor from his failure, so that he became more expert in the use of the hammer than he would have been otherwise.

Such is the case with all boys who win; a failure arouses their latent skill and energy, and they bid defiance to failures thereafter. In his youth, Curran, who became the famous Irish orator, broke down on his first attempt to speak in a debating society. He was a stammerer, and when he rose in his place his stuttering speech was worse than ever. He floundered at first, stammered out something nobody could understand, and then stood speechless. His companions roared with laughter. One said, in a low voice, "Orator Mum!" Another peal of laughter followed this new title; and it aroused the invincible spirit of the boy.

"You may laugh now," he shouted, finally, "but I will conquer this stammering tongue, and some day you will listen and commend." All of which came to pass exactly as prophesied. The gist of the matter was in him, and the mortifying failure served to bring it out.

"Nothing like being plucky," remarked Mr. Treat, when he witnessed James' success in driving nails. "Pluck wins when luck loses."

"Mother says there is no such thing as *luck*," responded James.

"Your mother is about right, according to my notion," answered Mr. Treat. "Boys that depend on luck for a livelihood go pretty hungry sometimes. I'd rather a boy of mine would have a single ounce of pluck than a whole pound of luck. Luck is like an old United States bank bill, of very uncertain value; but pluck is good as gold all the time."

"Well," said James, jocosely, "you must admit that my first blow was a very *unlucky* one."

"Unlucky! not in the least!" exclaimed Mr. Treat. "It was just what you said it was, 'a blunder,' and a blunder is neither lucky nor unlucky. But you have made amends, so go ahead with your nailing."

And James did go ahead, spending every moment possible in labor upon the new house, and acquiring facility in the use of tools that served him a good turn many years thereafter. To the last day's labor upon the house James rendered all the assistance he could, happy only in the thought that he could make himself useful. Nor was this the best part of the discipline. James received a kind of education when the house was building that proved of great advantage to him through life. Before the house was completed, he conceived the idea of making the carpenter's trade a source of profit. It was on his mind day after day, the last thing he thought of before falling asleep at night, and the first thing when he awoke in the morning. He divulged his purpose to no one, but pondered it for several months in his own heart. The family had removed into the new house, and Thomas had returned to Michigan, and James was manager of the farm-work.

"Mother," he said one day, when he could not keep his purpose a secret any longer, "I have a plan to earn some money."

"What is it?"

"To work at the carpenter's trade."

"I'm afraid that plan won't work."

"Why?"

"You have enough to do on the farm now, and you can't do both."

"I only meant to work at it when I had no work on the farm to do, — a job now and then."

"It will be difficult to find such jobs."

"Perhaps it will, but I can *try*, and you believe in *trying*." James emphasized the words *try* and *trying*, because his mother often made the remark to her children, "There is nothing like *trying*."

"Yes, I believe in *trying* always, and you may *try* as hard as you please to find a job."

"I'm going to Mr. Treat; perhaps he may have a job at planing or something of the kind. I want to earn some money for you as well as Thomas. I will go to Michigan when I am old as he is."

"One son in Michigan is enough, I think. Besides, I hope the day will come when you can be more useful than you can be in chopping wood or planing boards."

"I don't know what there is better than such work, to help you."

"There is somebody else in the world to help besides me," replied his mother, earnestly; "and I don't want you to feel that you are always to be bound to this little township and farm."

"I don't expect to be bound to it always," retorted James; "but I am bound to get a job at carpentering this very day, if I can; and I am going over to see Mr. Treat."

Within less than an hour, James entered the carpenter-shop.

"Halloo, Jimmy! that you? How's your mother?" exclaimed Mr. Treat, in a very jolly way, as he was wont to do.

"She is well."

"Not much farming to do just now, I suppose?" continued Mr. T., inquiringly.

"No, not very much; and I came over to see you about some work."

"Ah, that's what brought you here! I see now; what sort of work do you want to do?"

"Your kind of work, of course; carpentering."

"All right, Jimmy! Glad to see there are no lazy bones in you. I hate lazy boys above all things, and I know that you don't belong to that class."

"I hope not," answered James; "I thought I might as well be earning a little something for mother, now Tom's gone, and so I came to see if you could give me a job."

"That's noble, to help your mother. Boys who stick to their mothers don't often make a failure, especially boys with such a mother as you have. You can't think too much of your mother. They are the boys I like to give a job to."

"Can you give me a job?" James interrupted, evidently thinking that Mr. Treat was making a pretty long story over the affair.

"Yes, my boy, I can, and I am right glad to do it, too. There is a pile of boards that I want planed, and I know that you can plane them well. I haven't forgot how you worked on the house."

"How much will you pay me?"

"One cent a board; and that will be pretty good pay."

"When do you want them done?"

"Just as soon as you can; the quicker the better."

"I will come to-morrow and begin."

"All right, sonny; begin to-morrow, and end when you please."

"You wouldn't like to have me keep the job on hand a month, would you?" replied James, pleasantly, thinking about the words "end when you please."

"You won't do that, Jimmy. I know that you will put it through just as soon as possible, and that will suit. When I said 'end it when you please,' I knew that you would please to end it as soon as you could. Your money is ready as soon as the job is done."

"I'll be on hand to-morrow, just as soon as I've done my chores," remarked James, and left.

It was a proud moment for James, and exultation beamed in his eye when he reached home, and reported his good fortune to his mother.

"It will be the first money I ever earned," said James.

"And you are pretty young to earn it," replied his mother. "I'm glad you have the job. I hardly thought you would find one."

"*Trying* brought it," responded James, with a very suggestive expression on his face.

"I guess Mr. Treat made the job on purpose for you; he is a great friend of yours," added Mrs. Garfield. "I know he would be glad to help you to all the jobs possible. When are you going to begin it?"

"To-morrow, early as I can."

"Well, be careful and not overwork. Two hours a day is as much as you ought to work at planing; three hours at most."

"I shall work *six* hours to-morrow, certainly,"

replied James. "I should laugh to see myself work two hours, and then cry 'baby,' and come home; and I guess Mr. Treat would laugh, too."

"I think Mr. Treat will agree with me exactly, that boys must not overwork; and you are so ambitious, James, that you will overwork before you know it, unless somebody warns you." Mrs. Garfield expressed just the opinion that every thoughtful parent would express. James had more energy and ambition than he had discretion, so that he was blind to the value of his mother's counsel.

"If you see me coming home to-morrow in two hours, or three, you may know that I've lost an arm or finished the job," remarked James, very suggestively. And here the conversation closed.

James went to his job the next day with more determination than ever, much as he had shown of this admirable quality before. If his mother looked into his eye, or observed his compressed lips, as he went out of the door, she must have been satisfied that three hours' planing would not satisfy his ambitious desires on that day. Mr. Treat gave him cordial words of welcome, in his jovial way, assuring him that the "early bird catches the worm," at the same time handing him a jack-plane. James stripped off his jacket and vest, leaving only his shirt and jean trousers to encumber him. He was bare-footed, of course, as the luxury of shoes could not be afforded, except in the winter. He was scarcely tall enough to work handily at the bench, but he seemed to straighten himself up one or two inches taller than usual for the occasion. He went to work like a man. Every

board was twelve feet long; and by the time he had planed ten of them his mind was fully made up to what nobody knew except himself. They found out, however, at night. All through the day the plane was shoved rapidly, and great beads of sweat stood upon the boy's brow, but no tired look invested his countenance for a moment. Before the sun went down he exclaimed, laying aside the plane, —

"One hundred boards, Mr. Treat, done! count them and see."

"Not a hundred, my boy, you don't mean that, do you?"

"Count them, and see; a hundred boards according to my count."

"A great day's work, if that is the case," said Mr. Treat, as he proceeded to count the boards.

"One hundred it is, surely," remarked Mr. Treat, completing the count. "Too much for a boy of your age and size to do in one day. I wouldn't advise you to do more than half that another day."

"I'm not much tired," said James.

"That is not the thing, my boy; thirty years from now you may feel tired from this day's labor more than you do now."

"If it takes as long as that to get tired, then the tired part is far off," responded James, not appreciating the wise remark of his employer.

"Well, now comes the best part of your day's work, the pay," remarked Mr. Treat. "Let us see; one hundred boards takes one hundred cents to pay for them; that is just one dollar! A great day's work for a boy-carpenter! Now, you count, and I'll count."

EARNING HIS FIRST DOLLAR.

And he proceeded to count out one hundred cents, making quite a little pile of coin when the dollar, all in cents, was ready for James' pocket.

Reader, we might as well stop here as to proceed further with the history of that day's labor. It would be quite impossible to describe James' feelings to you, as he pocketed the one hundred cents and started for home. That old jacket never covered just such a breast as it did then. If we could only turn that bosom inside out, and have a full view of the boy's heart, we should learn what no writer can ever describe. It was a man's heart in a boy's breast. There was not room for it under the jacket. It swelled with inexpressible emotions, as ground-swells sometimes lift the ocean higher than usual. "*One hundred cents, all in one day!*" The more he thought of it on his way home the prouder grew the occasion. "Seventy-five days like that would yield him as much as Thomas brought home from Michigan!" The thought was too great for belief. That would not be half so long as Thomas was gone, and away from home, too. And so he thought and pondered, and pondered and thought, on his way home, his boyhood putting on manhood in more than one respect. He was "Great Heart," bare-footed and in jean trousers.

Whether James intended to ape Thomas or not, we cannot say; but, on reaching home, he unloaded the coppers into his mother's lap, saying, —

"Yours, mother."

"All that, James?"

"One hundred cents," was James' reply.

"What! earned a dollar to-day?"

"Yes ; I planed a hundred boards."

By this time Mrs. Garfield became as dumb as she was over the seventy-five dollars that Thomas brought to her. There was some trouble in her throat, and the power of speech left her. She could not tell what she thought, nor how she felt. If her eldest son had made her cry with kindness, the youngest one was doing the best he could to imitate his example. The little son could be handled as the big one could not be, and so the dear, good mother folded him to her breast, as the only way to tell her love when the tongue was voiceless.

CHAPTER IX.

BARN-BUILDING.

JAMES' job at Treat's carpenter-shop introduced him into further business in that line. The winter school, however, intervened, and James attended it without the loss of a single day. The day after the school closed, Mr. Treat called.

"I'm after James," said he to Mrs. Garfield. "I have a barn to build for Mr. Boynton, and can give him a job before his farm work begins."

"That will suit him," replied Mrs. Garfield. "I think he likes that kind of work better than farming."

Just then James made his appearance.

"Young man, I'm after you," said Mr. Treat to him.

"For what?" asked James.

"Another job of work."

"Planing boards?"

"No. Better than that."

"What?"

"Building a barn for Mr. Boynton."

"I'd like that," said James; "I want to learn to build a barn myself."

"You can, easily. That's not much of a job."

"When do you want me?"

"Right off, — to-morrow, if you can."

"To-morrow it is, then."

"With other work I have in the shop I can keep you at it until farming begins."

"That will just suit me. Shall I work by the day?"

"Yes, by the day, if you will. I'll give you not less than forty cents a day, nor more than fifty, according as you get along with it."

"I'll be satisfied with that, and will be on hand to-morrow morning," James answered, as Mr. Treat was leaving.

"'Nothing like trying,' mother," said James, after the carpenter was gone, repeating her old, familiar saw. "I shouldn't have got this job if I hadn't tried for one, last fall."

"Very likely not," replied his mother; "and you would not have had this, if you had not done the first one so well. Nothing like doing things well; always remember that."

"It's almost equal to *trying*, isn't it?" added James, roguishly.

"Perhaps it is more than equal to it. They who do their work well, are the ones who get work. People don't want botchers about."

"What are botchers? Blunderers?"

"Those who don't do their work well — they are botchers. Your father used to say, 'What's worth doing at all, is worth doing well,' and he was about right. Another thing he used to say was, 'If you know a thing, know it certainly.'"

"I don't see how a person can really know anything without knowing it certainly," remarked James. "If I know anything, I know it."

"Sometimes you know a lesson better than you do at other times, do you not?" answered his mother.

"That may be; but if I don't know a lesson certainly, I don't know much about it," replied James. "I should be ashamed not to know a lesson certainly."

"I hope you always will be," remarked his mother; "and what is more, I hope you will always be ashamed not to do your work thoroughly."

"I mean to learn how to frame a barn," said James.

"I should think you might learn that easy enough," responded Mrs. Garfield. "It's true I don't know much about it, but it doesn't appear to me to be very difficult to learn to frame a barn."

"I know that I can learn how," added James.

"Mr. Treat will give you a good chance to learn how, I think, if you tell him what you want."

"I shall do that." And James did do it. As soon as he commenced work the next day, he made known his wishes.

"Mr. Treat, I want to learn how to frame a barn," he said. "Can't I learn?"

"Most too much of a youngster for that business," answered Mr. Treat; "but you can have the chance. Just keep your eyes open to see how the work is laid out, and it is easy enough."

"Well, I can do that; my eyes are usually open in the daytime," said James, naïvely.

"And you must see with your brain as well as with

your eyes, if you would learn," added Mr. Treat. "You see how that is, don't you?"

"I see."

"You must have a little idea of the plan to begin with, though;" and Mr. Treat proceeded to exhibit his plan to the boy, explaining it to him as well as he could. James took in the principal idea in the outset, and proceeded to assist in framing the building with increased intelligence. An examination of the plan showed him that it was more necessary for his "brains to see" the why and wherefore than he had supposed. But Mr. Treat was deeply interested in teaching the boy, and so kept him at work directly under his eye. He directed his attention both to the plan and the frame, that he might learn the real use of the former to the carpenter.

"Can't do anything without a plan," remarked Mr. Treat one day, to James.

"How is it about milking?" asked James facetiously.

"It is true in milking, my boy. By *plan* I mean *system*, and you can't milk without system. About such a time, morning and night, you milk the cows, and that systematic way enables you to accomplish other work more successfully. Then, too, the cows, give more milk by milking them systematically."

"I didn't know that," said James, surprised that cows would give more milk by systematic milking.

"It is true, whether you knew it or not," remarked Mr. Treat. "Even the Lord would make a failure in running this world without system. The fact is, Jimmy, you have to run your farm on God's plan, or it won't run at all. If you should plant two kernels of

corn where God means that only one shall grow, you would have your labor for your pains. You can raise no corn in that way. You could raise a plenty of stalks, but mighty little corn. Hens would starve to death in such a corn-field. If you should sow two bushels of wheat where there should be only one bushel, on the Lord's plan, your biscuit would be pretty small next winter."

James laughed at this eccentric way of putting things, and, at the same time, he received some very valuable ideas from the sensible carpenter, who continued, very much in the same vein:

"'A place for everything, and everything in its place,' is an old adage, and just as true as Genesis. The men who obey this rule are the men who succeed; and the men who never mind it are the ones who go to smash. I've seen that over and over. There's no use trying to run things on the line of disorder and confusion; they'll get upset, sure. No man can amount to much in this world except on system. Remember that, Jimmy, and you will come out all right."

"You mean a time to study, and a time to work, and a time to play?" inquired James.

"That's it; only I should cut the time to play pretty short," replied Mr. Treat. "Not much time to play in Ohio, when we have all that we can do to make the ends meet. 'All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy,' they say, and I guess 'tis true. But, look here, have we got this right?" (springing up to examine his work). "I have been so busy talking that I didn't stop to think what I was about. All talking and careless work will make a botch of it."

The work was found all right and in a good state of progress. And now in silence the labor went on for an hour or two, James minding his P's and Q's, and the carpenter keeping an eye on his plan and his work.

We must state the upshot of this barn-building in a word, as space is dwindling away. The barn was completed according to the contract, and without a break from the start. Perhaps James could not have framed a barn without assistance when the building was completed, but he learned a great deal about the carpenter's trade while he worked upon it. Evening after evening he studied over it alone. He drew a plan of his own, and studied it hour after hour, in order to learn how to frame a barn. With the same persistent efforts by which he mastered a problem in arithmetic, he studied his plan of framing a building; and although he did not become master of the art, he, nevertheless, approximated to it. When the barn was completed Mr. Treat paid James fifty cents a day, amounting to nearly twenty dollars, saying, —

"You've earned it, every cent of it, James."

During the previous winter, James made great progress in his studies, by improving the long evenings. He had learned about all he could learn in the district school, although he continued to go in the winter time. In some things he was more advanced than his teacher, and often put questions which the teacher could not answer. He mastered Adams' Arithmetic during the winter. Lying flat on the floor, that the light of the fire might shine on his book, he studied arithmetic every evening for weeks, until he had learned all there was to learn in it, and

he was really more competent to teach that science than the man who presided over the district school. The scholars said that James actually performed a problem, one day, that had proved too much for their teacher, much to the mortification of the latter.

"I think the answer in the book must be wrong," remarked the teacher, after an ineffectual attempt to solve the problem for a class. "You may try it, Henry, and when you are through, bring me the slate."

Henry Boynton was good in arithmetic, but he could not bring an answer like that in the book, though it differed from the teacher's answer.

"I can't do it," said Henry. "My answer is not like that in the book."

"Bring your slate to me," said the teacher.

Henry carried his slate to the teacher, who examined his work without pointing out an error, but added,

"The answer in the book must be wrong."

Here James interrupted by saying, —

"I did it once."

"And did you get the same answer as the book?"

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"Let me see you do it, and then bring your slate to me."

James went to work in his earnest way, and solved the problem very readily.

"I've done it," said James, carrying his slate to the teacher.

The latter closely examined his solution of the problem, and found it to be correct, agreeing exactly with the text-book.

"It is true, James, you have performed it," said the teacher, with evident mortification, which the larger scholars enjoyed. It was fun for them to have James beat the master. They had an exalted opinion of James' abilities, and now he became their oracle. A boy who was a match for the master was a prodigy in their view. They looked up to him with a kind of reverence, though he was their companion.

We must not forget to mention one book that he read during that winter, "Robinson Crusoe." We know not how it came into his hands, but he obtained it in some way, and read it twice through. Flat on his face before the blazing fire, he read the volume hour after hour, and wondered over it. He was very fond of reading about adventures; but this book surpassed anything of the kind he had ever read.

"I wish this book belonged to me," he said to his mother, one day.

"If you read it much more, its contents will belong to you," his mother replied.

"I wish I *owned* it, then," added James.

"I wish you did, too," responded his mother. "What is there about it that interests you so much, my son?"

"It's splendid," was James' answer. "I never read such an interesting book. I could read it ten times over, and not get tired of it. I wonder if there are any more books like it."

"I suppose there are, if we knew where to find them," Mrs. Garfield answered.

"I'd be willing to *hunt* one while for them," said James.

The impression made by that book upon his mind was never effaced. It not only sharpened his appetite yet more for reading, if that were possible, but it set him to inquiring more than ever concerning books which he had never seen.

Some time after this, his cousin, William Boynton, came into possession of a copy of Josephus, and he shared the pleasure of reading it with James. They read it, by the hour, together, and they read it separately, too, over and over. When the winter school opened, the boys asked the teacher for the privilege of reading it in the class, for their reading lesson; and the privilege was granted. All winter they read it in school, in addition to the hours they read it out of school. When James was through with that volume, and ready to take up another, he could repeat pages of it.

The following summer two incidents occurred that illustrate the character of James at that time. The first was a proposition from a companion, whose name we do not know, but whom we will call David, to visit a mutual acquaintance in a distant part of the township, on the Sabbath.

"Not on Sunday," said James.

"Why?"

"Because it is not right."

"If you and I do nothing worse than that, Jim, we shall be pretty good fellows."

"We should not be any better, certainly, for doing that."

"Nor any worse, in my opinion," rejoined David.

"My mother would not consent to it," continued James.

"I don't know whether mine would, and I don't care; I shan't ask her," said David.

"I never should go anywhere against my mother's advice," continued James. "I know what she thinks of the Sabbath, and I respect her feelings. I shan't go on Sunday."

"And you can't go on any other day, because you have so much to do," added David; "so we must give up going at all, for all that I see."

"Rather than go on Sunday, I shall not go at all," was James' emphatic reply. "But it is not certain that we can never go on another day. Wait and see."

"I guess it will be *wait*," answered David, sarcastically, "and keep waiting, and take it out in waiting."

"Well, I shall wait a good while before I shall go on Sunday," added James. "If I had no scruples of my own about it, I could take no comfort, feeling that I went against mother's wishes."

This emphatic refusal ended the matter. It was a fair illustration of the frank and open way that James had of doing things. There was no artifice about him, no double-dealing or deceitfulness. He would not consent to wrong-doing even to please his best friend. He never resorted to subterfuges to excuse himself when tempted to do wrong. He spoke right out plainly and bluntly, as if it were the only way to speak. Not that he seemed to have a higher standard of morality than others, but it was his nature to be frank and honest with every one, and he wanted others to be so towards him. Companions always knew just where to find him at all times. They knew that he could not be counted upon for question-

able practices at all. He was full of life, and enjoyed a good time as much as any boy in town, ready for a frolic at all suitable times, social, witty, and sharp; but he could not be persuaded or cajoled into wrong-doing. He showed his colors at once.

The other incident illustrates his kindness to animals. The old cat and James were particular friends, and appeared to understand each other perfectly. He was in the garden with James, one day, in whose society he seemed to find real pleasure. The same boy we have spoken of, David, came along, and observing the cat, began pelting him with stones, frightening puss so that he fled to the house. David might as well have pelted James with stones. Stone his cat, and he was stoned.

"That's outrageous," exclaimed James.

"Only a cat," answered David.

"Only *cruelty*, that will stone a cat," responded James.

"I didn't think it was your cat."

"It don't make any difference whose cat it is; a cat is a cat."

"And a rat is a rat," added David, designing to make fun of the affair.

"I can't bear to see an animal abused," continued James.

"I didn't hit him," pleaded David.

"No thanks to you; you meant to hit him. You frightened him half out of his wits."

"He hasn't any wits to be frightened out of," retorted David. "Nothing but a cat."

"And so you might abuse any animal in the world,

and say, 'Nothing but a dog;' 'Nothing but a horse;' 'Nothing but an ox.' I wouldn't abuse any creature so."

"I don't think you would, Jim. You are too tender-hearted for that. A mouse could play on your chin safely, if he only knew you."

"He wouldn't play on yours, Dave, if he knew *you*, that's certain. It would be the most dangerous place he could find."

"Well, Jim, ask pardon of your cat for me, will you! I'm sorry that I offended his majesty. I'll befriend cats forever, now." And David went on his way, leaving James to his reflections.

This was another good trait of James', kindness to animals. He was as kind to them as he was to human beings. He could see no reason for abusing any creature, however insignificant. Abuse was cruelty, in his view.

Still another incident may be rehearsed here as well as any place. James was a boy of spirit, though he was neither pugnacious nor malicious. He wanted to see the rights of the smallest boy respected, and he would contend for it if necessary. In school there was a fatherless boy like himself, and no big brother to take his part. Some of the larger boys were in the habit of teasing him, and James declared that it should stop. James was older than the boy, though not as old as the boys who teased him.

"It's too bad," exclaimed James; "and if you tease him any more you tease me."

"Tease you it is, then," answered one of the boys, with a motion and remark indicating the attempt.

"Just as you like," continued James. "You can operate on me, but you shan't on that little fellow unless you are stronger than I am. Take boys of your size, or none."

"You are mightily taken with that little chap," said another boy; "*I* don't see anything so very interesting about him."

"Well, I do; he has neither father nor big brother, and I'll stand in the place of both to him, in this school."

"Daddy Jim and Brother Jim it is, then," exclaimed a large boy, aiming to make all the fun of it possible.

"Yes, anything you please, so long as you don't run on him," answered James, pleasantly. "I can stand it as long as you can."

And thus he shamed the teasing of the little fellow out of the large boys, exhibiting both courage and principle in the defence of the helpless lad. Taking advantage of the weak, poor, and friendless, appealed to his higher and better nature, as it ever did.

November came, and the harvesting was done. The carpenter came, also, saying,

"Another barn, James. Want another job?"

"Yes, aching for one," James replied.

"All ready for you; can you begin right off?"

"To-morrow, if you want."

"You are a minute-man, I see."

"I s'pose I am, though I don't know what that is."

"Men, in the Revolution, who stood ready to defend their country at a moment's warning, were minute-men."

"Then, I'm a minute-man; I'm ready any minute for building a barn."

"I want to put this one through in a hurry."

"Whose is it?"

"Bernard's, yonder."

"Oh, over there?"

It was further for James to travel than the other barn was; but it was all the same to him.

"It's goin' to be a larger barn."

"Much larger?"

"No; just enough to call it larger, that's all. See you to-morrow morning." And Mr. Treat hastened back, adding, as he turned to go, "same pay as before."

The details must be omitted. The building of this barn provided James with additional facilities for learning how to frame a building; and he improved the opportunity. In many things he was able to go ahead without depending upon his employer, the progress which he made in building the first barn being of great service to him in building the second.

"Not a word of fault to find with you, James," remarked his employer, when the barn was completed. "Work comes easy to you, and you earn your money."

"I mean to know how to frame a barn, yet," answered James.

"Then you don't think you can quite do it, yet?"

"Hardly," said James.

"Pluck and brains will accomplish it, and you have both," added Mr. Treat, intending to pay his young employé a fine compliment.

"I'll give you another chance at it one of these

days," Mr. Treat added. "I owe you fifteen dollars, just." And he counted out the money, and passed it to the happy boy.

"There! the highest price I said, fifty cents a day; and I'm well satisfied, too," Mr. Treat continued.

James had just passed his thirteenth birthday, and he was developing rapidly into a stalwart boy for one of his age. The winter school opened, and he attended as usual, although he had about all there was in the text-books at his tongue's end. He could repeat a good part of his reading-book, and perform the problems in arithmetic with his eyes shut; yet it was excellent discipline to go over them again.

That winter he found somewhere another volume to read, that greatly interested him. It was next to "Robinson Crusoe," in his estimation. The book was "Alonzo and Melissa," well suited to fascinate a boy like him. Once reading did not satisfy him. There were two books now that towered above all the books he ever read, and he wondered if there were any more like them, if so, where? On the whole it was a profitable winter to him; and he began to feel that he could do better for his mother than to run her little farm. Just before the close of school, he said to his mother, "I've been thinking that I can do better for you than to stay on the farm. I could get twelve dollars a month to go out to work."

"Perhaps so," was all his mother said.

"You could keep a cow, hire a man to plant what is necessary, and take care of it; and it wouldn't cost a quarter as much as I can earn," James continued.

"And it would be four times as hard for you," re-

sponded Mrs. Garfield. "It's better for a boy like you to go to school while he can, and not labor all the time. Boys should not work too hard."

"I knew what you'd say; I've learned that by heart," replied James. "But I was never hurt by work yet, and I never expect to be."

"Nevertheless, you may be," responded his mother.

"A fellow may as well be earning something when he can; there's need enough of it in this part of the world," added James.

"In this part of the world!" repeated his mother; "you don't seem to have so high an opinion of this part of the country as you might. What's the trouble with it?"

"No trouble as I know, only a fellow has a better chance in some other places."

"Better chance for what?" asked his mother.

"To get a living, or make a man, or most anything," answered James.

"There's a better chance to get an education in some other places, I admit; and I hope you will enjoy it some day," continued Mrs. Garfield.

James knew much about the world, now. All that Morse's Geography could teach him about his own and other countries he knew thoroughly. He had picked up much information, too, about New England and the State of New York; and he understood very well that the opportunities for a boy to earn money, study, and to rise in the world, were greater in many other parts of the country. It was easy to discover the aspirations of a noble spirit in the boy. He was beginning to feel cramped and confined on the little

farm. His soul was outgrowing its sphere of childhood, and was waiting to plume its wings for higher flights. The young eagle was getting ready to leave the nest and soar.

His mother did not look with favor upon the boy's suggestions. James must be content to live upon the farm for a while. Providence would open the way out into the broad world at the right time. "Wait for Providence."

So James suppressed ambitious desires, and contented himself to remain at home, running the farm, working out by the day for the farmers, as opportunity offered, as well as working at barn-building. Before he was fifteen years old, Mr. Treat gave him an opportunity to work on three more barns, and one shed, so that he did learn how to frame a barn, and was really a better carpenter, at fifteen years of age, than some of the carpenters in that region who claimed to have learned the trade. Being able to turn his hand to any kind of labor, he found a plenty to do, leaving him but limited time for play.

James was as fond of sports as any other boy; and his genial nature, ready wit, and gentlemanly bearing united to make him popular with pleasure-seekers. Without him they had dull times. His presence added a charm to the social circle.

As already intimated, he had grown into a large, strong boy; as Mr. Treat sometimes said, "as strong as an ox." He could lift as much as the strongest man in the vicinity, although he was not agile. He was too large and heavy to be an expert at jumping or running; but his practical wisdom was as manifest

in sports as it was in works. He was such after he had passed his fourteenth birthday, — more advanced and efficient than most youths of that day at eighteen.

We shall close this chapter with a single incident, that occurred in the winter after James' fourteenth birthday.

"Jim, will you go to Cleveland with me, to-morrow?" inquired Edwin Mapes of James, as he called at Mrs. Garfield's in the evening. "I'm going for father."

"I don't know; perhaps I will," replied James, in a hesitating manner, as if it were doubtful.

"Don't know? Who does know, if you don't? Come, go; I want company," pleaded Edwin.

"You'll have a cold ride," suggested James.

"Not very cold if *you* go," responded Edwin. "You and I can keep warm anywhere in Ohio. Say yes, and I'll be off."

"Be off? What's your hurry? Sit down, and I will tell you in the course of half an hour," responded James, teasingly.

Edwin took a seat, whereupon James added, —

"Yes, I'll go, and be glad to; start as early as you please."

"I shan't start very early; no particular need of it. Going over and back, without stopping long," added Edwin.

On the following day, the two boys drove to Cleveland together. Mr. Mapes' horse was a capital roadster, and Edwin understood well how to drive him, and James could ride as fast as Edwin could

drive, without raising a serious objection. So their trip was quick, and devoid of monotony.

On their return, a rough, bloated fellow rode up behind them, and shouted, with a volley of oaths, —

"Out of the way, boys, I'm in a hurry;" and suiting his motions to the word, he turned out to drive by them.

"No, you don't," shouted Edwin, as he drew the reins tight, and gave his horse a cut with the whip; and, almost side by side, the two teams flew along the road for half a mile, the whiskey-soaked traveller pouring out oaths at the boys with every blow of his whip.

"Come on," shouted Edwin to the fellow, at the same time beckoning with his hand to him when he had left him ten or fifteen rods in the rear. "Come on! come on!"

They were too far in advance to hear his voice, but they could see the fellow's very expressive gesticulations with his fist. James enjoyed the victory hugely, and shook his sides with laughter.

"He told us to get out of the way, and we have," was about all the remark that James made during the contest.

They drove on at a very good pace three or four miles, when they came up to a little country inn, with which both of them were familiar.

"Let's go in and get warm," proposed James; "my feet are cold as ice."

"Agreed," answered Edwin; and turned the horse into the shed. In less than five minutes they were standing before the landlord's fire. In less than five

minutes more, the enraged man who tried to run by them drove up, and entered.

"I've a good will to thrash you boys," he shouted at the top of his voice.

The boys were very much surprised to see him in such a passion.

"What are you going to thrash us for?" answered Edwin.

"Thrash you for, you insulting scamps? I'll let you know," and he shook his fist in the liveliest manner, at the same time belching forth a volley of oaths, that we omit, since they did not embellish his language, though they contributed some force to it.

"Why didn't you let me go by, you young rascals?" he continued.

"You had plenty of room to pass; as much room as we had, and the same right to the road," replied James, coolly.

"But I couldn't," the fellow bellowed; "you good-for-nothing brats."

"That's not our fault," returned James. "Better blame your horse."

The latter sentence had a ring of sarcasm in it, especially as the boys laughed when it was spoken; and the brutal man stormed again, and swore he would thrash them.

"Better thrash *me* first," said James, straightening himself up to his full height, and appearing more like a strong man than a boy of fourteen years. The bully looked at him for a moment, as if querying whether his antagonist was not a man, after all.

"Why take you first?" he said, apparently somewhat cowed.

"Because you will never want to thrash him afterwards," answered James, in the most thundering voice he could roll out. The bully turned upon his heels, jumped into his carriage, and drove on.

James and Edwin were soon on their way home, their conversation being upon the unusual experience of the last hour.

"I was glad that you scared him so," remarked Edwin. "He was a regular coward."

"I knew he was a coward when we were talking with him," James replied. "If I hadn't, I should have kept still. I don't like to get into trouble with anybody."

"I thought you were terribly courageous, for you," remarked Edwin. "You roared at him like thunder. Your big voice is enough to frighten any *coward*."

"I hope that it will never frighten anybody else," was the only reply that James made.

James was in no sense a bully, nor was he given to brag. There was no boy in Orange township more gentlemanly and considerate than he; none more averse to pugilistic contests. At the same time, he would stand up for his rights, and the rights of others. He would defend his companions, too, with great courage, if they were in the right. If they were wrong, he would not defend them at all; and he would frankly state his reason. These facts sufficiently explain his encounter with the bully at the hotel.

CHAPTER X.

A BLACK-SALTER.

THE following colloquy will explain a matter that must not be omitted.

"I have come again for James," said Mr. Smith, entering Mrs. Garfield's cottage. "Can't get along without him, when we weed the peppermint."

"Well, James will be glad to help you if he can, but he is pretty busy now on the farm," answered Mrs. Garfield.

"Perhaps he can squeeze out two or three days now, and that will help me through," continued Mr. Smith. "I shall have twenty boys in the gang."

"I should think that was enough without James," remarked Mrs. Garfield.

"It's altogether too many if I *don't* have him," replied Mr. Smith. "You see, the boys do as well again when James leads them. Somehow he has wonderful influence over them."

"I didn't know that," remarked Mrs. Garfield.

"Well, it's true: and if you should see him leading off, and interesting them by stories, anecdotes, and

fun, you'd be surprised. He is a fast worker, and all the boys put in and work as hard as they can to keep up, that they may hear his stories. The boys think the world of him."

"I'm glad to hear such good things of him," remarked Mrs. Garfield. "I'm willing that he should help you if he can."

"I shouldn't mind paying him something extra if he will come," Mr. Smith continued. "I can afford to do that. Each boy does more work, and where there's twenty of them, it's considerable in my pocket."

"Well, you can find James, he is somewhere on the farm; and I'm willing he should go if you can fix it with him," said Mrs. Garfield.

Mr. Smith went in search of James, and found him hard at work in the field. Making known his errand, James could not see how it was possible for him to go, at least for a week. But Mr. Smith soon removed his objections, and arranged for him to come the next day.

This Mr. Smith was a farmer, and his land, on the Chagrin Flats, was adapted to the cultivation of peppermint, which he raised for the market in large quantities. It was necessary to keep it thoroughly weeded, and for this purpose he employed a gang of boys at different times in the season. James had served him more than once in that work, and the shrewd farmer had noticed that the gang would try to keep up with James, so as to hear his stories and interesting conversation. James was a capital story-teller, and all that he ever read or studied was in his

head. His remarkable memory served him a good purpose in company, whether in the field of peppermint, or elsewhere. He could recall almost any anecdote that he ever heard, and could relate whatever he had learned about his own or other countries from Morse's Geography. Add to this his jovial nature, his conversational powers, and his singular tact, and we can readily understand how he could "lead the gang."

So James became general of the peppermint brigade for a few days, to accommodate Mr. Smith, and again his precocity and large acquisitions of knowledge enabled him to lead them to victory over the weeds. The weeds melted away before their triumphant march, as the rebels disappeared before the Ohio Forty-second Regiment, sixteen years afterwards.

We said that James assisted Mr. Treat to build a shed, in addition to the several barns. The shed was the last building on which he worked for Mr. Treat, and it was about ten miles from home, near Cleveland. It was an addition to quite a large pot-ashery, the largest in all that region. A pot-ashery was an establishment containing vats for leeching ashes, and large kettles for boiling the lye, reducing it to potash, which, in its crude state, was called "black-salts." The manufacturer of the article was called a "black-salter." The farmers in the region, when they cleared land, drew the logs and branches of trees together into huge piles, and burned them, for the ashes they could collect therefrom, which they sold to the black-salters.

The black-salter for whom Mr. Treat built the shed, took a great fancy to James. It was rather singular that he did; for he was a rough, uncultivated man himself. Yet the politeness, tact, and brightness of James captivated the old man. Before the shed was completed he resolved that he would have that uncommon boy in his employ, if possible. One day he took James aside, and said to him,

"How'd yer like to come and work for me?"

James was just fifteen years old, at that time. The question was unexpected to James, and he hesitated.

"I want jist sich a hand as yer are in my business," the salter, whose name was Barton, continued. "I reckon yer can figger 'nough for me."

"I don't know about it," finally James replied; "it is something I have not thought about. When do you want me?"

"Jist as soon as yer kin; yer kin't come ter quick."

"I couldn't agree to come until I have seen my mother about it, any way," continued James. "Perhaps she will object."

"That's the sorter boy I 'sposed yer was, to mind yer mother. I like yer all the better for that."

"How long will you want me?" inquired James.

"Jist as long as yer'll stay; as long as yer live, maybe."

"How much will you pay me?"

"I'll give yer fourteen dollars a month, and that's two dollars extra pay." By this Barton meant that he would pay him two dollars a month more than he was wont to pay. The offer was proof that he was greatly pleased with James.

"I will consult my mother about it as soon as I go home, and let you know," said James. He would not go home until the shed was completed. He boarded with Barton. But the shed was almost finished; two days more would complete it.

"How shall I know yer'll come?" said Barton, when the shed was done, and James was about returning home.

"If mother is willing I should engage, I will come next Monday. If you don't see me next Monday you may know that I shall not come."

"That's bisniss," Barton replied. "Tell yer mother I kin do the right thing by yer."

It was a rare offer to a boy fifteen years old — fourteen dollars a month. James regarded it in that light. And then, it was constant work as long as he pleased to continue; that was a great consideration. One hundred and sixty-eight dollars a year! The thought of so much pay elated him very much.

"I have a chance to go right to work, mother, and work as many months as I please, at fourteen dollars a month," said James, as soon as he reached home.

"Where," inquired his mother, with an air of surprise.

"For Mr. Barton, the black-salter."

"I don't think it is the right sort of business for you, James," replied his mother.

"It's the right sort of pay, though," James answered. "But why is it not a good business for me, mother?"

"Because a rough class of men carry on the business, and you will be exposed to many evils," his mother said.

"Exposed to evils enough anywhere," remarked James. "But I don't propose to attend to the evils, but to my work."

"I have no doubt of that, my son. Your intentions are good enough; but you may be enticed away, for all that."

"I must be pretty weak, if that's the case."

"We are all weaker than we think we are. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' We all have reason to adopt that advice."

"Then you won't give your consent for me to go?" James said, inquiringly.

"I don't say that."

"What do you say then?"

"I say that you had better consider the matter well, before you take so important a step."

"Can't think of it a great while, for I have promised to begin work for him next Monday, if I begin at all."

"As soon as that?"

"Yes; and it looks to me as if the time had come for me to give up the farm, that I may earn more for you."

"What did Mr. Treat say about it?"

"He said nothing about it, because he knew nothing about it. I didn't tell him about it."

"I suppose you must go out into the world some time, and perhaps now is the time."

"You told me, once, to wait for Providence to open the door," continued James; "and if Providence didn't open this door, then I shall never know when Providence does open the door."

"The truth was, Mrs. Garfield half thought that Providence would not open the door of a black-salter's establishment to her son; but she did not say so. She smiled at James' application of her teachings about Providence, and remarked:

"Perhaps Providence did open this door. If you go to Mr. Barton's and resist all temptations to evil, and maintain your good character, that will be proof that Providence opened this door. The proof of it depends on yourself."

"Then you give your consent?" said James.

"Yes, I give my consent, and hope it will turn out for the best."

Barton was a happy man on the following Monday, when James presented himself at his door, with all his worldly possessions tied up in a pocket-handkerchief.

"Yer've come," he said. "Yer kin put yer duds in yer sleeping-room;" and he showed him where he would lodge, and then proceeded to the manufactory for work.

The establishment was a dirty place, and the business, or much of it, was dirty. Shovelling ashes, attending to the boilers, and disposing of the black-salts, was not an inviting business. However, James did not have the dirtiest part of the work to do, unless it was occasionally. He kept the books, waited on men who delivered ashes at the establishment, paying their bills, and he waited on customers also, acting as salesman. He did other things when necessary, always improving his time, and looking after the establishment, as if he were Barton's son. He was the first

one at the ashery in the morning, and the last one to leave at night. Barton soon learned to trust him with implicit confidence, and a father could not have been kinder to the boy than he was.

One day a man brought a load of ashes, saying, "There are twenty-five bushels." James had not been at the establishment long, before he resolved to measure all ashes purchased as they were unloaded. Mr. Barton usually took them for the number of bushels claimed. James directed the men in the ashery to measure the load in question as it was unloaded, and he kept tally. There were scarcely more than twenty-two bushels.

"Only twenty-two bushels, sir," said James to the owner.

"There were twenty-five bushels according to my measure," said the man.

"And twenty-two according to mine," replied James. "I will pay you for twenty-two bushels — no more."

"I think you made a mistake," remarked the man.

"If there was any mistake, I think you made it," retorted James. "Three heads are better than one, and three of us attended to the measuring. Shall I pay you for twenty-two bushels?"

"Yes, pay away," the man answered, sulkily.

Barton came in just then, when James told him what had happened; and afterwards he told him further, that there was a great deal of cheating practised upon him, and it was quite time for his interests to be looked after more closely. All this served to increase Barton's confidence in James.

The men with whom James had to do about the

establishment were about as his mother had supposed — a rough, wicked class. But James had nothing to do with them except in the business, and they made no impression upon him as to weakening his principles. Most of them were terribly profane, and one day James interrupted one of them, saying:

"Jake, what makes you swear so? You are awful. What good does it do you?"

"I s'pose it gits some of the bad stuff out of me," was Jake's prompt reply.

"If that is the case, all the bad stuff ought to have been out of you long ago; you have sworn enough to empty yourself."

"Nary bisness of yers, any way," the swearer answered.

"I should think that the more bad stuff you let out, the more there was left, Jake," continued James. "I don't want you should empty any more of it about me."

"What is 't to yer, any way?" answered the godless fellow, displeased at the rebuke.

"It is a very bad habit, Jake, as you know," answered James. "It does you no good, and it is very unpleasant to many persons who hear you."

"Stop yer ears, then," said Jake, angrily.

"There is no use being mad over it, Jake. I don't like to hear your profanity; and now suppose you just please me a little, and not spill any more of the stuff near me."

Jake laughed, and turned to his work. He could not be very angry with James, for he thought too much of him. In this frank and honest way, James

dealt with the men. There was no danger that he would be enticed away by that class of men. Another danger, however, met him in the house, and for a time it was an unsettled question whether Provideence or Satan opened that door. If his good mother had been cognizant of what was going on, she would have discovered ample reason for her apprehensions.

A book-loving boy like James would not be long in a strange place without finding all the books there were; so books were among the first things that attracted his attention in Barton's house. There were "Marryat's Novels," "Sindbad the Sailor," "The Pirate's Own Book," "Jack Halyard," "Lives of Eminent Criminals," "The Buccaneers of the Caribbean Seas," plundering a Spanish galleon; and perhaps some others of the same character. The adventure and marvelous exploits contained in these volumes were suited to fire his imagination and inflame his heart. He was thus introduced into a new experience altogether, more perilous to him than a regiment of coarse, brutal men. He made books his most intimate companions, and trusted them with entire confidence. He could read deceitful and designing men around him, and bluff them off; but he took the volumes that he read directly to his heart, and communed with them, as friend communes with friend.

Volume after volume of this pernicious reading was devoured, causing Mr. Barton to remark to others of the "great scholar" in his employ. Barton himself did not understand but that the volumes in his

house were as safe for a boy to read as the Bible; nor did he care much. His daughter had purchased these books from time to time, and read them, too, and why should he, ignorant man that he was, appreciate the tendency of such reading? His daughter was a young woman grown, possessing considerable native ability, but little culture, though she was the belle of the town. She wrote poetry occasionally for a paper that had been started in Cleveland, a circumstance that gave her some notoriety among the people.

"I see you like reading," she said to James one evening, when he was rapt over one of Marryat's novels.

"There's nothing I like better. I never read books like these before," he answered.

"They are very interesting books, I think," she added.

"You've read them, have you?"

"Yes; I bought them, and I have read them all more than once."

"I think I shall read them more than once. I'm glad I came here to live. These long evenings would be dull for me without books."

"You'd have to go to Damon's with the men, evenings, if you had no books," the young woman suggested. Damon's was the store where the post-office was kept; and there the male portion of the population were wont to congregate in the evening, to talk politics, or nonsense, according to circumstances. It was a motley crowd, whose appearance would have terrified Mrs. Garfield, could she have seen them; and yet her James was in worse company, for him, every

evening, poring over those fascinating and corrupting books. He did not know his danger, and so his danger was greater. To the young woman's suggestion, James replied, —

"I couldn't go there."

"Why?" she asked.

"I don't like that sort of company."

"It's not very attractive, I think," she conceded.

"My mother would be frightened to see me in such company."

If James had only known, he might have said, with equal truth, perhaps, that his mother would be frightened to see him in the company of such books. But he had no thoughts in that direction. He had become infatuated over these mute, yet loquacious, companions.

When the family retired at night, James would take his light and book and go to his room, but not to bed. Twelve o'clock often found him reading, almost oblivious to the cold that pinched his flesh and made him shiver. But his young blood seemed to be warmed by the excitement and enthusiasm begotten by his reading.

One night he retired, excited and wakeful. As he lay musing, he said, within himself:

"I will see some of the world yet. I shan't always follow this business."

Then he turned over to invite sleep, but was still wakeful.

"A black-salter!" he continued. "It is not the sort of work for me. Can't see much of the world, tied down here."

He turned over again, restless and nervous, but sleep was chary.

"I should like to be a sailor, and see more of the world; go to other countries, and see the great cities; it's splendid," his mind said; and he was not sleepy at all.

"What's the use of staying at home always, and seeing nothing, when the great world is open. I mean to try it some time."

And so he went on discussing the matter within himself, and reasoning away many of the staid and valuable ideas that had kept him a noble boy.

"I wonder what mother will say to it? Women are always afraid, and want to keep their boys at home all the time. I 'spose she will make a terrible fuss about it; but I mean to see more of the world, somehow."

Sleep finally came to his relief, and he dreamed of ships bearing him over the ocean to other lands, where fairy-like cities delighted his vision; and other enrapturing scenes, that exist only in dreams, made him thrice happy. It was quite evident now that Satan was opening the door of the future wide, instead of that providence whose watch and care his good mother had invoked.

He continued a faithful laborer to Mr. Barton, attending to the details of the business with promptness, and securing his love and confidence. Barton watched him with pride, and once he said to him:

"Yer kin read, yer kin write, and yer are death on figgers; so stay with me, keep my 'counts, and tend to the saltery. I'll find yer, and glad to give yer the fourteen dollars a month."

"I want to be a sailor," replied James.

"A sailor!" exclaimed Barton, in amazement. "Yer don't mean it. There's too much of yer for that bisniss. What's put that idee into yer head?"

"I want to see more of the world than I can see in Ohio," answered James. "It will be dull business to make black-salts all my days."

"Well, yer will never go to sea if yer take my advice. Stay here, and some day yer'll have a saltery of yer own."

"I don't want one," replied James. "I'd rather have something else."

"My word for it," continued Barton; "yer are too good a boy to spile on the seas. Stay with me, and some day yer'll have a saltery as big as our'n."

"I wouldn't spend my life in this business for a dozen salteries as big as this," replied James.

Barton was exceedingly afraid that he should lose his excellent employé, and so he endeavored to make his position agreeable as possible. His praise, too, was not stinted at all.

"Yer are a cute boy, good at readin', good at figgers, good at work, good at everything," he would say; "stay with me, and I'll do well by yer."

James continued through the winter, until April opened, when the following incident terminated his career as a salter.

Barton's daughter had a beau, and he came to see her one night, when James was working over some difficult problems in arithmetic. There was but one room below in the farm-house, and that was a very large one, so the young couple occupied a distant

corner, James and the "old folks" sitting near the fireplace. James took in the situation well for a boy of his years, and designed to retire as soon as the girl's father and mother did; but he became so absorbed in his arithmetic that he did not notice they had left the room, until the impatient girl startled him by the remark, —

"I should think it was time for *hired servants* to be abed."

James' anger was aroused. He looked at her fiercely for a moment, but said nothing. Then he took his candle and started for his room, his very tread on the floor showing that the invincible spirit within him was thoroughly stirred. The coast was now clear for the matrimonial aspirants, though at quite a loss to the establishment, as the sequel will show.

James could not sleep. The sarcastic girl had knocked sleep out of him.

"*Hired servant!*" he repeated to himself, over and over. "And that's all I am in this concern, — 'a hired servant.' I'll not be a '*servant*' long, let them know." And he tried to compose himself, and forget his trouble by going to sleep, but in vain.

"Hired servant!" It would not down at his bidding. He kept repeating it, in spite of himself; and the more he repeated it, the more his feelings were harrowed.

"'Hired servant!' I can rise above that, I know, and I *will*. I'll not stay in this place another day, let what will happen. I'll leave to-morrow. The trollop shall see whether I'm a '*hired servant*,' or not. *I'll hire* servants yet."

The fact was, that unexpected appellation proved to James just what the kick in the stomach, which the schoolmate gave to Newton, did. The kick made a scholar out of Newton; the girl's remark aroused latent aspirations in James' heart to be somebody. Years afterwards, when James had become a man, and was battling with the stern realities of life, he said, "That girl's cutting remark proved a great blessing to me. I was too much annoyed by it to sleep that night; I lay awake under the rafters of that old farm-house, and vowed, again and again, that I *would* be somebody; that the time should come when that girl would not call me a '*hired servant.*'"

The bad books, however, very nearly turned the aspirations awakened into the way to ruin instead of honor.

James arose early in the morning, dressed himself, and tied up his few possessions in a bundle, and presented himself to Mr. Barton for settlement.

"I'm going to leave to-day," he said.

If he had fired off a pistol at his employer the latter would not have been more astounded.

"Goin' ter leave!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; I'm done working at this business."

"Hi, Jim, yer can't mean it."

"I do mean it," answered James; and he adhered to his purpose against the entreaties and good promises of his employer, and that, too, without saying a word to him about the "hired servant." The upshot was, that Mr. Barton paid him off, and James was at home before noon.

CHAPTER XI.

A WOOD-CHOPPER.

HOME for good," said James to his mother, on entering the house. "Got enough of saltering."

"I am glad to see you, James; but what's the matter now?" his mother replied.

"Matter enough. I've come home to stay."

"I'm glad of that."

"I can be somebody if I try, instead of a 'hired servant,'" continued James, speaking the last two words contemptuously.

"What now? Have you had any trouble with Mr. Barton?"

"None at all; he is one of the kindest men in the world. I shouldn't want to work for a better man."

"What, then, is to pay?" urged his mother, earnestly.

James rehearsed to her the experience of the previous evening, and his determination to quit the business, together with Mr. Barton's disappointment at his leaving, and his entreaties for him to stay. Mrs. Garfield listened attentively to the recital, which closed by his saying,—

"There are fifty-six dollars for you, mother."

"You are indeed thoughtful of your mother, and the money will add many comforts to our home," replied Mrs. Garfield; "but did you not act rather hastily?"

"Hastily or not, I've acted, and that is the end of it," replied James. "I didn't exactly want to give up the job, on account of the pay, but I have."

"I should think much of Mr. Barton's kindness and his disappointment," suggested his mother.

"And minded nothing about the insulting girl, I s'pose?"

"I shouldn't care for her. I don't suppose she meant any evil by her remark. Besides, it is not dishonorable to be a hired servant, especially if you are a good one," added his mother.

"That is not the thing, mother. I don't think it is dishonorable to be a 'hired servant.' It was the girl's insulting way of saying it, and it stirred me up to want to be somebody in the world, and I mean to be."

"I hope it will all turn out for the best, my son; and I believe that Providence will overrule it for good."

"I must look out for another job, now," remarked James.

"And not stay at home?"

"No; I can earn more for you, away."

"Well, as you think best," said his mother. "I dare say you will have a plenty of chances."

"I would like to go to sea, mother," added James, hesitatingly.

If he had struck his mother in her face, she would not have been more shocked.

"Why, James!" she exclaimed.

"I've been thinking about it," James continued.

"Thinking about it, James! What has got into you? You shock me."

"I don't wish to go against your will, mother," James added.

"You will go against my will, if you ever go to sea, James. Be a salter, or anything else, rather than a sailor."

"Why, mother?"

"You certainly can never be 'somebody,' as you say, by going to sea."

"I can be a commander of a vessel, perhaps, and some day I may own one; who knows?"

"Who knows what you wouldn't be, James, if you should become a sailor? Say no more about such a step, if you want to make your mother happy."

The subject was dropped there, and James proceeded to look about the farm. For several days he busied himself in putting things in order, awaiting work elsewhere. At length he heard that his uncle, living at Newburg, near Cleveland, wanted to hire wood-choppers. His uncle was clearing a large tract of forest near the line of Independence township. After conferring with his mother, and seeking the advice of his uncle, Amos Boynton, he decided to go to Newburg. His mother was quite willing that he should go there, because his sister Mehetabel had married, and was living there; and James could board with her. Three days after, James presented himself at his uncle's door in Newburg, making known his errand.

"Glad to see you, James," was his uncle's cordial

welcome. "How you grow! almost a man, now! Yes, I've work enough to be done at chopping, if men will only do it."

"I like to chop," interrupted James.

"A great many don't," replied his uncle; "and chopping wood is pretty hard work, — about as hard as any work there is."

"I don't think so," remarked James. "I do not get so tired chopping as I have been sometimes planing boards."

"Well, let's see," continued his uncle; "how much of a job at chopping can you undertake? It's coming warm weather, and you don't want to chop wood when it is too hot, do you?"

"Perhaps not; I can chop two months, sure."

"Suppose you take a job of one hundred cords to cut, James; how will that do?"

"I will agree to that. How much will you pay me a cord?"

"I will pay you fifty cents a cord for one hundred cords; and the fifty dollars shall be ready for you as soon as the work is done. How long will you be cutting it?"

"Fifty days," James quickly answered.

"A little longer than that, I reckon, unless you are a mighty smart chopper," suggested his uncle. "There's a great difference in men, and boys, too, in chopping wood."

"I shall cut two cords a day, right along," said James. "I can do it easily."

"That's pretty good chopping — better than the average, by considerable," replied his uncle; "and

you are larger and stronger than the average of choppers, I guess."

The bargain was clinched, and James passed on to his sister's, who gave him a warm greeting, and agreed to board him. So James was once more settled, and ready to proceed to business. The next morning he appeared in the rôle of a wood-chopper; not a new occupation to him.

It was unfortunate for James that his work was in full view of Lake Erie, on whose blue bosom he could see a plenty of craft sailing, at any time. The location seemed to conspire with the bad books at Barton's to fan his desire for a sea-faring life into a flame. In the circumstances, it was not strange that James did not forget the books he had read. He often stopped in his work to watch a vessel gliding over the waves like a swan, and sometimes he would seat himself upon a log to count the sails appearing in the distance. It was a rare spectacle to him, and his young heart bounded with delight. He cherished the secret thought that, some day, he would be sailing over that very lake.

There were several choppers near him, one of them a German. He was a clever man, and spoke very broken English. James thought he was a slow chopper, and noticed that his axe did not fly briskly. At the end of a week, however, he found that the German had cut and corded two cords a day, — just the amount he himself had cut.

"I don't understand it," he said to his sister, on going home. "I strike two blows to the German's one, and yet he has cut as many cords as I have."

"Perhaps he strikes heavier blows," suggested his sister.

"I doubt it," replied James; "but I will find out the reason."

James was on the alert to find out the reason of the German's success. Nor was he left long in the dark. Lake Erie had no attractions for the Teutonic chopper, and so he kept steadily at his work, from morning until night, while James frequently stopped to watch the sails in the distance. The German did not strike blows so rapidly as James, nor were his blows more telling, but he was steadily at work from morning until night. James comprehended the whole, and it was a good lesson to him. He took his first lesson of application and perseverance of the German wood-chopper, and reduced it to practice at once. It rather cooled his fiery ardor for the sea. He confessed to his sister that he had wasted some time in watching sails on the lake. At the same time, he owned that he had a longing for the sea.

"You surprise me, James," his sister said. "I never thought that of you. You can't be in earnest, can you?"

"I never was more earnest in my life," answered James, coolly. "The height of my ambition is to command a ship."

"Captain Garfield! That is the title you want to earn, is it?" remarked his sister. "I hope you'll never get it."

"You know that was the title of one of our great ancestors, *Captain* Benjamin Garfield," suggested James.

"But he didn't get his title on a ship, by any means; he got it in the Revolutionary war," retorted his sister. "Anything but a sailor."

"I might be something worse than that," added James.

"Not unless you become a *mean man*," quickly answered his sister.

"You had rather I would get the title by shooting men in war, than bringing goods from foreign ports, had you?" said James, in a sarcastic manner.

"I rather you would be a wood-chopper all your days than to be a sailor," was his sister's prompt reply. "I think mother would say the same. You have too much talent to throw away on the deck of a ship."

James received no encouragement from any quarter to become a sailor; and his aspirations in that direction became somewhat modified. He thought less of a sea-faring life for a time, and devoted himself to wood-chopping with commendable industry. Two cords a day were cut and piled with ease. He could have cut two cords and a half each day without lengthening his days inordinately. But he had fixed the limit when he began, and James was not the boy to change his purpose.

His sister owned a few books, and his uncle more; and, between them both, James was quite well provided with reading. A newspaper, that his uncle took, occupied his attention till each number was read through. Nor were the books objectionable, like those at Barton's. They were healthy and profitable volumes for such a reader as James, who preferred a

book to the society of the young men of the town, who might gather at any rendezvous. His reading, too, appeared to offset his growing desire for the sea. Engrossing his attention in the subject-matter of the books, excluded, in a measure, at least for the time, his hankering for a ship. His evenings were wholly given up to reading, some of them extending considerably beyond bed-time. The temptation to lengthen his evenings for reading he could not resist so readily as he could the temptation to lengthen the days for chopping.

James chopped the hundred cords of wood in fifty days, and received his pay, according to the contract. On paying him, his uncle said:—

"I hope you will not always be a wood-chopper, James, although it is a necessary and honorable business. But you are competent to do something of more consequence. The way may open for you to get an education yet: how would you like that?"

"I should like it," answered James, although he would have said, "I want to go to sea," if he had really dared to risk it. But he had good reason to suppose that his uncle would resolutely rebuke any such expression. So he desisted. Nor did he tell a falsehood by saying that he would like to acquire an education, for his taste was strong in that direction; but he could discover no way into that field of clover.

Bidding his uncle and sister good-by, James returned home, and presented his mother with the balance of the fifty dollars, after paying for his board. His mother was rejoiced to see her boy, wondering

all the while if his desire for a sea-faring life survived. She thought it not best, however, to open a subject that was so unpleasant to her, for fear it might prove agreeable to him. Nothing was said about the sea.

It was the last week in June, and James would like a job for the summer. His uncle Amos told him of a farmer, five or six miles away, who wanted to hire a man through haying and harvesting, about four months. James went immediately to see him, bargained to work for him from July to November, four months, and accordingly took up his abode with the man on the first day of July.

A stout, muscular fellow like James was supposed to be an efficient hand in the hay-field. His employer liked his appearance, and expected much of him. Nor was he disappointed. His strength enabled him to swing a scythe and pitch hay with power, though he was a boy in age. Then he possessed a boy's pride in his strength, and delighted to astonish his employer by an exhibition of it. Boy-like, he found great pleasure in keeping squarely up with his employer in the mowing field, sometimes cutting his corners. His power of endurance was remarkable; and he never appeared to tire, or "play out," as the boys say.

James found no books here, or none worth mentioning. The people cared little about reading, though they were people of character. But farming was their business, and they worked early and late. When the day's work was done, they went to bed, and, at four o'clock in the morning, they were up

and ready for another day's work. Thus it was through the whole busy season of the year. James kept abreast of them. "If I can't do what other folks can, I'll quit," he said to himself, more than once.

Nothing unusual occurred during the four months, excepting only two incidents, which we will narrate.

James was digging potatoes in October, and putting them into the cellar. On going to the house with a load one day, he found a neighbor discussing the subject of baptism with his employer's daughter.

"Sprinkling is baptism," James heard him say, "Immersion is no more. A drop of water is as good as a fountain."

"Sprinkling is not baptism, according to Alexander Campbell," replied the young woman; "and I don't see how it can be."

"I said, according to the Bible. I don't care a fig for Alexander Campbell," the neighbor rejoined.

"That makes your position harder to support," interrupted James, with the design of affording relief to the farmer's daughter, whom he very much respected.

"What do you know about it?" exclaimed the neighbor, somewhat annoyed at the boy's interruption. "You know more about potatoes than the Scriptures, according to my idea."

"You can't prove that sprinkling is baptism, from the Bible," added James.

"That's all you know about it," retorted the man.

"See here," continued James, thinking he would surprise the disputant by his familiarity with the

Scriptures; "how do you get along with this?" And he proceeded to quote from Hebrews: "Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience."

"There, you see it says 'sprinkled,'" interrupted the neighbor, quite elated.

"But, hold on!" replied James; "wait, and hear the rest of it. You are in too big a hurry." And James repeated the remainder of the text: "and our bodies *washed* with pure water." He laid stress on the word "washed," adding: —

"Now tell me, if you can, how can you *wash* your body in a drop of water."

Without waiting for a reply, he hurried away to the potato-patch.

The other incident relates to his desire to go to sea. He concluded to sound his employer one day, and he said: —

"What do you think about my going to sea?"

"Going to *see* what?" answered the farmer.

"To ship, and be a sailor," answered James.

"Likely story that you would undertake that business."

"I'm thinking of it."

"I guess you'll take it out in thinking."

"Honest, though, I'm not joking. I want to command a ship."

"Well, if you were my boy," retorted the farmer, "I should *command* you to *shut up*. It's the last place for you to go. Better dig potatoes all your days."

ON THE TOM-PATH.

"I will shut up," repeated James, quite amused at the farmer's decided way of opposing a sea-faring life. He did not mention the subject again.

James completed his four months' labor with the farmer, for which he received twelve dollars a month, — forty-eight dollars in all, — with the farmer's laconic endorsement :

"You've done well."

CHAPTER XII.

A CANAL BOY.

JAMES was restive and dissatisfied when he returned home. His mother saw that he was uneasy, and she feared that he was thinking about the sea. Nor was she mistaken in her apprehensions, although she remained silent on the subject. Thus matters continued through the winter, James attending school, and looking after the place. In the spring, he worked at odd jobs in the town, until the farm demanded his attention. It was evident, however, that his heart was not in his work. His thoughts were on the sea. At last he seemed to reach a point where he could restrain his desires no longer. It was about the first of July. He said to his mother:

"Mother, you don't know how I long for the sea. Why cannot I look after a place on a ship?"

"Where do you want to ship to, James?" his mother replied.

This answer was unexpected. James anticipated a direct refusal, but the answer indicated a change of feeling in his mother, he thought; and it encouraged him to proceed. There was really no change in his

mother's feelings, but she was a sagacious woman, and there was a change in her tactics.

"I'm not particular where; I want to see something of the world," was James' answer.

"It's rather queer for a boy of your ability not to know where he wants to go," said his mother. "If I wanted to go somewhere, I would find out *where* in the first place. You don't care whether you go to Europe, Asia, or Africa!"

"Not exactly that," replied James; "I would like to cross the Atlantic."

"And be sick enough of it before you got half across," remarked Mrs. Garfield. "Boys don't know what they want."

"*I* know what *I* want," retorted James; "and that is what I am trying to tell you. I want to try life on the ocean. If I don't like it, I'll give it up."

"That's not so easy. You get out to the Mediterranean, or to China, and it will not be very easy to give it up and come home. You will wish that you had taken your mother's advice." His mother said this with much feeling.

"I shall never know till I try," James continued. "But I will never go to sea, or anywhere else, unless you consent."

"Suppose you try a trip in a schooner on Lake Erie first, and see how you like it," suggested his mother. "Perhaps you won't like it. You will not be far from home, then."

"Are you willing that I should do that?" inquired James, brightening up at the prospect.

"I'd much rather you would do that than to cross

the Atlantic, and I would give my consent to that," his mother answered, with reluctance.

"It is settled, then," replied James. "I shall start for Lake Erie as soon as I can get ready."

Mrs. Garfield's tactics prevailed. She had given much thought to the subject, and had reluctantly concluded that, if worst came to worst, she would compromise with the boy, and allow him to ship on Lake Erie. She feared that his desire to become a sailor would prove uncontrollable, and that he would eventually go to sea, any way. Perhaps allowing him to try life on shipboard, in a smaller way, and so near home as the familiar lake, would result in his abandoning the idea of a "life on the ocean wave," altogether.

James prepared for his departure as soon as possible; and taking what money was necessary, with his inevitable bundle, he returned his mother's kiss, but not her tears, and started for Cleveland, where he expected to ship. He walked the whole distance, seventeen miles, and was in sight of the tempting sails at twelve o'clock, noon.

He proceeded directly to the wharf, and boarded the first schooner he found.

"Chance for another hand on board?" he inquired of one of the crew.

The sailor addressed answered, "The captain will soon come up from the hold."

So James waited, expecting soon to stand in the presence of a stout, gentlemanly, noble-looking man, just such a captain as he had read of in books. He did not wait long before the sailor, whom he had addressed, remarked:

"The captain is coming."

James heard a tremendous noise below, as if there was trouble of some kind; and then he heard a human voice belching out most horrible oaths at somebody, or something, as if the captain of the infernal regions was approaching. He scarcely knew what to make of it. But, while he stood wondering, the captain appeared, — a drunken, beastly, angry fellow, — a whiskey-barrel on legs, his mouth its bung-hole, pouring out the vilest stuff possible. James had seen some hard customers before, but if the pit could send up a more horrible sample of humanity from its "hold," he did not wish to meet him. James looked at the creature a moment, and the disgusting creature looked at him, when he ventured to approach him, saying, in a gentlemanly way:

"Captain?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Do you want to hire another hand for your schooner?"

"What if I do, you green land-lubber?" exclaimed the captain, with another torrent of oaths. "Get off this schooner in double-quick, or I'll throw you into the dock."

James attempted to excuse himself in a polite way, but the infuriated wretch only cursed and raved the more, swinging his fists in the most threatening manner.

"Get out, I say, or I'll be the death of you. 'Spose I'd hire such a lubber and greenhorn to run my schooner!" And the blackest oaths continued to roll out of his mouth.

The last sound of that terrible voice that lingered on James' ear, as he hurried from the craft, was that of profanity. Such a repulse he never dreamed of. He scarcely thought such a scene possible anywhere. He had read of sailors and captains, but he had never read of such a captain as that. He began to think that books are not always reliable. It was the first time he had ever stopped to think that men are not always what they are represented to be in books. The experience was a damper to his seafaring propensity. In this respect it was a good thing for the boy. As it turned out, the drunken captain prevented him from becoming a sailor. It was a rather rough way of being turned aside from a purpose, but the roughest usage sometimes leads to the best results.

James sat down on a pile of wood to muse on the ways of the world, and to eat a lunch which he put into his pocket on leaving home. He could not understand the philosophy of such a course as the captain pursued. He did nothing to provoke him. "He," he thought, "was provoked before I saw him, for I heard his fearful oaths." He concluded, finally, that he did appear rather green and rough to the captain, for his clothes were countrified and worn; and perhaps he did not know exactly how to present himself to a sea captain, salter, wood-chopper, and farmer as he was. The more he pondered the more he found an excuse for the captain, and the less disposed he was to relinquish his purpose to be a sailor.

He ceased to muse, and walked along the wharf, perhaps not exactly satisfied what to do next. He was soon startled, however, by a voice:

"Jim! Jim!"

James turned about; the voice came from a canal boat.

"Halloo, Jim! How came you here?"

It was Amos Letcher, his cousin, who called to him from the canal boat.

"You here, Amos?" exclaimed James; and he was on board the boat in a hurry, shaking hands with his old friend and relative.

"How came you here?" inquired Amos. "The last I knew of you, you were chopping wood."

"I came over to see if I could find a chance to ship on the Lake," replied James.

"What luck?"

"Not much, yet?"

"Seen anybody?"

Finally James rehearsed his experience on the schooner, to which Amos listened with a kind of comical interest.

"Hot reception," remarked Amos, after listening to the recital. "Some of the captains are hard customers, I tell you."

"Hard!" repeated James; "that is no name for that fellow. I 'spose he is human; he looks like a man, but he is more of a demon."

"You wouldn't like to ship with such a brute, would you?" Amos inquired.

"No; I'd rather chop wood."

"How would you like a canal boat?"

"I don't know; would it help me to get a place on a ship?"

"It might, some."

"Another hand wanted on this boat?" James asked.

"Yes, we want another driver."

"Where's the captain?"

"*I* am captain."

"You captain, Amos?" replied James, with much surprise.

"Yes, I am captain; and I should be right glad to hire you."

"Driver! that is, I drive the horses?" added James, inquiringly.

"That is just it; not so hard as chopping wood."

"Where do you go to?"

"To Pittsburg."

"What do you carry?"

"Copper ore."

"I think I will engage, Captain Letcher," continued James, repeating the title of his cousin, to see how it sounded. "How much will you pay me?"

"Twelve dollars a month; that is what we pay drivers."

"I'll take the position, Captain Letcher, and do the best I can."

"And I shan't ask you to do any better than that," said Amos, as facetiously as James had repeated his title.

"We start to-morrow morning," added the captain. "You will not lose much time."

"So much the better," answered James, thinking himself quite fortunate on the whole.

The canal at that time was a great thoroughfare between Lake Erie and the Ohio River. Copper mining was carried on extensively on Lake Superior, and the ore was brought down to Cleveland in

schooners, and from thence was taken to Pittsburg by canal. The name of the canal boat commanded by Captain Letcher was "Evening Star," and its capacity was seventy tons. It was manned with two steersmen, two drivers, a bowman, and a cook, besides the captain, — seven men in all. The bowman's business was to make the locks ready, and to stop the boat as it entered the lock, by throwing the bowline, that was attached to the bow of the boat, around the snubbing post. The drivers were furnished with two mules each, which were driven one before the other; one driver with his mules serving a given number of hours, then giving place to the other, and going on board with his mules.

Boatmen, as a class, were rough fellows, then. "Profane, coarse, vulgar, whiskey-drinkers," describes them exactly. Rum and tobacco were among their necessaries of life, about as much so as bread or meat. They cared nothing for morals and religion, and often made them the butt of ridicule. The best fellow was the one who could drink the most whiskey, and sing the worst songs. Of course such fellows were no company for James. The contrast between him and one of this class was very marked. It was a new and hard school for him.

At sunrise, on the following morning, James took his turn at mule-driving, the captain starting him off well by some instructions. The boat was to pass through the first lock before James hitched on. This done, and James stepped directly into the rank of mule-driver. It was going to sea on a small scale, and so there was some fascination about it. And yet he was on the tow-path instead of the water, except

when he tumbled in. Within an hour James heard the captain, —

"Hi, Jim! Boat coming. Steady."

James knew it as well as the captain, and designed to pass the boat with signal success. But somehow, he could scarcely tell how, the two drivers got their lines tangled, interrupting the progress of the mules. The lines were soon separated, but the impetus of Captain Letcher's boat, in the delay, pushed it up square with the mules, when the steersman called out, "Hurrah, Jim, whip up that team, or your line will catch on the bridge." There was a waste-way just ahead.

"Ay!" James answered, as he whipped the mules into a trot.

"Steady, steady!" called the captain, fearing that James was rushing into trouble by too much speed. The caution was too late, however. Just as the team reached the middle of the bridge the lines tightened, and jerked driver and mules into the canal.

"Quick! help!" shouted the captain, and every man ran to their rescue.

"Hold on, Jim!" cried the bowman, meaning that James should understand deliverance was at hand. James was holding on as well as he could, with two stupid mules to manage in the water. For some minutes it was difficult to tell how the affair would terminate, for there was serious danger that mules and driver would go to the bottom together. But it had always been James' good fortune to come to the top. So he did here; and he was soon astride the leading mule, urging him out of the difficulty. A few

minutes only elapsed before all were rescued, with no injury except a good ducking.

During the process of rescuing the unfortunate victims of the accident, there was no jesting or light remarks, but one serious, earnest effort to save the mules, and to rescue James. But no sooner were the sufferers safe on the tow-path than a general laughter and merry time over the mishap ensued.

"Yer a good Baptist now, Jim," exclaimed one of the steersmen, terminating his explosive laughter.

"Yer see how we 'nitiate greenhorns into canal bisniss," said another of the men.

"I kind o' thought yer was a goner at first," added a third.

Finally, the captain said, jocosely, "Jim, what were you doing down there in the canal?"

"Taking my morning bath," answered James. "Refreshing."

"Washin' the mules, I reckoned," chimed in one of the men.

"All ready, now!" shouted the captain; "Jim has washed himself, and is now ready to proceed to business. All aboard!" And they were off in a jiffy.

The bantering did not cease with that day. Many a hearty laugh was enjoyed over it for several days, and James was the subject of many jocose remarks; all of which served to keep the crew in good humor. James enjoyed it as well as the rest of them.

At "Eleven Mile Lock," the captain ordered a change of teams. James went on board with his mules, and the other driver took the tow-path with his fresh mules.

"Goin' to take the mules into yer bunk with yer, as yer did in a-swimmin'?" remarked one of the hands.

"Put up your team, Jim, and then come on deck," said the captain, addressing James; "I want to see you."

James took good care of his mules, and went on deck.

"Jim, I hear there is some come-out to you, and if you have no objections I would like to make up my own mind in regard to it. It is a long ways to Pan-cake Lock, and this will be a good time; so I should like to ask you a few questions."

"Proceed," answered James; "but be sure and not ask too hard ones."

"You see, I've kept school some in the backwoods of Steuben County, Indiana," added the captain.

"Schoolmaster and captain," repeated James. "Honor enough for one family. What did you teach?"

"Reading, writing, spelling, geography, arithmetic, and grammar."

"Go ahead, then," continued James, "and examine me in these branches. I'll answer the best I know."

The captain proceeded with his questions, first in arithmetic, then in geography and grammar, and James answered every question promptly.

"You are a trump, Jim; I've heard a good deal about your talents, and I wanted to see whether it was so, or not. You'll not shame your relations; I'll own you for cousin," remarked the captain, discontinuing his questions.

"Now, s'pose I put a few questions to you," said James; "it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

"As many as you choose," answered the captain.

The captain could not answer the first question that James put, nor the second, nor third; nor, indeed, any of them. James had studied all the branches named far more thoroughly than the captain, so that "hard questions" were at his command. He intended to confound the captain, and he did.

"If you'll let me alone, I'll let you alone," remarked the captain, after several ineffectual attempts to answer James's questions.

The captain did not know so much as he thought he did. Because he had taught school in Indiana, and studied arithmetic, grammar, and geography, he thought he was superior even to James, of whom he had heard large stories. A few years ago he spoke of the matter to a friend, and said, "I was just green enough in those days to think that I knew it all. You see, I had been teacher for three years in the backwoods of Steuben County, Indiana." That overestimate of himself put him into an awkward position before James. At the close of the interview, the captain said, seriously:

"Jim, you've too good a head on you to be a woodchopper, or a canal driver."

"Do you really think so?" asked James.

"Yes, I do, honest."

"What would you have me do?"

"Teach school. Go to school one or two terms, and then you will be qualified to teach a common

school; and after that you can make anything you have a mind to out of yourself."

"That is more easily said than done," answered James. "What do you think of my going to sea."

"I don't think much of it, to tell you the truth, Jim. It's a terrible hard, rough life, and it's a pity to throw away your talents on the deck of a ship. Never do any such thing, Jim. That's my advice."

"But I don't intend to *serve* all my days, if I become a sailor," said James; "I intend to *command*."

"Command or serve, it will be all the same to you, Jim. You will be greater than the business, any way, and that's unfortunate for any one. It won't help the matter any to be called Captain Garfield."

"You don't know what a longing I have for life on the ocean," added James. "For ever so long I have been thinking of the matter; but mother never gave her consent till lately, and then, only to ship on Lake Erie."

"There's where your mother is right. She knows your abilities, and wants you should follow what your abilities fit you to become. I shouldn't think she would ever consent to such a wild project as your going to sea. To be a sailor, when you might be a teacher or governor, is the most foolish thing in the world."

"Now, captain," replied James, as if doubting his sincerity, "do you really think that my talents promise any such result as that?"

"Certainly I do; I shouldn't say it if I didn't think so. I would go to school in the autumn, and teach

school next winter, if I were in your place. You'll earn money enough this summer, nearly, to pay your way."

The conversation ceased; but James's thoughts ran on. He began to wonder whether he was such a fool as would appear from the captain's remarks. It was quite evident that Captain Letcher had set him to thinking in the right direction. If he did possess talents for some high position, he was a fool, surely, to throw them away for nothing. He began to see it in that light. What his cousin had said tallied very well with what several other people had told him, and he began to think that all of them could not be wrong. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses, every word shall be established."

CHAPTER XIII.

TRIUMPHS ON THE TOW-PATH.

HE boat was nearing the twenty-one locks of Akron.

"Make the first lock ready," cried the captain to his bowman. It was ten o'clock at night.

"Ay!" answered the bowman, promptly.

As the bowman approached the lock, a voice came through the darkness from the bowman of another boat, —

"Don't turn this lock; our boat is just around the bend, ready to enter."

"I *will* turn it; we got here first," answered the bowman of the "Evening Star," with an oath that seemed blacker in the absence of the sun.

"You won't turn it unless you are stronger than we are," shouted bowman number one, adding sufficient profanity to match the vocabulary of the other.

A fight was imminent, as all hands on board saw, and they rallied for the fracas. Such scenes were common on the canal. The boat whose bowman reached the lock first was entitled to enter first, but when two bowmen reached the lock about the same

time a dispute was almost sure to arise, the result of which was a hand-to-hand fight between the two crews. The boat's crew that came to the top of the pile won the lock. Captains were usually powerless to prevent these contests, however well disposed they might be.

Captain Letcher's bowman commenced turning the gate just as the two boats came up so near that their head-lights shed the brightness of day on the exciting scene.

"Say, bowman," called Captain Letcher, motioning with his hand for attention. His bowman looked up in response.

"Were you here first?" Evidently the captain questioned his right to the lock.

"It's hard to tell," replied the bowman; "but we're goin' to have the lock, anyhow;" and the ring of his voice showed determination and fight.

"All right; just as you say," answered the captain, supposing that no interference of his could prevent an encounter.

The men stood panting for the fray, like war-horses. They seemed to be in just the right mood for a contest. It was a new scene to James, and he stood wondering, with the loud oaths bandied falling on his ear. After having restrained himself as long as he could, he tapped the captain on his shoulder, saying, —

"See here, captain, does that lock belong to us?"

"I really suppose, according to law, it does not; but we'll have it, anyhow," was the captain's reply.

"No, we will not," answered James, with a good deal of determination.

"Why not?" asked the captain, very much surprised at the boy's interference.

"Because it does not belong to us."

"That's so," the captain replied, seeing at once that James was right.

Probably the captain had never stopped to think whether the custom of fighting for a lock was right or not. But the suggestion of James seemed to act as an inspiration on him, and he called out to his bowman, —

"Hold on! hold on, boys!"

The men looked up in surprise, as if wondering what had happened. One minute more, and some hard knocks would have been given.

"Hold on!" repeated the captain, in the loudest tone of authority that he could command. "Let them have the lock."

The order was obeyed; the free fight was prevented; the other boat entered the lock; "peace reigned in Warsaw." James commanded the situation. His principles prevailed.

The boat was all night getting through the twenty-one locks, but at sunrise was on Lake Summit, moving forward under as bright a day-dawning as ever silvered the waters. The mules were moving on a slow trot, under the crack of the driver's whip, and everything was hopeful. Breakfast was called. George Lee, the steersman, came out and sat down to the table, and the first word he spoke was, —

"Jim, what's the matter with ye?"

"Nothing; I never felt better in my life," replied James.

"What did you give up the lock for last night?"

"Because it didn't belong to us."

"Jim," continued Lee, in a tone of bitterness, accompanied with his usual profanity, "yer are a coward; yer aint fit to be a boatman. Yer may do to chop wood or milk cows, but a man or a boy isn't fit for a boat who won't fight for his rights."

James only smiled at his fellow-boatman, and went on with his breakfast, making no reply. The captain heard the remarks, and admired the more the courage, coolness, and principle of his boy-driver. He saw that there was a magnanimous soul under that dirty shirt, and he enjoyed the evidence of its reign.

The boat reached Beaver, and a steamer was about to tow her up to Pittsburg, when the following incident occurred, just as the captain describes it.

James was standing on deck, with the setting-pole against his shoulders, and several feet away stood Murphy, one of the boat-hands, a big, burly fellow of thirty-five, when the steamboat threw the line, and, owing to a sudden lurch of the boat, it whirled over the boy's shoulders, and flew in the direction of the boatman.

"Look out, Murphy!" shouted James; but the rope had anticipated him, and knocked Murphy's hat off into the river.

"It was an accident, Murphy," exclaimed James, by way of excuse, "I'm very sorry."

"I'll make yer sorry," bellowed Murphy, thoroughly mad, and like a reckless bull he plunged at James, with his head down, thinking to knock him over, perhaps, into the water, where his hat had gone;

but James stepped nimbly aside, and dealt him a heavy blow behind the ear, tumbling him to the bottom of the boat, among the copper ore. Thinking to bring hostilities to a sudden close, he leaped upon Murphy, and held him down.

"Pound the fool, Jim," cried the captain. But James had him fast in his grip, so that the fellow could not harm him, and he refused to strike. He only said, —

"I have him, now."

"If he has no more sense than to get mad at accidents, give it to him. Why don't you strike?"

"Because he's down, and in my power," answered the noble boy. He never would have it said that he struck a man save in self-defence; and it is not self-defence to strike a man when he can be restrained without striking.

"Got enough, Murphy? You can get up when you have," said James to his conquered antagonist.

"Yis, 'nuff," answered Murphy. James rose, and allowed his assailant to rise also; then, extending his hand, in the magnanimous spirit of a victor, he said, —

"Murphy, give us your hand."

And they shook hands, and were fast friends thereafter. From that time James moved among the crew not as a greenhorn and coward, but as a boy-man, — a boy in age, but a man in action; a boy in physical appearance, but a man in convictions and generous spirit.

Among the boatmen was one Harry Brown, a good-hearted, rough, dissipated fellow, who had a

strong liking for James, and would do almost anything for him. Harry was impetuous, and whiskey often increased his impetuosity, so that he was frequently in trouble.

"Look here, Harry, it's a little rough for you to be in rows so often; let whiskey alone, and you'll not be in trouble half so much," said James to him, in a kind way. If any one else on board had said that, Harry would have resented it and told him to "mind his own business." But he pleasantly said to James, —

"That's so, Jim; I'd giv a pile to be like yer."

"You can be, if you have a mind to," replied James. "Whiskey is the last stuff I should think of drinking, Harry; sooner drink the dirty water in this canal."

"Yer are a trump, Jim."

"I'm just what I am," replied James, "and you don't begin to be what you might be, Harry. Your generous soul could make sunshine all about you, only break your bottle."

This compliment tickled Harry in the right place, and he concluded that James was rehearsing more truth than poetry. James saw that he held the key to the rough boatman's heart, and he proceeded:

"I don't see why boatmen can't be as decent as other people, but they are not. They are about the hardest set I ever saw — drinking, swearing, bragging, fighting. Isn't it so, Harry?"

"Yer about right, Jim," Harry answered, with a comical shrug of his shoulders.

"If I was captain of a boat, I would have a new

order of things, or fling up my commission," James continued.

"I'll bet yer, Jim; we'd all behave well to please yer," interrupted Harry, acquiescing in the supposition.

"Well, now, Harry, don't you think yourself that it would be a great improvement, on canal boats, to give whiskey a wide berth?"

"True as preachin', Jim."

"And yet you continue to make yourself a disgrace to your sex, and are in hot water half your time. Isn't it so, Harry?"

Harry shook his sides over James' plainness of speech, and admitted that the boy was right.

"I hate this beastly way of living," continued James, "and I don't see why a fellow should act like a brute, when he is a man. I don't believe that you respect yourself, Harry."

"Right agin!" shouted Harry. "Yer see, if I did 'spect myself, I shouldn't do as I do. That's the trouble, — I have no 'spect for myself." And the poor, weak fellow never spoke a plainer truth in his life. Proper self-respect will lead such devotees of vice to reform, and be men.

"Yer see, Jim," added Harry, "I couldn't be like yer, if I tried."

"That's bosh," replied James. "Just as if a man can't be decent when he tries! You can't make that go, Harry. Throw whisky and tobacco overboard, as Murphy's hat went, and the thing is done."

"So you'd take all a feller's comforts away, Jim, t'backer and all," interposed Harry.

"Yes; and this awful profanity that I hear, also," retorted James. "I would make a clean sweep of the whole thing. What good does it all do?"

"What good! humph!" exclaimed Harry. "Yer are not fool 'nough to think we 'spect to do good in this way!" And Harry laughed again heartily, admitting the truth of James' position, without proposing to defend himself.

"What *do* you do it for, then?"

"Do it *for!* don't do it for nothin', Jim," responded Harry. "Nary good or evil we are after."

"You're a bigger fool than I thought you were," added James. "Making a brute of yourself for *nothing*. If that isn't being a fool, then I don't know what a fool is."

Harry laughed more loudly than ever, as he turned away, accepting the advice of James in the same spirit in which it was tendered. That he was not at all offended is evident from the fact that he was heard to say to Murphy afterwards, —

"Jim is a great feller. I've an orful itchin' to see what sort of a man he'll make. The way he rakes me down on whiskey, t'backer, and swearin', is a caution; and he don't say a word that ain't true; that's the trouble. And he says it in sich a way, that yer knows he means it. Jist think, Murphy; a boy on this old canal as don't drink rum, or smoke, or chew, or swear, or fight, — would yer believe it, if yer didn't see it?"

Murphy acknowledged that it was an anomaly on the Ohio and Pennsylvania canal, and hinted that he should like to know where the "feller" came from.

"I like him, though, Murphy," Harry continued. "I allers liked a man to show his colors. I like to know where a feller is, if he be agin me. And Jim is so cute; he'll beat the whole crowd on us tellin' stories, only they are not nasty, like the rest on us tell. Isn't he a deep one? He knows more'n all the crew put together, and two or three more boat-loads added, into the bargain."

James had fairly established himself in the respect and confidence, not only of the sober and intelligent captain, but of the drunken, ignorant crew, as well. On the whole, they were proud of him. Said the steersman to the bowman of another boat, "We've got a feller in our crew just the biggest trump yer ever see. Nary drinks whiskey, smokes, chews, swears, or fights, — d'ye believe it, old feller?" and he slapped the bowman on the back as he said it.

"Where'd he cum from?" the bowman inquired.

"That's what we'd like ter know, yer see: where he cum from, and how he happen'd to cum," responded the steersman. "But he's a jolly good fellow, strong as a lion, could lick any on us if he's a mind to; and he's a peeler for work, too; ain't afraid to dirty hisself; and buckles right down to bisness, he does, jist like any on us. I never seed jest such a boy."

That the captain was won by the amount and quality of James' work, as well as by the reliability of his character, is evident from the fact that he promoted him to bowman at the end of his first trip. We mistrust that, in addition to the captain's confidence in his ability for the position, he exercised military tactics in the appointment, and concluded

that it would put an end to brutal fights for the possession of locks.

By the confession of captain and crew, most of whom are still alive, James was a successful peacemaker on the canal boat, and his influence elevated the rough boatmen to some extent. He did it, too, without making an enemy, but real friends of all. His forte lay in that direction.

The testimony of the captain is, that James did everything thoroughly as well as promptly; that he was as conscientious as he was resolute, declining to participate in any project that he considered wrong; that he possessed remarkable tact in his business as well as in dealing with men; and that he was a model boy in every respect, — "not talkative, but very intelligent; and when drawn into conversation, he surprised us by the depth of his knowledge on the topics of the day."

On the canal boat James had no books to read; and this was a serious privation. Occasionally, the captain had an opportunity to purchase newspapers, and these James read through and through. The captain thinks, however, that the absence of reading-matter was fully made up to him by the opportunity and demand for the exercise of his *observation*. He studied men and business, and asked a multitude of questions. Patrick Henry once said that he owed his success to "studying men more than books." Garfield studied men more than books, and the captain aided him materially by answering his questions. Perhaps it was an advantage for him, in the circumstances, to be where no books could be had for love or money.

James appeared to possess a singular affinity for the water. He fell into the water fourteen times during the two or three months he served on the canal boat. It was not because he was so clumsy that he could not keep right side up, nor because he did not understand the business; rather, we think, it arose from his thorough devotion to his work. He gave more attention to the labor in hand than he did to his own safety. He was one who never thought of himself when he was serving another. He thought only of what he had in hand to do. His application was intense, and his perseverance royal.

The last time he fell into the water he came near losing his life. It was on one very rainy night, when he was called up to take his turn at the bow. The boat was just leaving one of those long reaches of slack-water which abound in the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal. James was awakened out of a very sound sleep, and he responded with his eyes half open, scarcely comprehending as yet the situation, and took his stand upon the platform below the bow-deck. He began to uncoil a rope to steady the boat through a lock it was approaching. The rope caught somehow on the edge of the deck, and resisted several pulls that he made to extricate it. At last it yielded, but, in the rebound, sent him headlong over the bow into the water. It was a very dark night, and he went down into the water, which was blacker than the night. In the mean while the boat was sweeping on, and no mortal knew of his mishap, and not a helping hand was near. Death seemed inevitable. Fortunately his hand seized the rope in the darkness, by accident,

men will say, but by providential guidance really, and he drew himself, hand over hand, upon deck. He saw that he had been saved as by a miracle. The rope would have been of no service to him, only it caught in a crevice on the edge of the deck and held fast. He stood there dripping in his wet clothes, his thoughts running thus :

"What saved me that time? It must have been God. I could not have saved myself. Just a kink in the rope catching in that crevice saved me, nothing else. That was almost miraculous, and God does miraculous things. He thinks my life is worth saving, and I ought not to throw it away on a sea-faring life, and I won't. I will renounce all such ideas and get an education."

During the time that he was thus reflecting he was trying to throw the rope so that it would catch in the crevice. Again and again he coiled the rope and threw it; but it would neither kink nor catch. Repeated trials satisfied him that supernatural causes put the kinked rope into his hand, and saved his life.

That accident made a very deep impression upon his mind. His thoughts more than ever turned to his home and praying mother. He knew that every day his dear mother remembered him at the throne of grace. He had no more doubt of it than he had of his existence. "Was it her prayers?" He could not evade the inquiry. He thought of all her anxieties and wise counsels, and her undying love. "Such a mother!" The thought would force itself uppermost in spite of himself. He felt rebuked, although he had been a good, obedient son. He had not been tender

enough of his mother's feelings; he would be in future. He would quit the canal boat forever.

It was but a few weeks after the last immersion when James was quite severely attacked by ague, a disease that prevailed somewhat in that region. It prostrated him to such a degree that he was unfitted for labor; and this offered a favorable opportunity for him to carry out the resolution of that night of disaster.

"I must go home, captain," said James.

"It's a wise conclusion, Jim. You are too unwell for work, and there's no place like home for sick folks. I don't want to part with you, and the men will be sorry to have you go; but I think you'd better go."

"I regret to leave your service, captain, for I've enjoyed it; but I've been thinking of your advice, and I guess I shall put it in practice."

"You can't do a wiser thing, Jim; and I wouldn't lose a day about it. As soon as you are able, I'd go to studying, if I was in your place."

The captain settled with James, paying him at the rate of twelve dollars a month while he was driver, and eighteen dollars a month while he was bowman; and James started for home.

James was never so melancholy in his life as he was on the way home. The ague had taken his strength away, and made him almost as limp as a child. Then, he was thinking more of his duties, and his good mother. He had not written to her in his absence, between two and three months, and he rather rebuked himself for the neglect. "True," he thought, "I have been on the wing all the time, and there has

been little opportunity for writing;" and so he partially excused himself for the neglect. His mother supposed that he was serving on a schooner somewhere on Lake Erie. He ought to have informed her of his whereabouts. So his thoughts were busy during his lonely journey home. It was nearly dark when he left the boat, so that he did not reach home until eleven o'clock at night.

As he drew near the house, he could see the light of the fire through the window. His heart beat quick and strong; he knew that it would be a glad surprise to his mother. Looking in at the window, he beheld her kneeling in the corner, with a book open in the chair before her. Was she reading? He looked again: her eyes were turned heavenward; she was praying. He listened, and he distinctly heard, "Oh, turn unto me, and have mercy upon me! Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and save the son of Thine handmaid!" That was enough; he waited to hear no more. Mother and son were united again in loving embrace; and the tears that were shed were tears of joy.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TURNING-POINT.

"WHY, James!" exclaimed his mother, when the excitement of their meeting was over, "you look sick."

"I am sick; and that's the reason I came home. It's been a very hard walk for me, I am so weak."

"How long have you been sick?" inquired his mother, with much anxiety.

"Not long. I've got the ague; had it a week or more."

"The ague!" answered his mother, astonished; "I didn't know that they ever had the ague on a ship."

"I have not been on a ship, but on the canal."

"On the canal!" rejoined his mother, still more surprised. "I thought you were on the lake all this time. How did it happen that you were on the canal?"

James rehearsed his experience on the schooner that he boarded, especially narrating his encounter with the captain, and his haste to escape from such a demon; how he met his cousin, Amos Letcher, of the

canal-boat "Evening Star," and bargained with him for the position of driver, not omitting his hair-breadth escapes on the boat; concluding by a description of the exposures of the business, in consequence of which he was attacked by the ague.

His mother listened to the narration, which was more interesting to her than a novel, remarking at the close of it, —

"God has wonderfully preserved you, and brought you back, in answer to my prayers."

James was too full to make much reply. He managed, however, to say, "Nobody saved me from drowning, that dark night, but God." This brief remark sent a thrill of pleasure through his mother's heart. With all his obedience and excellence of character, James had not given before so much evidence as this that he recognized his personal obligations to God. His mother construed it into genuine religious conviction, and she was rejoiced beyond measure by the revelation.

"You must say no more to-night; you must go to bed, and get some rest," added his mother. "In the morning I will see how you are, and what can be done for you."

Both retired; his mother to a restless bed, being too full of joy and grateful thoughts to sleep. She lived over her whole life again, during that night, with all its checkered scenes; and she penetrated the future, in imagination, and beheld her dear boy dignifying his manhood by an honorable and useful career. "If he could only become a preacher!" The thought grew upon her in the "night watches." It became a source

of real delight to her; and she thanked God, again and again, for his goodness. She found more enjoyment in wakefulness, and her thoughts, on that night, than she could have had in the sweetest sleep. It was the silent communing of a truly Christian heart.

Very early in the morning Mrs. Garfield was at the bedside of her son, anxious to learn how he was. He was in a sound sleep. She waited until the sunlight was bathing his brow, when she entered his room again. Her presence awoke him.

"You've had a sweet sleep, James," she said, inquiringly.

"The best sleep I've had for a week," James answered. "I was dreadful tired last night. I feel better this morning."

The ague is a fitful disease, and attacks its victims periodically, leaving them comparatively comfortable and strong on some days. James was really very comfortable on that morning,—there was no visible appearance of the ague upon him,—and he proposed to get up, dress himself, and look about the home that seemed more pleasant to him than ever. Returning to the kitchen, Mrs. Garfield prepared some simple remedy for him, such as pioneers were wont to administer to ague-patients. Pioneers were more or less familiar with the disease, and understood somewhat how to manage it. In severe cases a physician was called in to administer calomel — that was considered a specific at that time — until salivation was produced.

James was not comfortable long. On the following day a violent attack of the disease prostrated him completely.

"There's a hard bunch on my left side, and pain," said James to his mother.

"That's the ague-cake," replied his mother, on examining the spot. "That always appears in severe cases." The name was given by pioneers to the hardness; perhaps physicians called it by some other name.

"You are pretty sick, my son," continued Mrs. Garfield, "and I think you must have the doctor. Don't you think you better have the doctor?"

"Perhaps so; just as you think about it," was James' reply.

The physician of a neighboring village was sent for; and he put the patient through the usual calomel treatment, salivating him, and really causing him to suffer more by the remedy than by the disease. For weeks the big, strong boy lay almost as weak and helpless as a child. It was a new and rough experience for James. It was the first sickness he ever had; and to lie in bed and toss with fever, and shake with ague, by turns, was harder for him than chopping wood or planing boards. But for the wise management and tender care of his mother his experience would have been much more trying yet.

"How fortunate it was, James, that you came home when you did," remarked his mother.

"It was so, though I should have come home before long, if I had been well," replied James.

"Then you thought of giving up work on the canal?" continued Mrs. Garfield.

"Yes; I got about enough of it. Amos told me that I was a fool to follow such business when I am

capable of something better," replied James, dropping just a word concerning his interview with Captain Letcher.

"I should agree with Amos on that," remarked his mother, smiling. "You knew that before."

"If God saved my life on that night, I didn't know but he saved it for something," added James; another indication of higher aspirations, that gratified his mother very much.

"If God did not save your life, it would be hard telling who did," responded Mrs. Garfield. "None of us should be blind to the lessons of His Providence. It's my opinion that the Lord didn't mean you should go to sea, and so he headed you off by that monster of a captain."

"Perhaps so," James answered, in a tone that might indicate either indifference or weakness.

"If God answers my prayers, James, you'll get an education, and be a teacher or preacher. My cup will run over when I see you in such a position."

"What if I should be a lawyer," remarked James.

"Well, I shall not object to that, if you are a good man. A wicked lawyer is almost as bad as a sailor. Above all things, I want you should feel that the Lord has the *first* claim upon your love and service. Don't you ever think, James, that you ought to give your heart to Him, and try for a more useful life?"

This question was unexpected to James, at the time, although such interrogations had often been put to him formerly. Indeed, the inquiry that Mrs. Garfield put was unexpected to herself, for she did not intend to put such a question when the conversation

began. She expected to come to it sometime, however. She was feeling her way along, and leading her boy as best she could; yet, James answered, —

"I've thought more about it, lately."

"I hope you will continue to think about it, my son. It is the greatest thing you can think about. If you will only consecrate your powers to God, I know that you will make the best possible use of them; and you won't make such use of them unless you do that."

Mrs. Garfield was very discreet, and thought it not best to press the matter too persistently, but leave James to his own reflections. She was confident that the Lord had taken him in hand, and was leading him in a way the son knew not. She was greatly encouraged, and her prayers were more earnest than ever for his conversion to Christ.

The weeks dragged heavily along, and winter set in. James was still sick, but convalescent. A few weeks more, according to his improved symptoms, and he would be well enough for business, or school.

The winter school near Mrs. Garfield's began the first week in December, and it was taught by a young man by the name of Samuel D. Bates. He was a person of ability, a very earnest Christian, looking forward to the ministry in connection with the Disciples' Church. He was, also, an energetic, working young man, possessing large common sense, and intensely interested in benefiting the young people, intellectually and spiritually. From the commencement of the school he was very popular, too.

Mrs. Garfield made his acquaintance, and at once

concluded that he was just the person to influence James to aspire to an education. She could not help him herself, but her faith that God would open the way for him to go to school was unfaltering. She improved the first opportunity to tell Mr. Bates about James, — his sickness, frame of mind, and aspirations. She frankly announced to him that she wanted he should bring all his influence upon James to induce him to strive for an education. The teacher readily consented, for that was a kind of business in which he delighted, to help young men onward and upward. His first call upon James was immediate, though he did not announce the real object he had in view, thinking it would not be wise.

"Mr. Bates is a very interesting man, James," remarked Mrs. Garfield, after the teacher left. "I don't wonder the scholars like him."

"I like him very much," replied James. "I hope he will come in here often. I wish I was able to go to school to him."

"I wish you could; but Providence orders otherwise, and it will be all for the best, I have no doubt. Mr. Bates is working his way into the ministry. He teaches school in order to earn money to pay his bills. That is what you could do. If you could go to school a few months, you could teach school next winter, and, in that way, earn money for further schooling."

"I don't know as I should be contented in that occupation," responded James. "Once in a while, mother, I have a strong desire to go to sea again. There is something about the water that fascinates me. The sight of a ship fills my eye; indeed, the

thought of a ship awakens a strong desire within, to tread its deck and handle its ropes."

"But you are not disposed to return to the canal, or to follow a sea-faring life?" inquired his mother, surprised at his frank avowal. She had begun to think that he had abandoned all thoughts of the sea.

"I should like it, if I thought it was best," he answered.

"It is not best, James; I can see that plainly."

"Since I have got better, my desire for the sea has returned, in a measure," added James, "causing me to ask myself if I shall not be disappointed if I abandon the purpose altogether."

"Not at all," responded Mrs. Garfield. "When you once get engaged in study you will like it far better than you can the sea, I am sure; and teaching school is a business that will bring you both money and respect. I think we can manage to scrape together money enough for you to start with."

"I will think it over," added James; "I shan't decide in a hurry."

"If you work on the canal, or become a sailor on the lake, you will have work only part of the year," continued his mother. "You will find little to do in the winter. How much better it will be for you to go to school, and qualify yourself for a teacher! Then you can sail in the summer, and teach school in the winter."

Mrs. Garfield feared that a total abandonment of the idea of going to sea would be quite impossible for James at present; and so her policy was to lure him into the way of knowledge by degrees. She

suggested sailing in summer, and teaching in winter, hoping, that when he had qualified himself to teach, he would be so much in love with books as to banish all thoughts of a ship.

There was a sort of mystery, in James' strong desire for a sea-faring life, to his mother. And yet there was no mystery about it. Many are born with an adventurous, daring spirit, which the reading of a book may set strongly in a given direction. There is no doubt that the books James read at the black-salter's were the spark that kindled his adventurous spirit into a flame. We have seen a sailor who enjoys life on the ocean with the keenest relish, and his attention was first turned in that direction by a book presented to him by his uncle.

It is related of a traveller, that he sought lodgings one night at a farm-house in Vermont. He found an aged couple, well-to-do in this world's goods, living there alone. In the course of the evening he learned that they had three sons following the sea. It was an inexplicable affair to them, that their sons, living far away from the sea, should have so strong a desire to be sailors, from boyhood. One after the other, when they attained the age of twelve or fifteen, an almost uncontrollable desire for the sea had taken possession of them. In each case, too, the parents gave their consent to entering upon a sea-faring life not until they feared the sons would go without it. While the father was rehearsing the story of their lives, the traveller was observing a painting on the ceiling, over the mantel-piece. It was an ocean scene, — a ship sailing over a tranquil sea, — painted after the manner

of the olden times. When the father ceased his remarks, the traveller said, pointing to the painting, —

"There is the cause of your sons' sailor-life. From infancy they have had that painting before their eyes, and it has educated them for the sea. In the earliest years, when their hearts were most impressible, that ocean scene set them in that direction; and finally their hearts were made to burn with unconquerable desire."

This explanation was perfectly satisfactory to the aged couple, and, no doubt, it was the correct one. The fact shows that there is no mystery about such a love for the ocean as James possessed. Such a fervent nature as his would readily be ignited by a random spark from a glowing book or a glowing speech. Nor did he ever outgrow this delight in the sea. After more than thirty years had elapsed since his conflict with the ague, he said, in reference to this feeling: "The sight of a ship fills me with a strange fascination. When upon the water, and my fellow-men are suffering sea-sickness, I am as tranquil as when walking the land in serenest weather. The spell of 'Jack Halyard' has not yet worn off."

Mr. Bates continued his calls at the Garfields', always aiming to draw out James in respect to his religious convictions, and his plans for the future. All these interviews were very profitable to James. His mother saw clearly, that in the skilful hands of the teacher he was being moulded, and her heart rejoiced. She was satisfied that he was making progress in religious purpose. He was frank to confess his need of Divine grace, and renewing, and to express a purpose

to become a Christian. At the last interview which we have space to notice, Mr. Bates brought him to a final decision.

"Look here, young man," he said; "the difference between a scholar and sailor is the difference between somebody and nobody." And he rung the changes on the words SCHOLAR and SAILOR, until the latter appeared almost beneath notice.

"Go to school with me at Chester on the first week in March," said Mr. Bates. "Settle that first, that you will go with me to school at that time. That will be the first step, and the most important."

"I will go," answered James, unexpectedly at that moment to his mother. He said it with emphasis, indicating that the matter was settled.

"That's business," continued Mr. Bates. "I have no concern about the details, as to how you will raise money to pay your way, or whether you will have to relinquish the attempt to acquire an education after you have begun your studies. All these things will come right at the time, and the way will be provided. You have said, '*I will go*,' and that commits you to the great purpose of your life. It is the *turning point* of your career. You have set your face towards 'Geauga Seminary,' and I have no idea that you will look back, or hanker for a ship, or do any other unmanly thing. I consider that the turning point of *my* life was when I finally decided to be educated for the ministry; and from that moment I have felt it was the great decision of my life."

These words exerted a profound influence upon James, and that influence deepened from year to year,

as he grew older. Years afterwards, as we have seen, when addressing an audience of young men, he bore strongly upon this point, and said, "It is a great point gained when a young man makes up his mind to devote several years to the accomplishment of a definite work."

A mother's prayers and love had triumphed. Was she not a happy woman?

"I have a little money, and I know where I can get a little more, and that will be enough to start on," his mother remarked.

"I can find work to do out of school, and on Saturdays, when school don't keep, and so earn money to pay my way," responded James.

"Yes, I've no doubt of it. You know that Mr. Bates said all these things would come around right when you had decided to go," remarked Mrs. Garfield.

"I mean to see if William and Henry will not go, too; we can room together," continued James. These were his two cousins, who lived close by, sons of his uncle, Amos Boynton. They were members of his Spelling Club a few years before, when, together, they mastered Noah Webster's Spelling Book.

"That will be a good idea, James; and I think they will go," responded his mother, encouragingly. "There is no reason why they should not go."

It was only three weeks before the school at Chester would begin. James announced to his cousins that he had resolved to attend Geauga Seminary, and wanted they should go, too. The subject was discussed in the family for a week; Mr. Bates was con-

sulted, and was glad to influence two other boys to take so wise a step; and finally it was settled that William and Henry should go with James.

While matters were progressing thus favorably, James heard that Dr. J. P. Robinson, of Bedford, was coming into the neighborhood on a professional visit, and, without consulting any one, he resolved to consult him concerning the practicability of his decision to acquire an education. It was not because he was wavering at all, but it was more of a curiosity on his part. So he called upon the doctor after his arrival at the neighbor's, and the interview, as narrated by Dr. Robinson to a writer, recently, was as follows:

"He was rather shabbily clad, in coarse satinet trousers, far out-grown, and reaching only half-way down the tops of his cowhide boots; a waistcoat much too short, and a threadbare coat whose sleeves went only a little below the elbows. Surmounting the whole was a coarse slouched hat, much the worse for wear; and as the lad removed it, in making his obeisance to the physician, he displayed a heavy shock of unkempt yellow hair that fell half-way down his shoulders.

"'He was wonderfully awkward,' says the good doctor, 'but had a sort of independent, go-as-you-please manner, that impressed me favorably.'

"'Who are you?' was his somewhat gruff salutation.

"'My name is James Garfield, from Orange,' replied the latter.

"'Oh, I know your mother, and knew you when you were a babe in arms; but you have outgrown my knowledge. I am glad to see you.'

"'I want to see you alone,' said young Garfield.

"The doctor led the way to a secluded spot in the neighborhood of the house, and there, sitting down on a log, the youth, after a little hesitation, opened his business.

"'You are a physician,' he said, 'and know the fibre that is in men. Examine me, and tell me with the utmost frankness whether I had better take a course of liberal study. I am contemplating doing so; my desire is in that direction. But if I am to make a failure of it, or practically so, I do not desire to begin. If you advise me not to do so I shall feel content.'

"In speaking of this incident, the doctor has remarked, recently: 'I felt that I was on my sacred honor, and the young man looked as though he felt himself on trial. I had had considerable experience as a physician, but here was a case much different from any other I had ever had. I felt that it must be handled with great care. I examined his head, and saw that there was a magnificent brain there. I sounded his lungs, and found that they were strong, and capable of making good blood. I felt his pulse, and saw that there was an engine capable of sending the blood up to the head to feed the brain. I had seen many strong physical systems with warm feet, but cold, sluggish brain; and those who possessed such systems would simply sit around and doze. Therefore I was anxious to know about the kind of an engine to run that delicate machine, the brain. At the end of a fifteen minutes' careful examination of this kind, we rose, and I said, "Go on, follow the leadings of your ambition, and ever after I am your friend. You

have the brain of a Webster, and you have the physical proportions that will back you in the most herculean efforts. All you need do is to work. Work hard, do not be afraid of overworking, and you will make your mark." ' "

"I wish you had a better suit of clothes, James," remarked his mother, "but we shall have to make these do, I guess." It was the same suit he had on when he called upon Dr. Robinson. Indeed, he possessed no other suit. The trousers were nearly out at the knees, but under the skilful hand of his mother, they were made almost as good as new.

"Good enough, any way," said James, in reply to his mother's wish. It was fortunate that he was not the victim of a false pride: if he had been, he would not have consented to attend a "seminary" in that plight.

It was settled that the boys should board themselves, each one carrying his own outfit in utensils and provisions, doing it as a matter of economy.

When Mrs. Garfield had scraped together all the money she could for James, the amount was only about eleven dollars.

"That will do to begin with," he remarked. "I can earn more."

CHAPTER XV.

GEAUGA SEMINARY.

ON the fifth day of March, the day before the school opened, James and his cousins travelled to Chester, on foot, quite heavily loaded with cooking utensils and provisions. The distance was ten miles, over roads that were poor, indeed, at that season of the year. They carried dippers, plates, a knife and fork each, a fry-pan, kettle, and other things to match, with a quantity of ham, or "bacon," as the settlers called it. James was arrayed in the suit of clothes in which he appeared before Dr. Robinson, and the other boys were clad about ditto. No one would have charged them with pride, on their way to the "Seminary." At this day, some faithful constable would arrest such a troop for tramps, who had robbed a farmer's kitchen and were taking "leg-bail." Nevertheless, they were three as jolly boys as Cuyahoga County could boast. Their errand was nobler and grander than that of any aspirant who was fishing for an office in the State of Ohio. Why should they not be jolly?

They proceeded directly to the house of the principal, Mr. Daniel Branch, an eccentric man, though a very respectable scholar in some departments.

"We've come to attend your school," said James, addressing himself to Mr. Branch. "We came from Orange."

"What's your name?" inquired the principal.

"*My* name is James A. Garfield; and these are my cousins [turning to the boys]; their names are William and Henry Boynton."

"Well, I'm glad to see you, boys; you might be engaged in much worse business than this. I suppose you are no richer than most of the scholars we have here."

The last remark of Mr. Branch is good evidence that he had surveyed the new-comers from head to foot, and that the remark was prompted by their poor apparel.

"No, sir," answered James, dryly; "we are not loaded down with gold or silver, but with pots, and kettles, and provisions for housekeeping."

"Going to board yourselves, then," replied the teacher, by way of inquiry.

"Yes, sir; can you tell us where we can find a room?" answered James.

"Yes; near by," answered Mr. Branch; "a good deal of that business is done here. Scores of our boys and girls would never stay here if they could not board themselves. "Look here," and stepping out from the door-way he pointed to an old, unpainted house, twenty or thirty rods away. "You see that old house there, do you?" he said. James assented. "I think you will find a room there: an old lady, as poor as you are, lives in one part of it. You will go to her to inquire."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," repeated the boys, politely, as they started for the antique habitation. They found the old lady, and hired a room, for a pittance, in which there were a fireplace, three old chairs, that corresponded with the building, and two beds on the floor, or what the good woman of the house was bold enough to call beds. Here they unpacked their goods, and set up housekeeping by cooking their first meal.

The "Geauga Seminary" was a Free-will Baptist institution, in quite a flourishing condition, having a hundred students, of both sexes, drawn thither from the towns in that region. The town in which it was located, Chester, was small, but pleasant, the academy furnishing the only attraction of the place.

School opened, and James devoted himself to grammar, natural philosophy, arithmetic, and algebra. He had never seen but one algebra before he purchased the one he used. The principal advised him to take this course of study.

It was a new scene for James, a school of one hundred pupils, male and female, most of them better clad than himself. He was awkward and bashful, especially in the presence of young ladies, whom he regarded as far superior to young men of the same age and attainments. Still he broke into the routine of the school readily, and soon was under full headway, like a new vessel with every sail set.

Singularly enough, he encountered an unexpected difficulty in the grammar-class within a very few days.

James said, "*but* is a conjunction."

"Not so; *but* is a *verb*, and means *be out*," replied the teacher.

"A *verb! but* a *verb?*" exclaimed James, in reply, without scarcely thinking that he was calling the teacher's opinion in question. He had Kirkman's grammar at his command, even to its preface, which he could glibly repeat, word by word; and he knew that *but* was a conjunction, according to Kirkman, and all the teachers whose pupil he had been. Could his teacher be joking, or did he make a blunder?

"Yes; *but* is a verb, no matter what the books say, young man; whose grammar have you studied?" the teacher answered.

"Kirkman's," replied James.

"Kirkman! and he is just like all the rest of them, wrong from beginning to end," said Mr. Branch. "That's not the grammar you will learn in this school, I can tell you, by any means. I teach a grammar of my own, the grammar of common sense."

James thought it was the grammar of nonsense, though he did not say so. At that time he did not know that Mr. Branch was at war with all the grammarians, and had introduced a system of instruction in that study peculiarly his own.

"Besides Kirkman, all the teachers I ever had have called *but* a conjunction," added James, directly implying that he did not accept Branch's grammar.

"You don't believe it, I clearly see, young man; but you *will* long before you have spent twelve weeks in this school," remarked Mr. Branch. "You will have sense to see that I am right, and the old grammarians wrong."

"If *but* is a verb, I don't see why *and* is not a verb

also," remarked James, being quite inclined to array Kirkman against Branch.

"It is a verb, James; *and* is a verb, I want you to understand, in the imperative mood, and means *add*; that is all there is to it," was the emphatic answer of Mr. Branch.

James looked at the boys, and smiled in his knowing way. The teacher saw the unbelief which pervaded that look, and he continued,

"See here, young man; *and* does something more than connect two things; it *adds*. I want to speak of you and Henry, two of you together, and I say, James and Henry; that is, *add* Henry to James: don't you see it now? It is clear as daylight."

There was no daylight in it to James, and he so expressed himself. Each day brought discussions in the class between the principal and James. The former's system of grammar was all of a piece with *and* and *but*, so that the hour for the grammar class was an hour of contention, very spicy to the members of the class, but rather annoying to the teacher. The latter was not long in discovering that he had a remarkable scholar in James, — one who would not receive anything on trust, or without the most substantial reason or proof. His respect for James' talents somewhat reconciled him to his annoying contradictions.

The boys had much sport over Branch's grammar; we mean James and his cousins.

"If *but* is a verb, then but*ter* must be an *ad*verb, since it only *adds* three more letters and one more syllable," said James.

"You ought to have told him so," replied Henry; "it's a good point: it is carrying out his system exactly."

"Not much system about it, any way," responded James, "but a good deal of egotism and stubbornness."

"You can be as stubborn as he is," remarked Henry. "He don't hardly know how to get along with Kirkman; it's tough for him.

We will not follow the grammar class. It should be said, however, that James never adopted Branch's grammar. He contended against it so long as he continued in the class; and it is our private opinion that the author of Branch's Grammar was well pleased when James exchanged it for another study.

The boys succeeded tolerably well at housekeeping, though they did not extract quite so much fun from it as they expected. After a short time, they hired the old lady in the house to cook some of their food. She did their washing, also. It was only a very small amount they paid her weekly. Still, buying his books, and incurring some other unavoidable expenses, James saw his eleven dollars dwindling away quite rapidly.

"I must look up work, or I shall become bankrupt soon," remarked James. "I can see the bottom of my purse now, almost."

"What sort of work do you expect to find in this little place?" inquired William.

"Carpenter work, I guess," answered James. "I've had my eye on that carpenter's shop yonder [pointing] for some time. They seem to be busy there. I never

lived anywhere yet that I couldn't find work enough. I shall try them to-morrow."

"What is that carpenter's name," inquired William.

"Woodworth — Heman Woodworth. I have had my eye on him for some time."

Before school, on the following morning, James applied to Mr. Woodworth for work.

"What do you know about this business?" Mr. Woodworth inquired.

"I have worked for Mr. Treat, of Orange," James replied.

"I know him; what can you do?" said Mr. Woodworth.

"I can build a barn, if you want I should," answered James, laughingly. "I have helped in building five or six barns. I can plane for you."

"You look as if you might be a good, strong fellow for planing," continued Mr. Woodworth. "You pay your own way at school?"

"Yes, sir; I had only eleven dollars to begin with, and that won't last long."

"Not long, I should think, as board is here."

"I board myself," added James, by way of enlightening the carpenter.

"Board yourself? That is rather tough, though many do it."

"Many things are tougher than that," remarked James.

"Perhaps so; but that is tough enough. You may come over after school, and I'll see what I can do for you."

"And what you can do for yourself," quickly responded James. "If I can't work so as to make it an object for you to hire me, then I don't wish to work for you. I don't ask you to let me have work as a matter of charity."

Mr. Woodworth admired the pluck of the boy, and he repeated, "Come over after school, and I will see what I can do for you."

"I can work two or three hours a day, and all day on Saturdays; and you needn't put a price on my work until you see what I can do," added James, as he turned away.

The result was that Mr. Woodworth hired James, who worked at the shop before school in the morning, and then hurried to it at the close of school, at four o'clock; and on Saturdays, he made a long day's labor. He continued this method through the term, denying himself the games and sports enjoyed by the scholars, excepting only an occasional hour. No boy loved a pastime better than he, but to pay his bills was more important than sport. At the close of the term he had money enough to pay all his bills, and between two and three dollars to carry home with him.

One of the chief attractions of the seminary to James was its library, although it was small. It contained only one hundred and fifty volumes; but to James that number was a spectacle to behold. He was not long in ascertaining what books it contained; not that he read a great many of them, for he had not time; but he examined the library and found it destitute of books of the "Jack Halyard" style; nor was

he sorry. He found a class of books just suited to aid students like himself in their studies, and he was well satisfied. He made as much use of them as possible in the circumstances, and often read far into the night. It was a luxury to him, rather than a self-denial, to extend his studies into the night, in order to be perfect in his lessons, and secure a little time for reading.

The regulations of the school made it necessary for James to write a composition twice a month, sometimes upon a subject announced by the principal, and sometimes upon a topic of his own selection. Occasionally, the authors of the essays were required to read them to the whole school, from the platform. The first time that James read an essay, he trembled more than he did before rebel cannon twelve or fourteen years thereafter.

"Lucky for me," said James to his room-mates, "that there was a curtain in front of my legs," alluding to a narrow curtain on the edge of the platform.

"How so?" inquired William.

"No one could see my legs shake; you would have thought they had the shaking palsy."

"I never would have thought that of you?" added William.

"It's true, whether you thought it of me or not. I never trembled so in my life."

"Then you were scared?" remarked William.

"I guess that was the name of it," replied James.

"Your essay wasn't scared, Jim; it was capital," continued William. "I should be willing to shake a

trifle, if I could write such an essay. Some of them were astonished that such a suit of clothes as yours should hide such a production."

"Much obliged," answered James; "you seem to praise my essay at the expense of my clothes. I can afford an essay better than a suit of clothes. It costs only thought and labor to produce the essay, but it costs money to get the clothes."

James had taken from the library the "Life of Henry C. Wright," and had become deeply interested in its perusal. He learned of the privations and denials of Mr. Wright, as well as his methods in acquiring an education; and he was captivated by the spirit of the man.

"We can live cheaper than we do," he remarked to his cousins. "Another term we must adopt Mr. Wright's diet."

"What was that?" inquired Henry.

"Milk."

"Nothing but milk?"

"Bread and milk; a milk diet wholly."

"How long?"

"Right through his course of study."

"Was it cheaper than we are living — thirty-five cents a week, apiece."

"Yes, but better than that, it was healthier."

"How did he know that?"

"Because he was better than ever before, and had a clearer head for study."

"It may not suit us, though," remarked William, who had been listening to the conversation.

"We shan't know till we try," answered James.

"I propose to try it, next term. We are a little too extravagant in our living, now; we must cut down our expenses. I have had the last cent that I shall take from my friends. I shall pay my own way, hereafter."

"You can't do it," said Henry.

"Then I will quit study. I know I can do it. My mother needs all the money she can get without helping me."

"I admire your pluck," added Henry; "but I think you will find yourself mistaken."

"As I am earning money now, I can pay my way," continued James; "and on a milk diet I can scrimp a little more."

"And if you should conclude not to eat anything, you could live at very small expense," retorted Henry, by way of making fun of his milk diet.

"Laugh at it as much as you please," replied James; "meat is not necessary to health; I am satisfied of that. There is more nourishment in good bread and milk than there is in roast-beef."

"Well, I should take the roast-beef if I could get it," interrupted William. "Milk for babes; and I am not a baby."

"Milk for scholars," responded James; "I actually believe that a better scholar can be made of milk than of beef."

"If you will say 'bacon' instead of beef, perhaps I shall agree with you," said William, playfully. "I don't think that bacon can produce high scholarship."

"Jim's essay was made out of it chiefly," remarked

Henry; "that was scholarly. Bacon has contributed too much to my comfort for me to berate it now."

And so the boys treated with some levity a subject over which James became an enthusiast. He was thoroughly taken with Mr. Wright's mode of living, and thoroughly resolved to adopt it the next term.

The Debating Society, also, interested James very much; it was the first one he had ever become acquainted with. The principal recommended it highly as a means of self-culture, and James accepted his recommendation as sound and pertinent. He engaged in debate hesitatingly at first, as if he had grave doubts of his ability in that direction; but he soon learned to value the Society above many of his academical privileges. The trial of his powers in debate disclosed a faculty within him that he had not dreamed of. He possessed a ready command of language, could easily express his thoughts upon any question under discussion, and was really eloquent for one so ungainly in personal appearance. He studied each question before the club as he would study a lesson in algebra, determined to master it. He could usually find books in the library that afforded him essential aid in preparing for debates, so that he appeared before the school always well posted upon the subject in hand. His familiarity with them often evoked remarks of surprise from both scholars and teachers. It was here, probably, that he laid the foundation for that remarkable ability in debate for which he was distinguished during his Congressional career. He began by preparing himself thoroughly for every discussion, and that practice was maintained by him to

the end. It made him one of the most prompt, brilliant, and eloquent disputants in the national legislature.

It was not strange that James won enviable notoriety in the Debating Society of the Geauga Academy. The debates became important and attractive to the whole school because he was a disputant. Scholars hung upon his lips, as afterwards listening crowds were charmed by his eloquence. Teachers and pupils began very soon to predict for him a brilliant future as a public speaker. In their surprise and admiration of the young orator they forgot the jean trousers, that were too short for his limbs by four inches.

Henry Wilson discovered his ability to express his thoughts, before an audience in the village Debating Society of Natick, Mass., in early manhood. Here he subjected himself to a discipline that insured his eminence as a debater in Congress. The celebrated English philanthropist Buxton had no thought of becoming an orator or a statesman, until he learned, in the debating society of the school which he attended, that he possessed an undeveloped ability for the forum. The distinguished English statesman, Canning, declared that he qualified himself for his public career in the school of his youth, where the boys organized and supported a mock parliament, conducting the debates, appointing committees, enforcing rules, and pitting one party against the other, precisely as was done by Parliament. In like manner, the hero of this volume really began his distinguished public career in the lyceum of Geauga Seminary.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER VACATION.

A VACATION of two months in the summer gave James ample opportunity for manual labor. Thomas was at home, and he decided to build a frame barn for his mother. He could have the assistance of James, who really knew more about barn-building than Thomas did.

"I s'pose you can frame it, Jim," said Thomas.

"I suppose that I can, if algebra and philosophy have not driven out all I learned of the business."

"You can try your hand at it, then. I should think that algebra and philosophy would help rather than hinder barn-building," added Thomas.

"Precious little they have to do with barns, I tell you," responded James. "They are taking studies, though."

"It won't take you long to find out what you can do," continued Thomas; "it spoils some boys to go to school too much."

Thomas had prepared sufficient lumber when he was at home, at different times, for the barn. It was all ready to be worked into the building; and the brothers proceeded to the task resolutely, James lead-

ing off in framing it. No outside help was called in, Thomas and James considering themselves equal to the task.

We need not delay to record the details of the job. It will answer our purpose to add, simply, that the barn was built by the brothers, and thus one more convenience was added for the comfort of their mother. The day of log buildings was now over for the Garfield family. Times had wonderfully changed since Mr. Garfield died, and the population of the township had increased, so that "the wilderness and solitary place" had disappeared.

As soon as the barn was completed, James sought work elsewhere among the farmers. He must earn some money before returning to Chester, for a portion of his doctor's bill remained unpaid, and then, a new suit of clothes, shirts, and other things, would require quite an outlay.

He found a farmer behind time in getting his hay.

"Yes, I want you," the farmer said; "and I wish you had been here two weeks ago: it seems as if haying would hold out all summer."

"You are rather behind time, I judge," replied James. "Better late than never, though."

"I don't know about that, James. I rather have it read, *better never late*," remarked the sensible man.

"That is my rule," answered James. "At school we are obliged to be on time. Tardiness is not allowable."

"It never should be allowed anywhere. It seems as if we can never catch up when we once get behind," continued the farmer; "and then there is no comfort in

it. It keeps one in torment all the while, to feel that he is behindhand : I don't like it."

"Neither do I," answered James. "It is worse to be behindhand in school than it is on a farm, much worse, I think. A scholar behind his class is an object of pity."

The farmwork did not continue behindhand long, however. The remainder of the haying was accomplished in a week, and James had opportunity for other jobs. He found work clear up to the close of his vacation, not having even a day for pastime. Thus he was able to pay off his doctor's bill, provide a better outfit for another school term than he had the first term, and to aid his mother also.

James was not idle during the evenings of his vacation. Algebra occupied a portion of his time ; and two or three reading books, which he brought from the Chester library, beguiled many of his evening hours. If he had any leisure hours during his vacation, they were not idle hours. Every hour told upon the new purpose of his life. He had ceased to talk about going to sea, or even coasting on Lake Erie, in his enthusiasm for an education. His mother, of course, never reverted to the subject, and she was rejoiced to find that James was aspiring to something higher and nobler. He was too much absorbed in his course of study to talk about a sea-faring life, or even to think about it.

"I wish you had some money to take back with you, James," remarked his mother, the day before he left for the seminary.

"I don't know as I care for more," answered

James. "I have a *ninepence* [showing the bit, and laughing], and that will go as far as it is possible for a ninepence to go. I have it all arranged to work for Mr. Woodworth, out of school, and I can easily pay my way."

"That may be true; but a few dollars to begin the term with would be very convenient," replied Mrs. Garfield.

"Better begin with nothing and end with something, than to begin with something and end with nothing," added James.

"I suppose, then, that you expect to end the term with more money than you begin it with?" said his mother, inquiringly.

"Yes, I do; for I shall want a little change in my pocket in the winter, if I teach school," replied James.

"Then you really expect to be qualified to teach school next winter, do you?"

"I design to; perhaps I shall be disappointed, though."

"I hope not," continued his mother. "By teaching school in the winter you can get together money enough to pay your school bills the rest of the year; and that will make it easy for you. I want to see you able to earn enough in winter to pay all your school bills, so that you will not be obliged to work before and after school to earn money."

"I don't expect to see that time, mother. I am content to work my way along as I have done," was James' brave reply. "Nobody can be healthier than I am; so that it don't wear upon me much."

James returned to Geauga Seminary at the opening

of the fall term, with the solitary ninepence in his pocket. He playfully suggested to Henry that "the bit must be very lonesome," and thought he might provide a "companion" for it ere long. The circumstances remind us of the experience of the late Horace Mann, of Massachusetts. Born in poverty, though not so poor as James, he had little hope of gratifying his strong desire for an education. Providence, however, opened the way for him to prepare for college, which he did in six months, not knowing whether he would be able to enter or not. By dint of perseverance, he scraped together money enough to get him into college, although he could not tell where the money was coming from to keep him there. After a few weeks he wrote to his sister, "My last two ninepences parted company some days ago, and there is no prospect of their ever meeting again." That is, he had a solitary ninepence in his pocket.

On the Sabbath after James' return to the seminary he was at public worship, when the contribution-box was passed through the audience. Whether James' sympathy for the lonely bit in his pocket got the better of his judgment, or whether it was the generosity of his soul (we suspect it was the latter), he dropped the ninepence into the box, thereby creating as great an emptiness as possible in his pocket. He was now upon an equality with the widow of the Scriptures, who cast her two mites (all she had) into the treasury of the Lord.

James and his cousins boarded themselves during the fall term, adopting Wright's milk diet at first, thereby reducing their expenses a very little, though not much.

"Just thirty-one cents each, per week," remarked James, after the trial of that method of living four weeks. He had kept a careful account, and now found the result to be as indicated.

"I feel as if it had not cost us more than that," answered Henry. "My physical constitution is reduced quite as much as our expenses, I think." He said this humorously in part, although he was not much captivated by their mode of living.

"That which costs the least is not always the cheapest," remarked William, whose opinions coincided with those of his brother. "*I* feel as if we were having pretty *cheap* living;" and he emphasized the word "cheap" in his peculiar way.

"Well, I feel as if I had been living on the fat of the land," responded James. "I think I could handle you both," he added, laughingly.

"There's no doubt of it," replied Henry; "you would grow fat on sawdust pudding, only have enough of it; but this sticking to one article of diet right along don't suit me."

"You are one of the philosophers who maintain that 'variety is the spice of life,' in eating as well as in pleasure, I suppose," answered James. "For my part, one thing at a time will do for me, if it is only *good* enough."

"I don't know of one thing alone that is good enough for me," remarked Henry. "I go for increasing our expenses a little. We can go up to fifty cents a week without damaging anybody."

"That's what I think," added William. "I think I can be pretty well satisfied with that."

"Just as you choose, boys; I can make way with nineteen cents' worth of luxuries more, in case of necessity," replied James. "Sawdust pudding or plum pudding is all the same to me; I can thrive on either."

"Now, Jim," said Henry, very philosophically, "I believe, after all, that you are as anxious as we are for better living, only you don't want to own it, and back down. You are the last fellow to back out of anything." Henry was about right in his remark. James was not at all unwilling to adopt a more expensive fare, although his iron will would carry him through his work with almost any sort of diet. His health was so robust, and his power of endurance so great, that he could eat much or little, apparently, and thrive.

The upshot of this interview was, that James assented to the increase of expenses to fifty cents per week, each. Milk was continued chiefly as their diet, but other things were added for variety. The last half of the term their board cost them fifty cents per week.

James had never spoken with the principal about becoming a teacher, although he was intending to do it. But Mr. Branch opened the subject about the middle of the term. He well knew the poverty of James, and took additional interest in him for that reason. He felt that a youth of his talents ought to acquire an education; and he could see no better way of accomplishing it than by teaching school in the winter.

"How would you like to try your hand at school-keeping, James?" inquired Mr. Branch.

"I *intend* to try my hand at it next winter, if I can get a school," answered James. "My mother has always said that I could get an education if I would qualify myself to teach school."

"A good plan, James; I agree with your mother, exactly. Glad to see that you mind your mother, for such boys usually come out all right." Mr. Branch was in a happy frame of mind when he said this, and his real kindness to James appeared in every word.

"Then," he continued, "what is better than all, you can do a good deal of good by teaching school. You will not only find it the best way to help yourself, but you will find it the best way to help others; and that is the highest of all considerations. We don't live for ourselves in this world, or *ought not* to live for ourselves alone. That is too selfish and contemptible to be tolerated."

"Do you think I can obtain a school, without any doubt?" inquired James.

"Unquestionably," answered Mr. Branch. "Teachers are more numerous than they were ten years ago, and so it is with schools. More than that, I think you will succeed in the business. Every one will not be successful in the calling."

"Why do you think I shall succeed?" asked James, who was curious to understand what particular qualities would win in the school-house.

"You will be well qualified; that is one thing. You possess ability to express your thoughts readily; that is very important for a teacher. Your mind is discriminating and sharp, to analyze and see the

reason of things; that is also an indispensable qualification for a successful teacher. You will govern a school well, I think, without much trouble. A young man who is popular with associates in study usually makes a good teacher." This was the honest reply of the principal to the last inquiry of James; all of which was a substantial encouragement to the latter. He began to look forward to the new occupation with much pleasure.

One incident occurred at this term of school, relating to its discipline, in which James played a conspicuous part. At that time there were about as many rogues in a school of one hundred pupils as there are to-day. Human nature averaged about as it does now among pupils. There was the same need of wise government and watchfulness, on the part of the principal, to maintain order. In this respect, the principal was well qualified for his position; and roguish pupils could not rebel against his government with impunity. This was quite well understood; and still there were occasional scrapes, in which a class of pupils engaged, as the best way, in their estimation, to dispose of a surplus fund of animal spirits.

A youth of considerable pertness insulted one of the town's people, and it came to the ear of the principal. Indeed, the citizen entered a complaint against the pupil, rehearsing the facts to Mr. Branch. The credit of the school, and the credit of the principal himself, demanded that he should take notice of the matter, rebuke the act, and lecture the whole school, that there might not be a repetition of the act.

As often happens in large schools, the pupils took

sides with the author of the naughty deed. The sympathies of young people, especially in school, unite them together as by strong cords. Without regard to the merits of the case, they decide for the accused party, and sustain him.

"If Bell goes, I go," exclaimed one of the boys, meaning that if the principal expelled Bell, he would be one to leave the school, also. The fact shows that feeling played a more prominent part in the affair than judgment.

"And I'll be another to go," answered a smart young fellow; that is, smart in his own estimation.

"Will you take me along with you?" asked a third, who was more disposed to show humor than passion. "I'll add one to the company."

"Me, too!" exclaimed a fourth. "Put me down for that scrape. A great many folks think that school-boys have no rights."

In this way the subject was discussed among a class of the boys, and even some girls signified a willingness to express their indignation in some such way as that proposed. It was claimed that as many as "twenty" pupils would quit school if Bell was expelled. But when, at last, they came around to James with their proposition, they met with a serious embarrassment.

"Why should I leave the school, because another fellow is sent away?" answered James. "Can you tell me?"

Of course they could not give a reason why he should. One boy did venture to reply, —

"We want to show our indignation."

"Indignation about what?" asked James.

"At sending Bell away."

"But he is not sent away, yet; and he may not be."

"Well, I don't believe in treating a fellow so."

"How?" persisted James.

"Why, call a fellow up, and make such a touse over his way of speaking to a man."

"How did he speak?"

"The citizen claims that he insulted him. But that's not the thing for us boys to look at; we ought to stand by our fellows."

"Stand by them, right or wrong?" inquired James.

"Yes, if necessary."

"Well, I shall not," answered James, emphatically. "If one of our fellows gets into a scrape, I will not help him out, unless it can be done honorably; you can depend on that."

"I think it is mean," continued the boy, "for a citizen to complain of a scholar just because he did not use his tongue quite right."

"I don't agree with you," answered James; "Bell ought to use his tongue as well as he does his hands, for all that I can see; and if he gets into trouble, he has no one to blame but himself."

"That may all be true," added Bell's persistent friend; "but if he gets into trouble thoughtlessly, I am willing to help him out."

"So am I," quickly responded James; "provided he is sorry, and is willing to be helped out of it in a proper way."

"I suppose, by that, you have not a good opinion of our method of helping him?"

"No, I have not. If Bell will apologize to the citizen, and signify to Mr. Branch that he is sorry, and will not repeat the insult, I will be among the first to intercede for him, but he must help himself, before I am willing to help him."

This ended the proposed rebellion in school. Bell did make all suitable amends for his misconduct, and remained in the school. The incident illustrates a prominent trait of character in James, running through his life. He had an opinion of his own, and maintained it, in his youth, as he did in later life. He would not knowingly defend even a school-companion in wrong-doing. He repudiated the so-called "code of honor" in schools, requiring boys to support each other, whether right or wrong.

The fall term was a very profitable one to James. His scholarship became fully established. He led the school in talents and progress. He paid all his bills, also, by his daily labor in the carpenter's shop, and had several dollars left for pocket-money at the close of the term.

CHAPTER XVII.

KEEPING SCHOOL.

THE next day after James reached home, at the close of the term, he started out to find a situation as teacher.

"When will you return?" inquired his mother.

"When I get a school. Somehow I feel as if it would be a hard matter to get a school."

"I hope not, my son," answered his mother, rejoicing in her heart that James was going to be a teacher, and not a sailor.

"*I* hope not," responded James; "but I don't seem to feel as elated over the prospect as I did once. I shall do my best, however, and I may be gone several days."

James took the most favorable route, on foot, and made his first application about ten miles from home.

"You are too young," replied the committee to his application; "we don't want a *boy* to teach our school."

"I have a recommendation from Mr. Branch, Principal of the Geauga Seminary;" and he proceeded to exhibit his testimonials.

"No matter about that," replied the committee-man. "No doubt you know enough, but you can't make yourself any older than you are; that's the trouble. We've had boys enough keep our school."

This was quite a damper upon the ardor of James; and he left the man, and continued his journey, reflecting upon the value of age to pedagogues.

The next school district that he reached had engaged a teacher.

"If you had come a week ago, I'd hired yer," the man said.

It was encouraging to James that he had found a district where age was not an absolute requirement. He thought better of youth, now.

"Possibly in the Norton District they've not a teacher yet," the man added.

"Where's that?" inquired James.

"About three miles north of here," pointing with his finger. "Go to Mr. Nelson; he's the man you want ter see. He'll hire yer, if he's no teacher."

James posted away to the Norton District, and found Mr. Nelson, just about dark.

"Just found a teacher, young man, and hired him," Mr. Nelson said. "Can't very well hire another."

"Of course not," answered James; "and perhaps the one you hired needs the chance as much as I do."

"Perhaps so; he's trying to get an education."

"So am I," responded James.

"Where?"

"At Geauga Seminary."

"Ah! we had a teacher from that seminary, two years ago, and he was as good a teacher as we ever had."

"That is fortunate for me," remarked James, pleasantly. "If he had not proved a good teacher you would not want another from that institution."

"Very like," replied Mr. Nelson. "But come, you can't look after any more schools to-night; it is getting dark. Come in, and stop over night with us."

James accepted the cordial invitation, stopped with the family over night, and, on the following day, continued his school-hunting trip. But he did not find a school. He met with one committee-man who declined to hire him because "We had one feller from Gaga Seminary, and he made sich a botch of it that we don't want another."

After two days of hard work in the vain search for a school, James reached home more thoroughly discouraged than his mother ever knew him to be before.

"It is impossible to find a school; most of them have teachers engaged," said James. And he gave a full account of his travels and disappointments.

"Perhaps the Lord has something better for you in store, James," answered his mother. "It is not best for you to be discouraged, after you have overcome so many obstacles."

James did not tell his mother that if the Lord had anything better in store for him he would be obliged if he would make it known; but he thought so.

"You are tired enough to go to bed," added his mother; "and to-morrow you can talk with your Uncle Amos about it."

Uncle Amos was their counsellor in all times of trial; and James accepted the suggestion as a kind of solace, and retired.

The next morning, before he was up, he heard a man call to his mother, from the road.

"Widow Garfield!"

She responded by going to the door.

"Where's your boy, Jim?"

"He is at home. He is not up, yet," Mrs. Garfield replied, a little curious to know what he wanted of James so early in the morning.

"I wonder if he'd like to keep our school at the Ledge, this winter," the man continued.

James bounded out of bed at the sound of the word *school*, beginning to think that Providence had sent an angel, in the shape of a man, to bring the "something better," which his mother told about. He stood face to face with the man in an incredibly brief period. The caller was a well-known neighbor, living only a mile away, and the school for which he wanted a teacher was not much further than that.

"How is it, Jim; will you keep our school at the Ledge, this winter?" he inquired.

"I want a school," was James' indirect reply. He knew the character of the school,—that it was rough and boisterous,—and he hesitated.

"Reg'lar set of barbarians, you know, Jim, down there," the man continued.

"Yes; I know it is a hard school to teach. Do you think I can manage it? All the scholars know me." This reply of James showed what thoughts were passing through his mind. The committee-man replied:

"They all know you, of course; and they know that you can whip the whole of them without any trouble, if you set about it; and you are just the chap to run

the school. The boys have driven out the master for two winters, now; and I want somebody to control the school this winter, if he don't do a thing but stand over them with a cane. A thrashing all round would do them an immense amount of good. Now, what do you say? Give you twelve dollars a month and board."

This portrayal of the character of the school rather discouraged James than otherwise; but his mother spoke, by way of helping him out of the difficulty:

"This is an unexpected call to James, and he had better consider it to-day, and let you know his decision to-night."

"I will do that," said James.

"That will answer; but I hope you won't fail me," the man responded, and drove off.

"Go over and consult your uncle Amos, after breakfast," advised his mother. "It is a very difficult school to undertake for the first one."

"I should prefer to teach among strangers, at least my first school," responded James. "Do you think this is the 'something better' Providence had in store for me?"

"Perhaps so. If you should be successful in this school, your reputation as a teacher would be established; you would have no more trouble in finding schools to keep."

"I see that; and still, if I had a chance to take a school among strangers, I should decline this one," said James.

"Perhaps that is the very reason you did not find a school. Providence means you shall take this one. I

really think, James, that this is the correct view of the case."

James could not suppress a laugh over this turn of affairs; nor could he fail to respect his mother's moral philosophy. He really began to think that Providence was forcing him to take this school, and he mentally decided to take it before he saw Uncle Amos.

"Tough school," remarked Uncle Amos, when James sought his advice. "Those rough fellows have had their way so long in school that it will be a hard matter to bring them into subjection. How do you feel about it yourself?"

"I would prefer to teach where the scholars are not acquainted with me," replied James.

"That might make a difference with some teachers, James; but the boys have nothing against you. Perhaps they will behave better because they know you so well. I think they respect you, and that will be a great help."

"Then you think I had better teach the school?" remarked James, understanding the drift of his uncle's remarks to mean that.

"On the whole, I am inclined to think you had better teach the school."

"If I had an opportunity to teach a better school, you would not advise me to take the one at the Ledge: I understand you to mean this."

"About that," his uncle answered. Pausing a few moments, as if to reflect upon the matter, he continued:

"It is just here, James; you will begin that school as 'Jim Garfield;' now, if you can leave it, at the close of the term, as 'Mr. Garfield,' your reputation as

a teacher will be established, and you will do more good than you can in any other school in Ohio."

Uncle Amos was a very wise man, and James knew it. His opinion upon all subjects was a kind of rule to be followed in the Garfield family. In this case, his counsel was wise as possible; its wisdom appeared in every word.

"I shall take the school," said James, decidedly, as he rose to go.

"I think it will prove the best decision," added his uncle.

The committee-man was notified according to agreement, and within two days it was noised over the district that "Jim Garfield" would teach the winter school. At first, remarks were freely bandied about, pro and con, and the boys and girls, too, expressed themselves very decidedly upon the subject, one way or the other. Before school commenced, however, the general opinion of the district, parents and pupils, was about as one of the large boys expressed it:

"I like Jim: he's a good feller, and he knows more'n all the teachers we ever had. I guess we better mind. He can lick us easy 'nuf, if we don't; and he'll do it."

This hopeful school-boy understood that the committee-man had instructed James to keep order and command obedience, "if he had to lick every scholar in school a dozen times over."

It was under these circumstances that James entered upon his new vocation. He dreaded the undertaking far more than he confessed; and when he left home, on the morning his school began, he remarked to his mother:

"Perhaps I shall be back before noon, through with school-keeping," signifying that the boys might run over him at the outset.

"I expect that you will succeed, and be the most popular teacher in town," was his mother's encouraging reply. She saw that James needed some bracing up in the trying circumstances.

James had determined in his own mind to run the school without resorting to the use of rod or ferule, if possible. He meant that his government should be firm, but kind and considerate. He was wise enough to open his labor on the first morning without laying down a string of rigid rules. He simply assured the pupils he was there to aid them in their studies, that they might make rapid progress; that all of them were old enough to appreciate the purpose and advantages of the school, and he should expect their cordial coöperation. He should do the best that he could to have an excellent school, and if the scholars would do the same, both teacher and pupils would have a good time, and the best school in town.

Many older heads than he have displayed less wisdom in taking charge of a difficult school. His method appeared to be exactly adapted to the circumstances under which he assumed charge. He was on good terms with the larger boys before, but now those harmonious relations were confirmed.

We must use space only to sum up the work of the winter. The bad boys voluntarily yielded to the teacher's authority, and behaved creditably to themselves and satisfactorily to their teacher. There was no attempt to override the government of the school, and

former rowdyism, that had been the bane of the school, disappeared. The pupils bent their energies to study, as if for the first time they understood what going to school meant. James interested the larger scholars in spelling-matches, in which all found much enjoyment as well as profit. He joined in the games and sports of the boys at noon, his presence proving a restraint upon the disposition of some to be vulgar and profane. He was perfectly familiar with his scholars, and yet he was so correct and dignified in his ways, that the wildest boys could but respect him.

James "boarded around," as was the universal custom; and this brought him into every family, in the course of the winter. Here he enjoyed an additional opportunity to influence his pupils. He took special pains to aid them in their studies, and to make the evenings entertaining to the members of the families. He read aloud to them, rehearsed history, told stories, availing himself of his quite extensive reading to furnish material. In this way he gained a firm hold both of the parents and their children.

His Sabbaths were spent at home with his mother, during the winter. The Disciples' meeting had become a fixed institution, so that he attended divine worship every Sabbath. A preacher was officiating at the time, in whom James became particularly interested. He was a very earnest preacher, a devout Christian, and a man of strong native abilities. He possessed a tact for "putting things," as men call it, and made his points sharply and forcibly. He was just suited to interest a youth like James, and his preaching made a deep impression upon him. From

week to week that impression deepened, until he resolved to become a Christian at once; and he did. Before the close of his school he gave good evidence that he had become a true child of God. And now his mother's cup of joy was overflowing. She saw distinctly the way in which God had led him, and her gratitude was unbounded. James saw, too, how it was that his mother's prophecy was fulfilled: "Providence has something better in store for you."

The verdict of parents and pupils, at the close of the term, was, "THE BEST TEACHER WE EVER HAD." So James parted with his scholars, sharing their confidence and esteem; and his uncle Amos was satisfied, because he left the school as MR. GARFIELD.

He returned to Geauga Seminary, not to board himself, but to board with Mr. Woodworth, the carpenter, according to previous arrangement. Mr. Woodworth boarded him for $1.06 per week, including his washing, and took his pay in labor. It was an excellent opportunity for James, as well as for the carpenter. His chief labor in the shop was planing boards. On the first Saturday after his return he planed fifty-one boards, at two cents apiece; thus earning, on that day, one dollar and two cents, nearly enough to pay a week's board.

We shall pass over the details of his schooling, that year, to his school-keeping at Warrensville, the following winter, where he was paid sixteen dollars a month and board. It was a larger and more advanced school than the one of the previous winter, in a pleasanter neighborhood, and a more convenient

school-house. We shall stop to relate but two incidents connected with his winter's work, except to say that his success was complete.

One of the more advanced scholars wanted to study geometry, and James had given no attention to it. He did not wish to let the scholar know that he had never studied it, for he knew full well that he could keep in advance of his pupil, and teach him as he desired. So he purchased a text-book, studied geometry at night, sometimes extending his studies far into the night, and carried his pupil through, without the latter dreaming that his teacher was not an expert in the science. James considered this as clear gain; for he would not have mastered geometry that winter, but for this necessity laid upon him. It left him more time in school for other studies.

This fact is a good illustration of what James once said after he was in public life, viz.: "A young man should be equal to more than the task before him; he should possess reserved power." He had not pursued geometry, but he was equal to it in the emergency. His reserved force carried him triumphantly over a hard place.

One day he fell, when engaged in out door sports with his big boys, the result of which was a large rent in his pantaloons. They were well-worn, and so thin that it did not require much of a pressure to push one of his knees through them. He pinned up the rent as well as he could, and went to his boarding-place, after school, with a countenance looking almost as forlorn as his trousers. He was boarding with a Mrs. Stiles,

at the time, a motherly kind of a woman, possessing considerable sharpness of intellect.

"See what a plight I am in, Mrs. Stiles," showing the rent in his pants.

"I see; how did you do that?" said Mrs. Stiles.

"Blundering about, as usual," James replied. "I hardly know what I shall do."

"What! so scared at a rent?" the good lady exclaimed; "that's nothing."

"It is a good deal, when it is all the pantaloons a fellow has," answered James. "This is all the suit I possess in the world, poor as it is."

"It is good enough, and there's enough of it as long as it lasts," replied the good woman; "make the best of things."

"I think I could make the best of an extra suit," responded James; "but this making the best of a single suit, and a flimsy one at that, is asking too much." He said this humorously.

"Well," continued Mrs. Stiles, "I can darn that rent so that it will be just as good as new, if not better. That's easy enough done."

"On me?" asked James, in his innocence.

"Mercy, no! When you go to bed, one of the boys will bring down your trousers, and I'll mend them. In the morning, no one will know that you met with such an accident. You mustn't let such small matters trouble you. You'll forget all about them, when you become President."

James's wardrobe was not much more elaborate at this time than it was when he began attending school at Chester. He had no overcoat nor underclothing,

preferring to expose his body to the cold rather than rob his mind of knowledge.

At the close of his school in Warrensville, James returned home, where an unexpected change in his programme awaited him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THIRD YEAR AT SCHOOL.

JAMES spent three years at Geauga Seminary, including school-keeping in winter. It was during his last term there that he met a young man who was a graduate of a New England college. James had never thought of extending his education so far as a college course. He scarcely thought it was possible, in his extreme poverty, to do it.

"You can do it," said the graduate. "Several students did it, when I was in college. I did it, in part, myself."

"How could I do it?" inquired James.

"In the first place," answered the graduate, "there is a fund in most of the New England colleges, perhaps in all of them, the income of which goes to aid indigent students. It is small, to be sure, but then, every little helps, when one is in a tight place. Then there is a great call for school-teachers in the winter, and college students are sought after."

"How much is the annual expense, to an economical student?" asked James.

"It varies somewhat in different colleges, though

two hundred dollars a year, not including apparel, could be made to cover the running yearly expenses, I think. A young man would be obliged to be very saving in order to do it."

"I am used to that," added James. "They say that 'necessity is the mother of invention,' and I have invented a good many ways of living cheaply."

"I have known students to obtain jobs of work in term time, — those who know how to do certain work," continued the graduate. "I knew a student who took care of a man's garden two summers, for which he received liberal pay. I knew one who taught a gentleman's son in the place, an hour or so every day, for which he was paid well. The boy was in delicate health, not able to enter a school for hard study. I have known students to get jobs of the faculty, about the college buildings. I knew one student who sawed wood for his fellow-students, in the fall and winter terms, and he was one of the best scholars in his class. He was very popular, too, and was honored for his perseverance in acquiring an education. I think that he must have paid half of his bills by sawing wood."

James began to see further than he did. In his imagination, he began to picture a college building at the end of his career. It was further off than he had intended to go in the way of study, but the way before him seemed to open up to it. What he supposed was impossible, now appeared among possibilities.

"What is the shortest time that it would require me to prepare for and get through college?" James asked further.

"The necessary time is four years in preparation,

and four years in college," the graduate answered. "Some students shorten the preparatory course, and enter college one year in advance."

"*I* should have to *lengthen* it in order to earn the money to pay my way," responded James. "I would be willing to undertake it, if I could get through in twelve years, and pay all my bills."

"You can get through in less time than that, I know. I forgot to tell you that students sometimes enter college with money enough to carry them through the first two years; then they stay out a year, and teach an academy or high school, for which they receive sufficient remuneration to carry them through the remainder of the course. It is a better plan, I think, than to teach a district school each winter; it don't interfere so much with the studies of the college, and it is easier for the student. Then I have known several students who borrowed the money of friends to pay their bills, relying upon teaching, after getting through college, to liquidate the debt. By waiting until their college course was completed, they obtained more eligible situations, at a higher salary, than would have been possible before."

"Well, I have no friends having money to loan," remarked James. "I shall have to content myself with working my own way by earning all my money as I go along; and I am willing to do it. I had never thought it possible for me to go to college; but now I believe that I shall try it."

"I hope you will," answered the graduate, who had learned of James' ability, and who had seen enough of him to form a high opinion of his talents.

"You will never regret the step, I am sure. You get something in a college education that you can never lose, and it will always be a passport into the best society."

From that time James was fully decided to take a college course, or, at least, to try for it; and he immediately added Latin and Greek to his studies.

During the last year of his connection with Geauga Seminary, James united with the Disciples' church in Orange. He took the step after much reflection, and he took it for greater usefulness. At once he became an active, working Christian, in Chester. He spoke and prayed in meeting; he urged the subject of religion upon the attention of his companions, privately as well as publicly; he seconded the religious efforts of the principal, and assisted him essentially in the conduct of religious meetings. In short, the same earnest spirit pervaded his Christian life that had distinguished his secular career.

In religious meetings, his simple, earnest appeals, eloquently expressed, attracted universal attention. There was a naturalness and fervor in his addresses that held an audience remarkably. Many attended meetings to hear him speak, and for no other reason. His power as a public speaker began to show itself unmistakably at that time. No doubt his youthful appearance lent a charm to his words.

"He is a born preacher," remarked Mr. Branch to one of the faculty, "and he will make his mark in that profession."

"One secret of his power is, that he is wholly unconscious of it," answered the member of the faculty

addressed. "It seems to me, he is the most eminent example of that I ever knew. He appears to lose all thought of himself in the subject before him. He is not a bold young man at all; he is modest as any student in the academy, and yet, in speaking, he seems to be so absorbed in his theme that fear is banished. He will make a power in the pulpit, if present appearances foreshadow the future."

"It cannot be otherwise," responded Mr. Branch, "if cause and effect follow each other. He develops very rapidly, indeed. I wish it were possible for him to have a college education."

All seemed to take it for granted that James would be a preacher, although he had not signified to any one that he intended to be. He had given no thought to that particular subject. He was too much absorbed in his studies, too much in love with them, to settle that question. But his interest in religious things, and his ability as a speaker, alone led them to this conclusion. The same feeling existed among the pupils.

"Jim will be a minister, now," remarked one of his companions to Henry.

"Perhaps so," was Henry's only reply.

"He will make a good one, sure," chimed in a third. "By the time he gets into the pulpit, he will astonish the natives."

"That will be ten years from now," said the first speaker.

"Not so long as that," rejoined Henry. "Five or six years is long enough."

"He won't wear trousers of Kentucky jean, then," added the second speaker, in a jocose manner.

"He won't care whether he does or not," remarked Henry. "He would wear Kentucky jean just as quick as broadcloth; such things are wholly unimportant in his estimation."

So the matter of his becoming a preacher was discussed, all appearing to think that he was destined to become a pulpit orator. Doubtless some thought it was the only profession he would be qualified to fill.

During the summer vacation of his last year at Geauga Seminary, in connection with a schoolmate, he sought work among the farmers in the vicinity. He found no difficulty in securing jobs to suit his most sanguine expectations. An amusing incident occurred with one of the farmers to whom he applied for work.

"What do you know about work?" inquired the farmer, surveying them from head to foot, and seeming to question their fitness for his farm.

"We have worked at farming," answered James, modestly.

"Can you mow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you mow *well?*" emphasizing the last word.

"You can tell by trying us," answered James, not wishing to praise his own ability at labor.

"What wages do you want?"

"Just what you think is right."

"Well, that is fair; where did you come from?"

James enlightened him on this subject, and informed him, also, that they were trying to get an education.

"You are plucky boys," the farmer added; "I think you may go to work."

He conducted them to the hay-field, where they were provided with scythes, remarking to the three men already mowing, "Here are two boys, who will help you."

James exchanged glances with his companion, and the initiated might have discovered in their mutual smiles an inkling of what was coming. Their glances at each other said, as plainly as words, "Let us beat these fellows, though we are *boys*." James thought that the farmer emphasized the word *boys* more than was justifiable.

The boys had mowed an hour, the farmer being an interested witness, when the latter cried out to the three men:

"See here, you lubbers; those *boys* are beating you all holler. Their swaths are wider, and they mow better than you do. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

The men made no reply, but bent their energies to work more resolutely. The boys, too, were silent, although they enjoyed the praise of their employer very much. They comprehended the situation fully, and their labors were pushed accordingly. One day, while at work with the men, one of them said to James:

"Yer are school-boys, I understand."

"Yes, we are," answered James.

"Where'd yer larn to farm it?"

"At home, and all about. We've had to earn our living," was the reply of James.

"Yer are no worse for that; it won't damage your larnin'."

"I expect not; I should say good-bye to the scythe, if I thought so," replied James. "If there had been no work, there would have been no education for me."

"What yer goin' to make — a preacher?"

"That is an unsolved problem," answered James, in a playful way. "I have undertaken to make a man of myself, first. If I succeed, I may make something else afterwards; if I don't succeed, I shall not be fit for much, any way."

"Yer in a fair way to succeed, I guess," responded the laborer, who seemed to have the idea, in common with other people, that James was aiming to be a minister.

When the day of settlement with the boys came, the farmer said:

"Now, boys, what must I pay you?"

"What you think is right," replied James, at the same time thinking that the farmer's emphasis of the word *boys* indicated boys' pay.

"I s'pose you don't expect men's wages; you are only boys."

"If boys do men's work, what the difference?"

"Well, you see, boys never have so much as men: there's a price for boys, and there's a price for men. Some boys will do more work than others, but the best of them only have boys' pay."

"But you told the men that we mowed wider swaths, and mowed better than they, and beat them. Now, admit that we are boys, if we have done men's work, why should we not have their pay? I told you at first

to pay us what was right, and I say so now; and if we have worked as well as your men, or better, is it not *right* that we should have their pay?"

James' plea was a strong one, and the farmer felt its force. There was but one honorable course out of the difficulty, and that was to pay the boys just what he did the men.

"Well, boys, I can't in justice deny that you did as much work as the men," he said, "and so I'll pay you men's wages; but you are the first boys I ever paid such wages to."

"I hope we are not the last ones," added James, who was never in a strait for a reply.

The farmer paid them full wages, and parted with them in good feeling, wishing them success in their struggles for an education, and saying to James:

"If, one of these days, you preach as well as you mow, I shall want to hear you."

When they left the farmer, James remarked to his companion:

"Everybody seems to think that I am going to be a preacher; why is it?" He was so unconscious of his abilities for that profession that he was actually puzzled to know why it was.

"I suppose it is because they think you are better qualified for that than any other calling," his companion replied. "I never heard you say what profession you should choose."

"No, I don't think you have; nor any one else. When the time comes, I shall choose for the best. I should like to be a preacher, and I should like to be a

teacher. I don't know but I should like to be a lawyer. I shouldn't want to be a doctor."

James stated the matter here just about as it was at that time. He was going to make the most of himself possible, in the first place, — a very sensible idea for a youth, — and then devote himself to the manifest line of duty.

At this time the anti-slavery contest ran high throughout the country. In Ohio, its friends were as zealous and fearless as they were anywhere in the country. The question of the abolition of slavery was discussed, not only in pulpits and on public rostrums, but in village and school lyceums. It was discussed in the Debating Society of the Seminary. "OUGHT SLAVERY TO BE ABOLISHED IN THIS REPUBLIC?" This was a question that drew out James in one of his best efforts. From the time his attention was drawn to the subject, he was a thorough hater of slavery. It was such a monstrous wrong that he had no patience with it.

"A disgrace to the nation," he said. "People fighting to be free, and then reducing others to a worse slavery than that which they fought! It is a burning shame!"

"The founders of the government didn't think so," answered the schoolmate addressed. "If they had thought so, they would have made no provision for it."

"So much more the shame," replied James. "The very men who fought to break the British yoke of bondage legalized a worse bondage to others! That is what makes my blood boil. I can't understand how

men of intelligence and honor could do what is so inconsistent and inhuman."

"Slavery wouldn't stand much of a show where you are, I judge," added his schoolmate. "You would sweep it away without discussing the question whether *immediate* emancipation is safe or not."

"Safe!" exclaimed James, in a tone of supreme contempt; "it is always *safe* to do right, and it is never safe to do wrong; especially to perpetrate such a monstrous wrong as to buy and sell men."

It was this inborn and inbred hostility to human bondage that James carried into the discussion of the question named, in their school lyceum. He prepared himself for the debate with more than usual carefulness. He read whatever he could find upon the subject, and he taxed his active brain to the utmost in forging arguments against the crime.

Companions and friends had been surprised and interested before, by his ability in debate; but on this occasion he discussed his favorite theme with larger freedom and more eloquence than ever. There was a manly and exhaustive treatment of the question, such as he had not evinced before. It enlisted his sympathies and honest convictions as no previous question had done; so that his fervor and energy were greater than ever, holding the audience in wrapped and delighted attention.

Commenting upon this effort afterwards, one of his schoolmates said to a number of his companions present:

"We'll send Jim to Congress, one of these days."

James was present, and the remark was intended both for sport and praise.

"I don't want you to send me until I have graduated at Geauga Academy," retorted James, disposed to treat the matter playfully."

"We'll let you do that; but we can begin the campaign now, and set the wires for pulling by and by," replied the first speaker. "I'll stump the District for you, Jim, and charge only my expenses."

"And whom will you charge your expenses to?" inquired James.

"To the candidate, of course, Hon. James A. Garfield," the schoolmate answered, with a laugh, in which the whole company joined, not excepting James. The incident illustrates the place that James held in the opinions of his school-fellows. Not the immature opinions of partial friends, but the well-considered and honest estimate of faculty and pupils.

In the fall term of that year there came to the school a young lady by the name of Lucretia Rudolph, a modest, unpretentious, talented girl. James soon discovered that she was a young lady of unusual worth and intellectual ability. He was not much inclined to the company of school-girls; he was too bashful to make much of a display in that line. He was not very companionable in their society, for he was not at home there. But he was unconsciously drawn to this new and pretty pupil, Miss Lucretia Rudolph. First, her modest, lady-like demeanor attracted his attention. There was a grace in her movements, and evidence of intellectual strength in her conversation. Her recitations were perfect, showing industry and scholarship.

These things impressed James sensibly. No female student had attracted his attention at all, before. Nor was there any such thing as falling in love with her on his part. He regarded her with more favor than he had ever regarded a young lady in school; and it was her worth and scholarship that drew him. They were intimate, mutually polite, helpers of each other in study, real friends in all the relations of school-mates. Further than that, neither of them had thoughts about each other. They associated together, and parted at the close of the term with no expectation, perhaps, of renewing their acquaintance again. We speak of the matter here, because the two will meet again elsewhere.

James made rapid progress in Latin after he decided to go to college. It was the study that occupied his odd moments especially. Every spare hour that he could snatch was devoted to this. The following winter he taught school, and Latin received much of his attention in evening hours. He enjoyed the study of it, and, at the same time, was stimulated by the consideration that it was required in a college course of study.

Late in the autumn, James met with a young man who was connected with the Eclectic Institute, a new institution just established in Hiram, Portage County, Ohio. James knew that such an institution had been opened, and that was all; of its scope and character he was ignorant.

"You can fit for college there," he said to James; "there is no better place in the country for that business. The school opened with over one hundred scholars, and the number is rapidly increasing."

"Any fitting for college there, now?" James inquired.

"Yes, several; I am one of them."

"How far along are you?"

"Only just begun. I have to work my own way, so that it will be slow."

"That is the case with me. So far, I have had but eleven dollars from my friends, and I have more than returned that amount to them."

"A fellow can do it, if he only has grit enough."

"How expensive is the school?" continued James.

"Not more expensive than Geauga Seminary. It is designed to give a chance to the poorest boy or girl to get an academical education. Besides, it is conducted under the auspices of the Disciples, and the teachers belong to that sect."

"I belong to the Disciples' church," said James.

"So do I. That would not take me there, however, if it was not a good school. I think it is one of the best schools to be found."

"The teachers are well qualified, are they?"

"They are the very best of teachers; no better in any school"

"I am glad that you have called my attention to the school," added James; "I think I shall go there next year."

Here was the second casual meeting with a person, in a single term, that had much to do with the future career of James. His mother would have called it providential: so did James, afterwards. Meeting with one of them led to his decision to go to college; meeting with the other carried him to the Hiram Eclectic Institute.

James closed his connection with the Geauga Seminary at the expiration of the fall term, leaving it with a reputation for scholarship and character of which the institution was justly proud. As we have said, he taught school during the following winter. It was at Warrensville, where he had taught before. He received eighteen dollars a month, and board, with the esteem and gratitude of his patrons.

We should not pass over the oration that James delivered at the annual exhibition of Geauga Seminary, in November, 1850. It was his last task performed at the institution, and the *first* oration of his literary life. The part assigned to him was honorary; and he spent all the time he could spare, amid other pressing duties, upon the production. He was to quit the institution, and he would not conceal his desire to close his course of study there with his best effort. He kept a diary at the time, and his diary discloses the anxiety with which he undertook the preparation of that oration, and the thorough application with which he accomplished his purpose. Neither ambition nor vanity can be discovered, in the least degree, in his diary, that was written for no eyes but his own. His performance proved the attraction of the hour. It carried the audience like a surprise, although they expected a noble effort from the ablest student in the academy. It exceeded their expectations, and was a fitting close of his honorable connection with the school.

Returning home, he found his mother making preparations to visit relatives in Muskingum County, eighteen miles from Zanesville.

"You must go, James; I have made all my arrangements for you to go with me," said his mother.

"How long will you be gone?"

"All the spring, and into the summer, perhaps."

"I had concluded to go to the Eclectic Institute, at Hiram, when the spring term opens."

"You have? Why do you go there?"

"To prepare for college."

"Do you expect you can work your way through college?"

"I expect I can, or I should not undertake it." And James then rehearsed the circumstances under which he decided to go to college, if possible, and to take a preparatory course at Hiram.

"I shall be glad, James, to have you accomplish your purpose," remarked his mother, after listening to his rehearsal, in which she was deeply interested. "I think, however, that you had better go with me, and enter the Eclectic Institute at the opening of the fall term."

"It will be wasting a good deal of time, it seems to me," said James.

"I don't mean that you shall go there to idle away your time. Take your books along with you. You can find *work* there, too, I have no doubt. Perhaps you can find a school there to teach."

"Well, if I can be earning something to help me along, perhaps I had better go. It will give me an opportunity to see more of the world —"

"And some of your relations, also," interrupted his mother.

It was settled that James should accompany his

mother on her visit; and they started as soon as they could get ready. The journey took them to Cleveland first, where James was sensibly reminded of his encounter with the drunken captain, and his providential connection with the canal boat. The Cleveland and Columbus railroad had just been opened, and James and his mother took their first ride in the cars on that day. James had not seen a railroad before, and it was one of the new things under the sun, that proved a real stimulus to his thoughts. He beheld in it a signal triumph of skill and enterprise.

The state capitol had been erected at Columbus, and the legislature was in session. It was a grand spectacle to James. He had scarcely formed an idea of the building, so that the view of it surprised him. He visited the legislature in session, and received his first impressions of the law-making power. It was a great treat to him, and the impressions of that day were never obliterated.

From Columbus they proceeded by stage to Zanesville. On their way, James remarked, —

"I never should have made an objection to this trip, if I had expected to see the capitol, or the legislature in session. That alone is equal to a month's schooling to me. It has given me an idea about public affairs, that I never had before."

"It is fortunate that you came," replied Mrs. Garfield. "It does boys who *think* much good to see things which set them to *thinking*."

"I guess that is so," replied James, with a roguish smile, as if he thought his mother had exerted herself to compliment him. "*Thinking* is needed in this world about as much as anything."

"*Right* thinking," suggested his mother.

"Mr. Branch says a young man better think erroneously than not to think at all," responded James.

"I don't think I should agree with Mr. Branch. It is safer not to think than to think wrong," said Mrs. Garfield.

"I suppose that Mr. Branch meant to rebuke dull scholars, who never think for themselves, and take every assertion of the books as correct, without asking *why*," added James.

James and his mother thus discussed the scenes and the times on their way to Zanesville, enjoying the change and the scenery very much. From the latter place they floated down the Muskingum river, in a skiff, to their destination, eighteen miles distant. Here they found their relatives the more rejoiced to see them because their visit was unexpected.

As soon as they were fairly settled among their relations, within four or five days after their arrival, James began to cast about for something to do.

"Perhaps you can get a school to keep over in Harrison, four miles from here," said his aunt. "I heard they were looking after a teacher."

"Whom shall I go to there to find out?" inquired James.

"I can't tell you, but your uncle can, when he gets home."

James learned to whom application should be made, and posted away immediately, and secured the school, at twelve dollars a month, for three months.

"You are fortunate," said his mother, on hearing his report. "You will be contented to stay now until

I get ready to go home. What kind of a school-house have they?"

"A log-house; not much of an affair."

"How large is the school?"

"About thirty; enough to crowd the building full."

"When do you begin?"

"Next Monday."

"Board round, I suppose?"

"Yes; and some of the families are between two and three miles away."

James commenced his school under favorable auspices, so far as his relations to the pupils were concerned. The conveniences for a school were meagre, and the parents were indifferent to the real wants of their children. Most of them failed to appreciate schooling. It was quite cold weather when the school opened, and there was no fuel provided. Near by the school-house, however, there was coal, in a bank, and James proposed to his pupils to dig fuel therefrom; and, in this way, their fire was run until it became so warm that fire was not needed.

The pupils were not so far advanced as the pupils at Warrensville, but not so rough as those at the Ledge. The neighborhood was not so far advanced in the arts of civilization as the region with which James had been familiar. Yet, he enjoyed school-keeping there; and his connection with the families was pleasant. At the close of the term he received many expressions of affection and confidence from the pupils, and separated from them with the best of feeling.

Mrs. Garfield was ready to return to Orange at the

close of the school : nor was James sorry to start on the journey home. After an absence of over three months, James found himself at the homestead with more money than he had when he left.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ECLECTIC INSTITUTE.

SEVERAL weeks would intervene before the commencement of the term at Hiram; and James looked about for work that he might add to his funds for an education. He was planning now to lay up money to assist himself through college. He found jobs to occupy his time fully until he should leave to enter the Eclectic Institute.

It was the last of August, 1851, when James reached Hiram. The board of trustees was in session. Proceeding directly to the institution, he accosted the janitor.

"I want to see the principal of the institute," he said.

"He is engaged with the board of trustees, who are in session now," replied the janitor.

"Can I see him, or them?"

"Probably; I will see." And the janitor went directly to the room of the trustees, and announced, "A young man at the door, who is desirous to see the board at once."

"Let him come in," answered the chairman.

James presented himself politely, though, perhaps, awkwardly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am anxious to get an education, and have come here to see what I can do."

"Well, this is a good place to obtain an education," answered the chairman, without waiting for James to proceed further. "Where are you from?"

"From Orange. My name is James Abram Garfield. I have no father; he died when I was an infant. My mother is widow Eliza Garfield."

"And you want what education this institution can furnish?"

"Yes, sir; provided I can work my way."

"Then you are poor?"

"Yes, sir; but I can work my way. I thought, perhaps, that I could have the chance to ring the bell and sweep the floors, to pay part of my bills."

"How much have you been to school?"

"I have attended Geauga Seminary three years, teaching school in the winter."

"Ah! then you are quite advanced?"

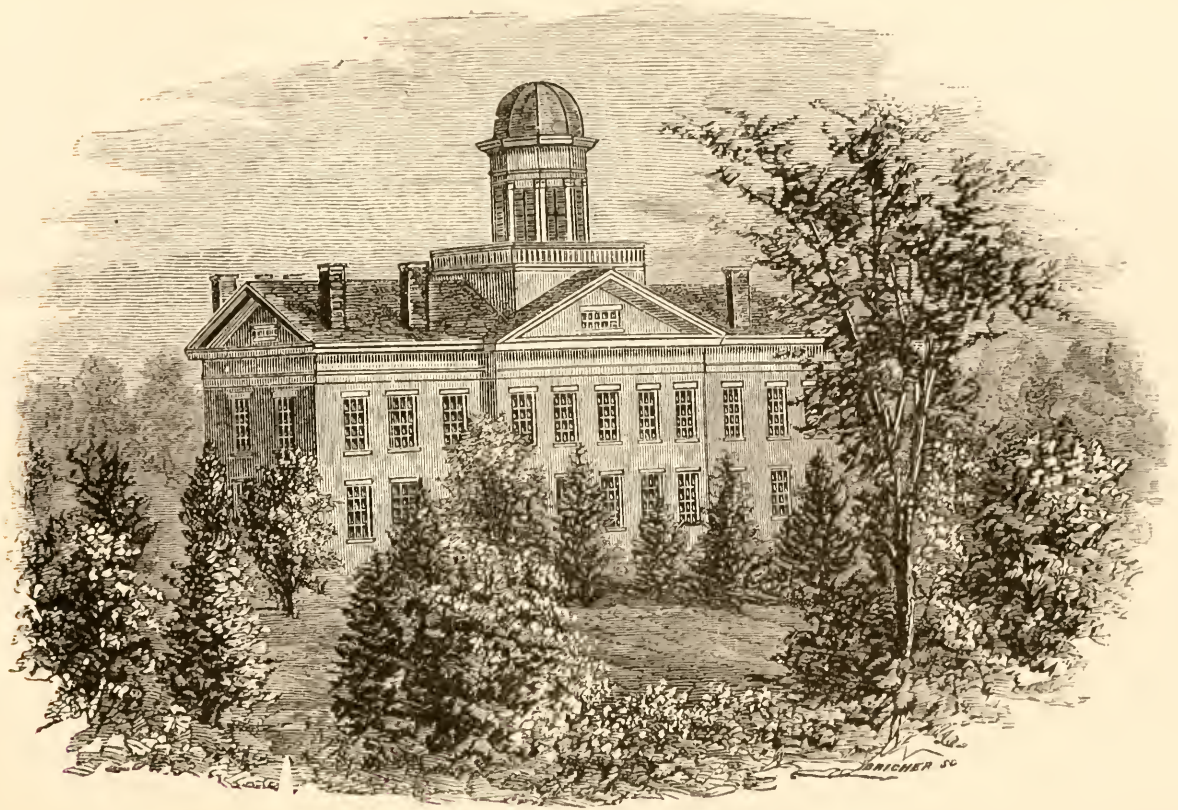
"No, not very far advanced. I have commenced Latin and Greek."

"Then you think of going to college?"

"That is what I am trying for."

"I think we had better try this young man," said one of the trustees, addressing the chairman. He was much impressed by the earnestness and intelligence of the applicant, and was in favor of rendering him all the aid possible.

"Yes," answered the chairman; "he has started



HIRAM COLLEGE, HIRAM, OHIO.

out upon a noble work, and we must help him all we can."

"How do you know that you can do the sweeping and bell-ringing to suit us?" inquired another trustee of James.

"Try me — try me two weeks, and if it is not done to your entire satisfaction I will retire without a word." James' honest reply settled the matter.

James was nineteen years old at this time; he became twenty in the following November. So he was duly installed bell-ringer and sweeper-general.

Hiram was a small, out-of-the-way town, twelve miles from the railroad, the "centre" being at a cross-road, with two churches and half a dozen other buildings. The institution was located there to accommodate the sons and daughters of the Western-Reserve farmers. President Hinsdale, who now presides over the college (it was elevated to a college, twelve or fifteen years ago), says: "The Institute building, a plain but substantially built brick structure, was put on the top of a windy hill, in the middle of a corn-field. One of the cannon that General Scott's soldiers dragged to the city of Mexico in 1847, planted on the roof of the new structure, would not have commanded a score of farm-houses. Here the school opened, at the time Garfield was closing his studies at Chester. It had been in operation two terms when he offered himself for enrolment. Hiram furnished a location, the board of trustees a building and the first teachers, the surrounding country students, but the spiritual Hiram made itself. Everything was new. Society, traditions, the genius of the school, had to be evolved from

the forces of the teachers and pupils, limited by the general and local environment. Let no one be surprised when I say that such a school as this was the best of all places for young Garfield. There was freedom, opportunity, a large society of rapidly and eagerly opening young minds, instructors who were learned enough to instruct him, and abundant scope for ability and force of character, of which he had a superabundance.

"Few of the students who came to Hiram in that day had more than a district school education, though some had attended the high schools and academies scattered over the country; so that Garfield, although he had made but slight progress in the classics and the higher mathematics previous to his arrival, ranked well up with the first scholars. In ability, all acknowledged that he was the peer of any; soon his superiority to all others was generally conceded."

James sought an early opportunity to confer with the principal.

"I want your advice as to my course of study," he said. "My purpose is to enter college, and I want to pursue the best way there."

"You want to make thorough work of it, as you go along?" the principal answered, by way of inquiry.

"Yes, sir, as thorough as possible. What I know, I want to know *certainly*."

"That is a good idea; better take time, and master everything as you go along. Many students fail because they are satisfied with a smattering of knowledge. Be a scholar, or don't undertake it."

"I agree with you perfectly, and I am ready to

accept your advice; and will regulate my course accordingly."

"Our regular preparatory course of study cannot be improved, I think," continued the principal. "You can pursue higher studies here, and enter college in advance, if you choose. But that can be determined hereafter. At present, you can go on with the branches undertaken, and time will indicate improvement and changes necessary."

"It will be necessary for me to labor some out of school hours, in order to pay all my bills," added James. "Then I would like to be earning something more, to help me through college."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I can work on a farm, or in a carpenter's shop, or do odd jobs at almost anything that offers. I have already seen the carpenter here."

"Well, what prospect for work?"

"After a few days he will have work for me, mostly planing; and that I have done more than anything in the carpenter's line."

"You are fortunate to find work at once."

"I never have failed to find work, since I have been dependent upon my own exertions."

"I hope you always will find work, that you may realize the accomplishment of your object. I shall do everything in my power to assist you, and do it with all my heart."

"Thank you," responded James, grateful for the deep interest the principal appeared to manifest in his welfare.

He secured quarters in a room with four other

students, rather thick for the highest comfort, but "necessity multiplies bedfellows." Here he set about his literary work with a zeal and devotion that attracted attention. The office of bell-ringer obliged him to rise very early; for the first bell was rung at five o'clock. The office of sweeper compelled him to be on the alert at an early hour, also. Promptness was the leading requirement of the youth who rang the bell. It must be rung on the mark. A single minute too early, or too late, spoiled the promptness. *On the mark precisely*, was the rule. Nor was it any cross to James. Promptness, as we have seen, was one of his born qualities. It was all the same to him whether he arose at four or five o'clock in the morning, or whether he must ring the bell three, or a dozen times a day. He adapted himself to circumstances with perfect ease. Instead of bending to circumstances, circumstances bent to him. He made a good bell-ringer and sweeper, simply because it was a rule with him to do everything well. One of his room-mates said to him:

"Jim, I don't see but you sweep just as well as you recite."

"Why shouldn't I?" James responded, promptly.

"Many people do important things best," replied his schoolmate, "and a lesson is more important than sweeping."

"You are heretical," exclaimed James. "If your views upon other matters are not sounder than that, you will not make a very safe leader. Sweeping, in its place, is just as important as a lesson in Greek is, in its place, and, therefore, according to your own rule, should be done as well."

"You are right, Jim; I yield my heresy, like the honest boy that I am."

"I think that the boy who would not sweep well, would not study well," continued James. "There may be *exceptions* to the rule; but the rule is a correct one."

"I guess you are about right, Jim; but my opinion is that few persons carry out the rule. There are certain things about which most people are superficial, however thorough they may be in others."

"That may be true; I shall not dispute you there," rejoined James; "and that is one reason why so many persons fail of success. They have no settled purpose to be thorough. Not long ago I read, in the life of Franklin, that he claimed, 'thoroughness must be a principle of action.'"

"And that is why you sweep as well as you study?" interrupted the room-mate, in a complimentary tone.

"Yes, of course. And there is no reason why a person should not be as thorough in one thing as in another. I don't think it is any harder to do work well than it is to half do it. I know that it is much harder to recite a lesson poorly than to recite it perfectly."

"I found that out some time ago, to my mortification," rejoined the room-mate, in a playful manner. "There is some fun in a perfect lesson, I confess, and a great amount of misery in a poor one."

"It is precisely so with sweeping," added James. "The sight of a half-swept floor would be an eye-sore to me, all the time. It would be all of a piece with a poor lesson."

"I could go the half-swept floor best," remarked the room-mate.

"I can go neither best," retorted James, "since there is no need of it."

James had told the trustees to try him at bell-ringing and sweeping two weeks. They did; and the trial was perfectly satisfactory. He was permanently installed in the position.

A person, now an esteemed clergyman, who acted in the same capacity six or eight years after James did, writes, "When I did janitor work, I had to ring a bell at five o'clock in the morning, and another at nine o'clock in the evening, and I think this had been an immemorial custom during school sessions. The work was quite laborious, and much depended upon the promptness and efficiency of the person who handled the bell-rope, as the morning had to be divided into equal portions, after a large slice had been taken out of it for the chapel exercises, which were always protracted to uncertain lengths. It was annoying, tedious work."

A lady now living in the State of Illinois was a member of the school when James was inaugurated bell-ringer, and she writes: "When he first entered the institute, he paid for his schooling by doing janitor's work, — sweeping the floor and ringing the bell. I can see him even now standing, in the morning, with his hand on the bell-rope, ready to give the signal calling teachers and scholars to engage in the duties of the day. As we passed by, entering the school-room, he had a cheerful word for every one. He was the most popular person in the institute. He was

always good natured, fond of conversation, and very entertaining. He was witty, and quick at repartee; but his jokes, though brilliant and striking, were always harmless, and he never would willingly hurt another's feelings."

The young reader should ponder the words, "most popular person in the institute," — and yet bell-ringer and sweeper! Doing the most menial work there was to do with the same cheerfulness and thoroughness that he would solve a problem in algebra! There is an important lesson in this fact for the young. They can afford to study it. The youth who becomes the most "popular" student in the institution, notwithstanding he rings the bell and sweeps the floors, must possess unusual qualities. Doubtless he made the office of bell-ringer and sweeper very respectable. We dare say that some of the students were willing to serve in that capacity thereafter who were not willing to serve before. Any necessary and useful employment is respectable; but many youths have not found it out. The students discovered the fact in the Eclectic Institute. They learned it of James. He dignified the humble offices that he filled. He did it by putting *character* into his work.

There were nearly two thousand volumes in the library belonging to the school. From this treasury of knowledge James drew largely. Every spare moment of his time was occupied with books therefrom. He began to be an enthusiastic reader of poetry at Geauga Seminary. "Young's Night Thoughts," which he found there, was the volume that particularly impressed his mind, just before he became a Christian under the

preaching of the Disciples minister at Orange. His tenacious memory retained much that he read, both of poetry and prose. Here he had a wider field to explore, more books to occupy his attention, though not more time to read. He began to read topically and systematically.

"What are you doing with that book?" inquired a room-mate; "transcribing it?"

"Not exactly, though I am making it mine as much as possible," James replied. "Taking notes."

"I should think that would be slow work."

"Not at all, the way I do."

"What way are you doing?"

"I note the important topics on which the book treats, with the pages, that I may turn to any topic of which it treats, should I have occasion hereafter. I mean to do the same with every book I read, and preserve the notes for future use."

"A good plan, if you have the patience. I want to dash through a book at double-quick; I couldn't stop for such business," added the room-mate.

"I spend no more time over a book than you do, I think," answered James. "I catch the drift, and appropriate the strong points, and let all the rest slide. But taking notes serves to impress the contents upon my memory. Then, hereafter, when I speak or write upon a given topic, my notes will direct me to necessary material."

"Your ammunition will be ready; all you will have to do will be to load and fire," suggested his room-mate. "That is not bad. I think the plan is a good one."

"It will save much time, in the long run. Instead of being obliged to hunt for information on topics, I can turn to it at once." James remarked thus with an assurance that showed his purpose was well matured. Years afterwards he testified that the method proved one of the most helpful and important rules of his life. Many scholars have pursued a similar course, and their verdict respecting the usefulness of the plan is unanimous. It is an excellent method for the young of both sexes, whether they are contemplating a thorough education or not; for it will promote their intelligence, and increase their general information. This result is desirable in the humblest as well as in the highest position. An intelligent, well-informed citizen adorns his place. That honored and lifted into respectability the office of bell-ringer and sweeper at Hiram Institute, as we have seen.

When James had completed his collegiate course, and became Principal of Hiram Institute, he wrote to a youth whom he desired should undertake a liberal course of education:

"Tell me, Burke, do you not feel a spirit stirring within you that longs *to know*, *to do*, *and to dare*, to hold converse with the great world of thought, and holds before you some high and noble object to which the vigor of your mind and the strength of your arm may be given? Do you not have longings like these, which you breathe to no one, and which you feel must be heeded, or you will pass through life unsatisfied and regretful? I am sure you have them, and they will forever cling round your heart till you obey their mandate. They are the voice of that nature which God

has given you, and which, when obeyed, will bless you and your fellow-men."

Whether Burke felt this "spirit stirring within him" or not, it is certain that it moved James, as some mysterious power, when he entered this new field, and long before, impelled him onward and upward in a career that could not have been denied him without inflicting an everlasting wound upon his soul.

In the spring after James became connected with the school, the principal proposed that the pupils should bring trees from the forest, and set them out on the Campus, to adorn the grounds, and provide a lovely shade for those who would gather there twenty and thirty years thereafter.

"A capital idea!" exclaimed James to Baker, with whom he was conferring upon the subject. "If each male student will put out one tree for himself, and one for a female student, we can cover the Campus with trees, and the streets near by as well; and do it next Saturday, too."

"That is real gallantry, Jim," answered Baker. "The girls, of course, can't set out trees."

"And the boys will take pride in setting them out for them," interrupted James.

"And calling them by their names," added Baker.

"A bright idea is that, to name the trees after those for whom they are set out," responded James. "You are an original genius, George; I should not have thought of that. It must be because you think more of girls than I do."

"But the plan to plant a tree for each girl is yours, Jim. I can't claim the patent for that."

"I am not ashamed to own it. It is worthy of the boys of the Western Reserve. We can have a rich time in carrying out the plan, better than a ride or party."

"I think so," said Baker.

"The satisfaction of knowing we are doing something that will be a great blessing thirty years from now, adding beauty and comfort to the Institute and town, is stimulus enough," continued James.

This enterprise was nobly prosecuted, and the trees were planted and named as above. James enjoyed it hugely. He was a great admirer of nature, and a tree or a flower afforded him genuine pleasure. To plant trees about his favorite institution, that would furnish shady walks in future days, was to him a privilege that he would not willingly miss.

During his first year's connection with the school, a female student of considerable brightness and scholarship violated some rule of the institution, for which the principal thought she should be publicly rebuked. The rebuke would be administered after the chapel exercises on the following morning. The affair caused much discussion among the pupils. Their sympathies were wholly enlisted for the girl, as she was deservedly quite popular.

"It is almost too bad," remarked James to a lady student. "It will well-nigh kill her; I pity her."

"I think it is a shame to make a small affair like that so public," replied the young lady. "If it was one of the boys it would not be half so bad."

"You think boys are used to it, or are of less consequence than girls?" retorted James, in a vein of humor.

"Not exactly that. I think the worst way of rebuking a young lady should not be selected."

"I agree with you exactly; but I suppose there is no help for it now."

"Unless we get up a petition asking that the rebuke be privately administered."

"I will sign it," said James; "but it must be done immediately."

"I will see some of the girls at once." And, so saying, the young lady hastened away.

In many groups the matter was discussed on that day, and much excitement prevailed; but the movement for a petition failed, and the following morning dawned with the assurance that the rebuke would be administered before the whole school. The scholars assembled with hearts full of pity for the unfortunate girl. No one felt more keenly for her than James. He expected to see her overcome and crushed.

The principal called upon her to rise, and the rebuke was administered, while all the scholars dropped their heads in pity for her. She survived the ordeal. She neither wept nor fainted. On retiring from the chapel, with the crowd of scholars, she remarked to James, in the hearing of many, —

"It seems to me that Uncle Sutherland was rather personal."

The jocose remark created a laugh all around, and none laughed more heartily than James, who concluded that their profound sympathies had been sadly wasted.

James had not been at Hiram long before the students discovered one prominent trait of his character,

viz., a keen sense of justice. He was fond of ball-playing, and he wanted everybody to enjoy it. One day he took up the bat to enjoy a game, when he observed several of the smaller boys looking on wistfully, seeming to say in their hearts, "We wish we could play."

"Are not those boys in the game?" he asked.

"What! those little chaps? Of course not; they would spoil the game."

"But they want to play just as much as we do. Let them come in!"

"No; we don't want the game spoiled. They can't play."

"Neither shall I, if they cannot," added James, decidedly. And he threw down his bat.

"Well, let them come, then," shouted one of the players, who wanted the game to go on. "Spoil it, if you will."

"We shall make it livelier," responded James, taking up his bat and calling upon the little boys to fall in. "We may not have quite so scientific a game, but then all hands will have the fun of it; and that is what the game is for."

CHAPTER XX.

STUDENT AND TEACHER.

JAMES ceased to be a janitor at the close of his first year at Hiram, and was promoted to assistant teacher of the English department and ancient languages. His rapid advancement is set forth by Dr. Hinsdale, who is now president of the institution:

"His mind was now reaching out in all directions; and all the more widely because the elastic course of study, and the absence of traditionary trammels, gave him room. He was a vast elemental force, and nothing was so essential as space and opportunity. Hiram was now forming her future teachers, as well as creating her own culture. Naturally, then, when he had been only one year in the school, he was given a place in the corps of teachers. In the catalogue of 1853–'54, his name appears both with the pupils and teachers: 'James A. Garfield, Cuyahoga County,' and 'J. A. Garfield, Teacher in the English Department, and of the Ancient Languages.' His admission to the faculty page may be an index to a certain rawness in the school; but it gave to his talents and ambition the play that an older school, with higher standards, could not have afforded him.

Now he was filling three important positions, student, teacher and carpenter. He had become nearly as indispensable to the carpenter's business as to that of the Institute. The sound of his hammer, before and after school, was familiar to the students and the citizens.

"See there!" exclaimed Clark, pointing to James on the roof of a house, building near the academy. "Jim has taken that roof to shingle."

"Alone?" inquired Jones.

"Yes, alone; and it won't take him long, either, if he keeps his hammer going as it does now. Jim's a brick."

"Very little brick about him, I should say; more brain than brick."

"With steam enough on all the while to keep his brain running. Did you ever see such a worker?"

"Never. Work seems as necessary to him as air and food. If he was not compelled to work, in order to pay his way, his brain would shatter his body all to pieces in a year. He is about the only student I ever thought was fortunate in being poor as a stray cat."

"I declare, I never thought of that. Poverty is a blessing sometimes. I had thought it was a curse to a student always."

"It is Jim's salvation," added Jones. "I have thought of it many times. I suppose that his carpentering business is better exercise for him than our ball-playing, or pitching quoits."

"Minus the *fun*," added Clark, quickly; really believing that James was depriving himself of all first-

class sport. "Have you not observed how he enjoys a game of ball or quoits when he joins us?"

"Of course; but he does not seem to me to enjoy these games any more than he enjoys study, reading, and manual labor. He studies just as he plays ball, exactly, with all his might; and I suppose that is the way we all ought to do."

"That is what Father Bentley said in his sermon on, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' You remember it?"

"Certainly; and who knows but Father Bentley has engaged Jim to illustrate his doctrine? He preaches and Jim practices. Nobody in the Eclectic Institute will dispute such a sermon while Jim's about; you can count on that." The remark was made jocosely, and, at the same time, a compliment was intended for James.

This conversation discloses the facts about James' manual labor while connected with the Institute. We have not space for the details of his work with the plane and hammer during the whole period. We can only say, here, once for all, that he continued to add to his money by manual labor to the end of his three years at Hiram. He planed all the siding of the new house that he was shingling when the foregoing conversation took place. His labor was expended upon other buildings, also, in the place, during that period. Several jobs of farming, also, were undertaken at different times. He was laying up money to assist himself in college, in addition to paying his way at the Institute.

When James entered the school his attention was

attracted to a class of three in geometry. As he listened to the recitation in this study, which was animated and sharp, he became particularly impressed. Since that time he said, "I regarded teacher and class with reverential awe." The three persons in the class were William B. Hazen, who became one of our most distinguished major-generals in the late rebellion, and who is now in the public service; Geo. A. Baker, now a prominent citizen of Cleveland, Ohio; and Miss Almeda A. Booth, a very talented lady of nearly thirty years, who was teaching in the school, and at the same time pursuing her studies in the higher mathematics and classics. As this Miss Booth exerted a more powerful influence upon James than any other teacher, except Dr. Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, we shall speak of her particularly, and her estimate of our hero. She was the daughter of a Methodist preacher, whose circuit extended a thousand miles on the Reserve; a man of marked mental strength, and of great tact and energy. The daughter inherited her father's intellectual power and force of character, so that, when the young man to whom she was betrothed died, she resolved to consecrate herself to higher intellectual culture, that her usefulness might be augmented. This resolution brought her to the Eclectic Institute. She died in 1875, and afterwards General Garfield said of her talents, "When she was twelve years of age she used to puzzle her teachers with questions, and distress them by correcting their mistakes. One of these, a male teacher, who was too proud to acknowledge the corrections of a child, called upon the most learned man in town for help and advice

in regard to a point of dispute between them. He was told that he was in error, and that he must acknowledge his mistake. The teacher was manly enough to follow this wise advice, and thereafter made this little girl his friend and helper. It was like her to help him quietly, and without boasting. During her whole life, none of her friends ever heard an intimation from her that she had ever achieved an intellectual triumph over anybody in the world."

It was fortunate for James that this accomplished lady became deeply interested in his progress and welfare.

"The most remarkable young man I ever met," she said to the principal. "There must be a grand future before him."

"True, if he does not fall out of the way," answered the principal.

"I scarcely thought that was possible when I spoke. His Christian purpose is one of the remarkable things about him. His talents, work, everything, appear to be subject to this Christian aim. I feel that he will make a power in the world."

"I agree with you: such are my feelings in regard to him, notwithstanding the prevalence of temptations that lure and destroy so many of our hopeful young men." The principal had seen more of the world than Miss Booth, so he spoke with less confidence.

James had been connected with the school but a few months before his studies were the same as those of Miss Booth, and they were in the same classes. "I was far behind Miss Booth in mathematics and the physical sciences," he said, since, "but we were nearly

in the same place in Greek and Latin." She could render him essential aid in his studies, and she delighted to do it. Their studies were nearly the same until he ceased to be a member of the school. The librarian kept text-books for sale, and the following are his memoranda of sales to them :

"January, 1852. Latin Grammar and Cæsar.
March, 1852. Greek Grammar.
April, 1852. French Grammar.
August, 1852. German Grammar and Reader.
November, 1852. Xenophon's Memorabilia and Greek Testament."

All this in a single year.

"August, 1853. Sophocles and Herodotus.
November, 1853. Homer's Iliad."

During the fall term of 1853, Miss Booth and James read about one hundred pages of Herodotus and one hundred of Livy. They met two of the professors, also, on two evenings of each week, to make a joint translation of the book of Romans. His diary has this record for December 15, 1853 : "Translation society sat three hours at Miss Booth's room, and agreed upon the translation of nine verses." The record shows that these studies were pursued critically, and therefore slowly.

Miss Booth was more or less familiar with the standard authors of English literature, both prose and poetry ; and she aided James greatly in the selection of books, many of which they read together, discussing their merits and making notes. In a tribute to her memory, a few years since, General Garfield said : "The few

spare hours which schoolwork left us, were devoted to such pursuits as each preferred, but much study was done in common. I can name twenty or thirty books, which will be doubly precious to me because they were read and discussed in company with her. I can still read between the lines the memories of her first impressions of the page, and her judgment of its merits. She was always ready to aid any friend with her best efforts."

James was appointed to prepare a thesis for an exhibition day. One evening he repaired to the room of Miss Booth.

"I want your help, Miss Booth," he said. "I am afraid that I shall make a botch of it, without your assistance."

"I will risk you," Miss Booth replied; "but I will render you all the assistance in my power."

"That will be all I shall need," remarked James, facetiously; "and I hardly see how I can get along with less. I like to talk over subjects before I write: it is a great help to me."

"It is an essential help to everybody," answered Miss Booth. "Two heads may be better than one in canvassing any subject. Discussion awakens thought, sharper and more original; and it often directs the inquirer to new and fresher sources of information. I am at leisure to discuss your thesis at length."

So James opened the subject by stating some of his difficulties, and making inquiries. Both were soon absorbed in the subject before them, so thoroughly absorbed as to take no note of time, nor dream that

the night was gliding away, until surprised by the morning light coming in at the window.

In 1853, Miss Booth proposed that twelve of the advanced pupils — James and herself among the number — should organize a literary society for the purpose of spending the approaching vacation of four weeks in a more thorough study of the classics. The society was formed, and the services of one of the professors were secured, to whom they recited statedly. During that vacation they read "the Pastorals of Virgil, the first six books of the Iliad, accompanied by a thorough drill in the Latin and Greek grammars at each recitation." It proved a very profitable vacation to James, a season to which he always looked back with pride and pleasure. He regarded Miss Booth as the moving and controlling spirit of that society, increasing his sense of obligation to her.

Perhaps the chief reason of Miss Booth's confidence in the Christian purpose of James, as expressed to the principal, was found in his consistent Christian life. From the time he became a member of the Institute he took an active part in the religious meetings, identifying himself with the people of God in the village. His exhortations and appeals were examples of earnestness and eloquence, to which the students and citizens listened in rapt attention. No student of so much power in religious meetings had been connected with the school. Indeed, it was the universal testimony that no such speaker, of his age, had ever been heard.

Father Bentley, pastor of the Disciples' Church in Hiram, was wonderfully drawn to James. After a few months, he felt that James' presence was almost indis-

pensable to the success of a meeting. He invited him specially to address the audience. Often he urged him to take a seat upon the platform, that he might address the assembly to better advantage. In his absence he invited James to take charge of the meeting. The last year of his stay at Hiram, Father Bentley persuaded him several times to occupy his pulpit on the Sabbath, and preach, which he did to the gratification of the audience.

His gift at public speaking was so remarkable, that a demand was frequently made upon him for a speech on social and public occasions. It is related, that, at a weekly prayer-meeting, he was on the platform with Father Bentley, waiting to perform his accustomed part, when a messenger came for him to address a political meeting, where speakers had failed them. Father Bentley scarcely noticed what was going on, until James was half-way down the aisle, when he called out:

"James, don't go!" then quickly, as if thinking his request might be unreasonable, he said to the congregation, "Never mind, let him go; that boy will yet be President of the United States."

"I remember his vigorous exhortations, now," remarked a Christian woman recently, who was connected with the Institute at that time; "they were different from anything I was accustomed to hear in conference meetings."

"How were they different?" she was asked.

"They were original and fresh beyond anything I had ever heard in such meetings; nothing commonplace or stale about them, making one feel that they

were not the thoughts of some commentator he was giving us at second hand, but the product of his own genius and great talents, uttered with real earnestness and sincerity."

"He must have possessed a wonderful command of language," remarked her friend.

"That was one thing that charmed us. His flow of language, appropriate and select, was like a river. It seemed as if he had only to open his mouth, and thoughts flowed out clothed in language that was all aglow. Many, many times I heard the remark, 'he speaks as easily as he breathes.' Well," she continued, after a pause, "he was substantially just such a speaker then as he was afterwards in public life, bating the dignity that age and experience impart."

In this connection we should speak of him as a debater in the lyceum. He was older and more experienced at Hiram than he was at Chester, and his efforts in debate were accordingly more manly. The Illinois lady, from whom we have already quoted, says, "In the lyceum he early took rank far above the others as a speaker and debater." His interest in public matters was growing with the excitement of the times. The infamous fugitive-slave law, for the restoration of runaway slaves to their masters, had been enacted by Congress, as a compromise measure, and no people of the country felt more outraged by the attempts to enforce the Act than the people of the Western Reserve. The excitement became intense. Young men partook of it in common with older citizens. It pervaded the higher schools. It was as strong in the Eclectic Institute as elsewhere.

School and village lyceums received an impetus from it. James was an uncompromising foe to slavery before ; if possible, he was more so now. The excitement fired him up in debate. He was more denunciatory than ever of slavery. He had been a great admirer of Daniel Webster, but his advocacy of the fugitive-slave bill awakened his contempt. He was not a young man to conceal his feelings, and so his utterance was emphatic.

"A covenant with death, and an agreement with hell," he exclaimed, quoting from Isaiah, "that will destroy the authors of it. The cry of the oppressed and down-trodden will appeal to the Almighty for retribution, like that of the blood of Abel. The lightning of divine wrath will yet shiver the old, gnarled tree of slavery to pieces, leaving neither root nor branch!"

When James became assistant teacher, he had for a pupil, in his Greek class, Miss Lucretia Rudolph, the young lady in whom he was so much interested at Chester. Her father removed to Hiram, in order to give her a better opportunity to acquire a thorough education.

James was glad to meet her ; and he was happy to welcome so talented a scholar as pupil. He had no expectation that she would ever stand in a closer relation to him than pupil. But the weeks and months rolled on, and she became one of his permanent scholars, not only in Greek, but in other branches as well; in all of them developing a scholarship that won his admiration. At the same time, her many social and moral qualities impressed him, and the impression

deepened from month to month. The result was, before he closed his connection with the school, that a mutual attachment grew up between them, and she engaged to become his wife when he had completed his course of study, and was settled. He was twenty-two years of age, and Miss Rudolph was one year his junior.

This was one of the most important steps that James had taken, and it proved to be one of the most fortunate. Those who prophesied that the engagement would interfere with his studies did not fully understand or appreciate the solidity of his character nor the inflexibility of his purpose. Such love affairs are often deprecated because so many young men allow them to interfere with their life-purpose, thus disclosing weakness and puerile ideas. With James, the love affair became an aid to the controlling purpose of his life, and, at the same time, served to refine his coarser qualities by passing them through the fire of a pure and exalted passion. True love is sweeter and higher than the brightest talents, and when its pure and elevating influence refines the latter, they shine with a fairer lustre than ever. This was eminently true of James.

Notwithstanding James was so bashful and retiring when he first went to Chester to commence his studies, he became one of the most social and genial students at Hiram. He was the life of the social circle. Unlike many ripe students, whose minds are wholly absorbed in their studies, he could unbend himself, and enter into a social occasion with zest, bringing his talents, his acquisitions, his wit and humor,

to contribute to the enjoyment of all. The lady in Illinois, from whom we have twice quoted, says on this point:

"During the month of June, the entire school went in carriages to their annual grove-meeting, at Randolph, some twenty-five miles away. On this trip he was the life of the party, occasionally bursting out in an eloquent strain at the sight of a bird or a trailing vine, or a venerable giant of the forest. He would repeat poetry by the hour, having a very retentive memory."

The reader learns from this, that it was not "small talk," nor mere slang and folly, that he contributed to a social time, but sensible, instructive material. He had no sympathy for, or patience with, young men who dabbled in silly, trifling conversation and acts, to entertain associates. To him it was evidence of such inherent weakness, and absence of common sense, that it aroused his contempt. One who was intimate with him in social gatherings at Hiram makes a remark that discloses an important element of his popularity. "There was a cordiality in his disposition which won quickly the favor and esteem of others. He had a happy habit of shaking hands, and would give a hearty grip, which betokened a kind-hearted feeling for all." The same writer says, what confirms the foregoing statements respecting his recognized abilities, "In those days both the faculty and pupils were in the habit of calling him 'the second Webster,' and the remark was common, 'He will fill the White House, yet.'"

There was one branch of the fine arts that he pur-

sued, to gratify a taste in that direction, which should receive a passing notice. It was mezzotint drawing. He became so proficient in the art that he was appointed teacher of the same. The lady from whom we have quoted was one of his pupils, and she writes :

"One of his gifts was that of mezzotint drawing, and he gave instructions in this branch. I was one of his pupils in this, and have now the picture of a cross, upon which he did some shading and put on the finishing touches. Upon the margin is written, in the hand of the noted teacher, his own name and his pupil's. There are, also, two other drawings, one of a large European bird on the bough of a tree, and the other a churchyard scene in winter, done by him at that time."

Thus the versatility of his talents, enforced by his intense application, appeared to win in almost any undertaking. Without his severe application, his versatility would not have availed much. He reduced that old maxim thoroughly to practice, "Accomplish, or never attempt," because his application was invincible. Here was the secret of his success in teaching. He was just as good a teacher as scholar. Before the completion of his academic course, the trustees made his success a subject of serious consideration.

"We must secure his return to Hiram as soon as he gets through college," said the chairman. "He will make a popular and successful professor."

"That is true," replied another trustee. "In what department would you put him?"

"Any department that is open. He will fill any

department admirably. I have noticed that when we conclude that he is particularly suited to one position, he soon surprises us by filling another equally well."

"It will certainly be for the popularity of the school to instal him over a prominent professorship here," added the chairman; "and I dare say it will be agreeable to his feelings."

The subject was not dropped here. Both the principal and chairman of the board interviewed James upon the subject; and when he left the Institute for college, it was well understood that he would return at the close of his college course. The present president of the institution says:

"I shall not here speak of him as a teacher further than to say, in two years' service he had demonstrated his great ability in that capacity, had won the hearts of the students generally, and had wrought in the minds of the school authorities the conviction that his further service would be indispensable on his return from college."

On his success as a teacher, when preparing for college, the Illinois lady, who was his pupil, writes:

"He was a most entertaining teacher, — ready with illustrations, and possessing in a marked degree, the power of exciting the interest of the scholars, and afterwards making clear to them the lessons. In the arithmetic class there were ninety pupils, and I cannot recollect a time when there was any flagging in the interest. There were never any cases of unruly conduct, or a disposition to shirk. With scholars who were slow of comprehension, or to whom recitations

were a burden, on account of their modest and retiring disposition, he was especially attentive, and by encouraging words and gentle assistance would manage to put all at their ease, and awaken in them a confidence in themselves."

A leading lawyer of Cleveland, Ohio, Hon. J. H. Rhodes, referring to his connection with the school, at the time James was studying and teaching, in a public assembly, said, —

"I remember a circumstance that had much to do with my remaining at Hiram. I was a little homesick, and one day I went into the large hall of the college building, and the tall, muscular, tow-headed man in charge there, who was teaching algebra, came up to me, and, seeing a cloud over my face, threw his arms about me in an ardent way. Immediately the home-sickness disappeared. The tow-headed man has not so much hair to-day as he had then. Hard knocks in public life have uprooted a heap of his hair."

"Going to Bethany College, I suppose," remarked the principal to him. That was the college established by Alexander Campbell, founder of the sect called Disciples.

"I had intended to go there until recently," James answered.

"What has changed your purpose? That college is of our denomination, you know."

"Yes, I know; but I have been thinking that it might be better for me to enlarge my observation by going beyond our sect."

"That may be; you want more room, do you?"

"I know the Disciples' church pretty well. Perhaps I had better know something outside of it. It seems narrow to me to tie myself down to the limits of my own denomination. Besides, will it not be of real value to me to connect myself with a New England college?"

"Perhaps so; I agree with you in the main; too contracted a sphere will not be well for you. That idea is well worth considering. You will be qualified to enter college two years in advance; at least, you can enter some colleges two years in advance. What college have you in mind?"

"I have not decided upon any particular one, yet. I am going to write to Yale College, Williams College, and Brown University, stating the ground I have been over, and inquiring whether I can enter as Junior, learning the expense, and other things."

"That is a good plan. Then you will know definitely where to go, and you can prepare accordingly."

James did write to the presidents of Yale College, New Haven, Ct., Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., and to the president of Brown University, Providence, R. I., also; and each one of the presidents replied to his inquiries. The substance of the answers, together with his decision, may be learned from a letter which James wrote to a friend one week before he started for college, as follows:

"There are three reasons why I have decided not to go to Bethany: First, the course of study is not so extensive or thorough as in eastern colleges; second, Bethany leans too heavily toward slavery; third, I am the son of Disciple parents, am one myself, and

have had but little acquaintance with people of other views, and having always lived in the west, I think it will make me more liberal, both in my religious and general views and sentiments, to go into a new circle, where I shall be under new influences. These considerations led me to conclude to go to some New England college. I therefore wrote to the presidents of Brown University, Yale, and Williams, setting forth the amount of study I had done, and asking how long it would take me to finish their course.

"Their answers are now before me. All tell me I can graduate in two years. They are all brief business notes, but President Hopkins concludes with this sentence: 'If you come here we shall be glad to do what we can for you.' Other things being so nearly equal, this sentence, which seems to be a kind of friendly grasp of the hand, has settled the question for me. I shall start for Williams next week."

James always did like to have people carry their hearts in their hands, as he did; and Dr. Hopkins came so near to it that he put his heart in his pen, when he wrote, and James accepted his hearty handshake.

"How is it, James, about funds? You cannot have enough money laid up for your college expenses," his brother said to him, several weeks before he closed his studies at Hiram, just at the time when James was revolving the subject with some anxiety. True, he had trusted to Providence so much, and Providence had provided for him so unexpectedly at times, and so generously always, that he was disposed to trust for the wherewith to

pay expenses in college. His brother's question was timely. He always thought that Providence managed the affair.

"No, I have not more than half enough," James replied; "but I shall teach in the winter, and perhaps I can find some kind of labor to perform in term time. I always have been able to pay my way."

"But if you enter two years in advance, I would not advise you to labor in term time. You will have enough to do."

"How can I pay my way, unless I do work?"

"I will loan you money to meet your expenses."

"And wait long enough for me to pay it?"

"Yes. When you get through college you can teach, and it will not take you long to pay the debt."

"Suppose I should die; where will you get your pay?"

"That is my risk."

"It ought not to be your risk. It is not right that you should lose the money on my account."

"It is, if I consent to it."

"It occurs to me," continued James, after a pause, "that I can arrange it in this way. You can loan me the money, and I will get my life insured for five hundred dollars. This will protect you in case of my death."

"I will agree to that, if it suits you any better."

"Well, it does. I shall be satisfied with that method; and I shall be relieved of some anxiety. I want to make my two years in college the most profitable of any two years of my course of study."

James took out an insurance upon his life, and when he carried it to his brother he remarked:

"If I live I shall pay you, and if I die you will suffer no loss."

What James accomplished during the three years he was at Hiram Institute, may be briefly stated, thus: The usual preparatory studies, requiring four years, together with the studies of the first two years, in college, — the studies of six years in all, — he mastered in three years. At the same time he paid his own bills by janitor and carpenter work, and teaching, and, in addition, laid up a small amount for college expenses.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN COLLEGE.

AT the close of the summer term at Williams College, candidates for admission, who presented themselves, were examined. James presented himself to Dr. Hopkins very different, in his personal appearance, from the well-worded and polished letter that he wrote to him. One describes him — "As a tall, awkward youth, with a great shock of light hair, rising nearly erect from a broad, high forehead, and an open, kindly, and thoughtful face, which showed no traces of his long struggle with poverty and privation." His dress was thoroughly western, and very poor at that. It was evident to Dr. Hopkins that the young stranger before him did not spend much time at his toilet; that he cared more for an education than he did for dress. Of course, Dr. Hopkins did not recognize him.

"My name is Garfield, from Ohio," said James. That was enough. Dr. Hopkins recalled the capital letter which the young man wrote. His heart was in his hand at once, and he repeated the cordial handshake that James felt when he read in the doctor's letter, "If you come here, we shall be glad to do what we can for you." James felt at home at once. It

was such a kind, fatherly greeting, that he felt almost as if he had arrived *home*. He never had a natural father whom he could remember, but now he had found an intellectual father, surely, and he was never happier in his life. Yet a reverential awe possessed his soul as he stood before the president of the college, whose massive head and overhanging brow denoted a giant in intellect. James was perfectly satisfied that he had come to the right place, now; he had no wish to be elsewhere. He had read Dr. Hopkins' Lectures on the "Evidences of Christianity," and now the author impressed him just as the book did when he read it. The impression of *greatness* was uppermost.

James passed the examination without any difficulty, and was admitted to the Junior class. Indeed, his examination was regarded as superior. He was qualified to stand abreast with the Juniors, who had spent Freshman and Sophomore years in the colleges. And this fact illustrates the principle of *thoroughness*, for which we have said James was distinguished. In a great measure he had been his own teacher in the advanced studies that he must master in order to enter the Junior class; yet he was *thoroughly* prepared.

"You can have access to the college library, if you remain here during the summer vacation," said Dr. Hopkins to him. "If you enjoy reading, you will have a good opportunity to indulge your taste for it."

"I shall remain here during vacation, and shall be thankful for the privilege of using the library," answered James. "I have not had the time to read what I desire, hitherto, as I have had to labor and teach, to pay my bills. It will be a treat for me to

spend a few weeks in reading, with nothing else to do."

Dr. Hopkins gave him excellent advice, and words of encouragement, not only for vacation, but for term time, as well; and James found himself revelling among books, within a few days. He had never seen a library of such dimensions as that into which he was now introduced, and his voracious mental appetite could now partake of a "square meal." One of the authors whom he desired to know was Shakespeare. He had read only such extracts from his writings as he had met with in other volumes. Therefore he took up a volume containing Shakespeare's entire works with peculiar satisfaction. He read and studied it, studied and read it, committing portions of it to memory, and fairly made the contents of the book his own. His great familiarity with the works of Shakespeare dates from that period. Certain English poets, also, he read and studied, for the first time; and he committed a number of poems to memory, which he always retained. Works of fiction he rejected from principle. When he joined the Disciples' church he resolved to read no novels. His decision was in accordance with the practice of that church. On the whole, that vacation in the college library was a very profitable one to James. It was just what he needed after so many years of hard study in the sciences and classics.

It was well for him, too, to be relieved from the strain of study and pecuniary support, that had taxed him heavily from the outset. He had no carpenter's job on hand, or class to teach, for his support. For

exercise, the beauty and grandeur of the scenery lured him into the fields and over the mountains. The wild, mountainous country around presented a striking contrast with the level, monotonous landscape of the Western Reserve. He enjoyed explorations of the region; climbing Greylock to its summit that he might take in the view, plunging into forests, and ranging fields, until the country for miles around was almost as familiar to him as Orange township, Ohio. By the time the college term opened, he was as familiar with the locality as any of the students.

"Hill, what do you think of that westerner?" said one of the juniors to his classmate, Hill, a few days after the term began. "Got acquainted with him?"

"Not exactly; haven't had time yet. Have you?"

"A little acquainted; not much, though."

"He is not a slave to the *fashions*, I conclude;" alluding to his rather uncouth dress.

"No; he gives tailors a wide berth, in my judgment: but he is none the worse for that. Put him into a tasty garb, and he would be a splendid-looking fellow."

"That's so: but neither his character nor scholarship would be improved by the change. If dress would improve these, some of our fellows would patronize tailors more than butchers, a great deal."

"I think I shall like him, judging from a slight acquaintance. A little western in his speech."

"Western provincialisms?"

"Yes; though not bad. Evidently he is one of the fellows who will go through thick and thin to acquire an education. There must be considerable to him, or

he never could enter a New England college two years in advance, especially if he prepared at the west."

"Do you know where, in the west, he fitted for college?"

"At a little place on the Western Reserve somewhere; an academy that belongs to a sect called Disciples. So one of the boys says."

"Disciples! I never heard of that sect before, except the one in New Testament times. A disciple will work in well, here;" trying to be humorous.

This conversation shows quite well the circumstances in which James was brought into contact with the students. That they should scrutinize his apparel and appearance, is not strange. James expected that, and the thought caused him some embarrassment. He knew very well that his dress must appear shabby to young men who consulted tailors, and that his speech was marred by provincialisms that must sound queerly to them. So he very naturally dreaded the introduction to college life. Yet he proved as much of a philosopher here as elsewhere, and made the best of the situation. He was happily disappointed in his intercourse with students. He found no pride or caste among them. They treated him kindly, and gave him a hearty welcome to their companionship. Within a few weeks he ranked among the "best fellows" of the college. The college boys soon found that the "Great West" had turned out a great scholar; that the student who had the least to do with tailors was a rare fellow; and they treated him accordingly. James never had any reason to complain of his treatment by the faculty and students of Williams College.

"He is one of the most accurate scholars I ever knew," said Hill to Leavitt, some weeks after James entered college; "he never misses anything, and he never fails to answer a question."

"That is because he knows it all," replied Leavitt. "He gave me some account of his methods of study in preparing for college. He did it all himself, pretty much. He sticks to anything until he understands it fully; that gives him the advantage now. He is one of the best-read students in college, and all that he ever read is at his tongue's end."

"He showed *that* in the debate last Saturday," continued Hill. "His ability as a debater is superior; nobody in this college can compete with him." Reference was here made to a debate in the Philologian society of the college.

"A born speaker, I think. It is just as easy for him to speak as it is to recite; and that is easy enough."

"I predict," continued Hill, "that he will stand at the head of our class, notwithstanding he entered two years in advance."

"It looks so now. 'All signs fail in a dry time,' it is said, but the signs certainly point that way."

That these young men were not partial, or mistaken, in their estimate of James, is evident from the following communication, penned by a classmate recently, after the lapse of twenty-five years:

"In a class of forty or more, he immediately took a stand above all others for accurate scholarship in every branch, but particularly distinguishing himself as a writer, reasoner, and debater. He was remarkable for

going to the bottom of every subject which came before him, and seeing and presenting it in entirely a new light. His essays written at that time, not of the commonplace character too common in college compositions, can even now be read with pleasure and admiration. While an indefatigable worker, he was by no means a bookworm or recluse, but one of the most companionable of men, highly gifted, and entertaining in conversation, ready to enjoy and give a joke, and having a special faculty for drawing out the knowledge of those with whom he conversed, thus enriching his own stock of information from the acquirements of others. Even then he showed that magnetic power, which he afterwards exhibited in a remarkable degree in public life, of surrounding himself with men of various talents, and of employing each to the best advantage in his sphere. When questions for discussion arose in the college societies, Garfield would give each of his allies a point to investigate; books and documents from all the libraries would be overhauled; and the mass of facts thus obtained being brought together, Garfield would analyze the whole, assign each of the associates his part, and they would go into the battle to conquer. He was always in earnest, and persistent in carrying his point, often against apparently insurmountable obstacles; and in college election contests (which are often more intense than national elections) he was always successful."

James had taxed himself so long to his utmost capacity by advanced and extra studies, crowding six years' labor into three, that it was easy for him now to lead his class. He did add German to the regular

studies of the college, and he became so proficient in it within one year, that he could converse considerably in the language. But all this was little labor in comparison with his work at Hiram. He found much time to read, and to engage in the sports of the Campus. The latter he enjoyed with a keen relish; no one entered into them more heartily than he did. His college mates now recall with what enthusiasm he participated in their games. This was indispensable for his health now, as he had no labor with plane or hammer to perform.

The "Williams Quarterly" was a magazine supported by the college. James took great interest in it, and his compositions frequently adorned its pages, both prose and poetry. The following was from his pen in 1854:—

"AUTUMN.

"Old Autumn, thou art here! Upon the earth
And in the heavens the signs of death are hung;
For o'er the earth's brown breast stalks pale decay,
And 'mong the lowering clouds the wild winds wail,
And sighing sadly, shout the solemn dirge
O'er Summer's fairest flowers, all faded now.
The Winter god, descending from the skies,
Has reached the mountain tops, and decked their brows
With glittering frosty crowns, and breathed his breath
Among the trumpet pines, that herald forth
His coming.

"Before the driving blast
The mountain oak bows down his hoary head,
And flings his withered locks to the rough gales
That fiercely roar among his branches bare,
Uplifted to the dark, unpitying heavens.

The skies have put their mourning garments on,
And hung their funeral drapery on the clouds.
Dead Nature soon will wear her shroud of snow,
And lie entombed in Winter's icy grave!

"Thus passes life. As heavy age comes on
The joys of youth — bright beauties of the Spring
Grow dim and faded, and the long, dark night
Of death's chill winter comes. But as the Spring
Rebuilds the ruined wrecks of Winter's waste,
And cheers the gloomy earth with joyous light,
So o'er the tomb the star of hope shall rise,
And usher in an ever-during day."

"Garfield, what are you going to do with yourself this vacation?" inquired Bolter, just as the fall term was closing.

"I am considering that question, now. How should I make it teaching penmanship, do you think?"

"You would do well at it; and the vacation is long enough for you to teach about ten lessons."

James was a good penman, for that day, and he had taken charge of a writing-class in school, for a time. The style of his penmanship would not be regarded with favor now by teachers in that department; nevertheless it was a broad, clear, business style, that country people, at least, were then pleased with.

"Think I could readily get a class?" continued James.

"No doubt of it. Strike right out into the country almost anywhere, and you will find the way open."

"I am quite inclined to take a trip into New Hampshire, to see what I can do. I have some distant relatives there: my mother was born there."

"Well, if you go where your mother was born, you will not be likely to get into bad company, though there is enough of it in New Hampshire."

"Acquainted there?"

"As much as I want to be. There is too much of the pro-slavery democracy there for me; but they need to improve their penmanship awfully, Garfield. It won't interfere with *your* business."

The conversation proceeded in a kind of semi-jovial way until the bell rang for recitation. The upshot was that James opened a writing-school in Pownal, Vermont, instead of in New Hampshire. He met with some party who directed his steps to this small town, where he taught a large class in penmanship, in the village school-house. It proved a profitable venture to him, both financially and socially. He added quite a little sum to his private treasury, besides making many warm friends and enlarging the sphere of his observation and experience.

As he spent the next winter vacation in New York state, we may relate the circumstances here. He went to Poestenkill, a country village about six miles from Troy, N. Y., where there was a Disciples' church, over which a preacher by the name of Streeter was settled. Here he opened a school of penmanship, thereby earning a few dollars, in addition to paying his expenses. His efforts in the religious conference meeting were so marked that the pastor invited him to occupy his pulpit on the Sabbath; and the invitation was accepted. Having preached once, the people demanded that he should preach again; and he did. It was the common opin-

ion that he would become the most renowned preacher in the Disciples' church," no one doubting that he was expecting to fill the sacred office.

James became acquainted with several of the teachers and school-committee at Troy, and when he was there one day, Rev. Mr. Brooks, one of the committee, surprised him by saying:

"We have a vacancy in the high-school, and I would like to have you take the situation. It is an easy place, and a good salary of twelve hundred dollars."

"You want me to begin now, I suppose?"

"Yes; next week the term begins."

"I should be obliged to relinquish the idea of graduating at Williams."

"That would be necessary, of course; and perhaps that may be best for you."

"No; it seems best for me to graduate, at any rate; that has been my strong desire for several years, and to abandon the purpose now, when I am just on the eve of realizing my hopes, would be very unwise."

"You understand your own business best," continued Mr. Brooks; "but we should be very glad to employ you, and only wish that you could see it for your interest to accept our proposition."

"There is another difficulty in the way," James replied. "I feel under some obligations to Hiram Institute, where I prepared for college. There was no bargain with me, and yet the trustees expect me to return, and take a position as teacher. That is a young institution, struggling to live, and I have a desire to give my small influence to it."

"You need not decide to-day; think of it longer; you may view the matter differently after a little thought," Mr. Brooks urged.

"No; I may just as well decide now. Your offer is a tempting one; I could soon pay my debts on that salary. I cannot expect any such salary at Hiram, and I thank you with all my heart for the offer. But my ambition has been to win an honorable diploma at an Eastern college, and then devote my energies to the institute that has done so much for me. I must decline your alluring offer."

James arrived at this decision quickly, because accepting the offer would interfere with the accomplishment of the great purpose of his life. He had no difficulty, at any time, in rejecting any proposition that came between him and a collegiate education.

His refusal of the tempting offer was the more remarkable because he was in straitened circumstances at the time. His brother, who had promised to loan him money, had become embarrassed, so that further aid from that quarter was out of the question. He needed a new suit of clothes very much, but he had not the money to purchase them. One of his friends in Poestenkill, knowing this, went to a tailor of his acquaintance in Troy, Mr. P. S. Haskell, and said:

"We have a young man in our village, a rare fellow, who is poor, but honest, and he wants a suit of clothes. He is struggling to go through Williams College, and finds it hard sledding. Can you do anything for him?"

"Yes; I am willing to help such a young man to a

suit of clothes. I will let him have a suit of clothes on credit," the tailor replied promptly.

"You will get every cent of your pay in time, I'm sure of that. The young man preaches some now, and he preaches grandly."

"What is his name?"

"James A. Garfield. His home is in Ohio."

"Well, send him along."

On the following day James called upon the tailor, frankly told him his circumstances, and promised to pay him for the clothes as early as possible. He could not fix the date.

"Very well," said Mr. Haskell, who was thoroughly pleased with James' appearance. "Take your own time; don't worry yourself about the debt. Go on with your education; and when you have some money that you have no other use for, pay me." James got his suit of clothes, returned to college, and paid the debt in due time, to the entire satisfaction of the tailor.

After returning to college, James looked about for pecuniary relief. Debts on his second year had already accumulated, and now it was certain that he would receive no loans to meet them from his brother. He thought of the cordial and friendly doctor who examined him about six years before, and encouraged him to acquire an education, — Dr. J. P. Robinson, now of Cleveland, Ohio. He sat down and wrote to the jolly doctor, stating his pressing wants and future purposes, telling him of his life insurance, and of his expected connection with Hiram Institute as teacher, when he would be able to liquidate the debt. It is enough to say that Dr. Robinson cheerfully loaned him the money.

At the close of his first collegiate year, James visited his mother in Ohio. She was then living with her daughter, who was married and settled in Solon. It is not necessary to rehearse the details of this visit: the reader can imagine the mutual joy it occasioned much better than we can describe it. Imagination cannot exaggerate the satisfaction his mother found in meeting her son again, so near the ministry, where she had come to think his field of usefulness would be found.

In college, James' anti-slavery sentiments grew stronger, if possible. Charles Sumner was in congress, dealing heavy blows against slavery, assailing the fugitive-slave bill with great power and effect, claiming that "freedom is national, and slavery sectional," denouncing the "crime against Kansas," and losing no opportunity to expose the guilt and horrors of southern bondage. Outside of congress he made speeches, urging that the whig party should attack and overthrow American slavery. James admired the fearless, grand public career of Sumner, and also despised the criminal support the democratic party gave to slavery, and the truckling, timid, compromising course of the leaders of the whig party. Then, in the fall of 1855, John Z. Goodrich, who was a member of congress from western Massachusetts, delivered a political address in Williamstown upon the history of the Kansas-Nebraska struggle, and the efforts of the handful of republicans then in congress to defeat the Missouri compromise. James was profoundly impressed by the facts and logic of that speech, and he said to a classmate, on leaving the hall, —

"This subject is new to me; I am going to know all about it."

He sent for documents, studied them thoroughly, and was fully prepared to join the new republican party, and also to support John C. Fremont for president of the United States. The students called a meeting in support of Fremont, and James was invited to address them. The scope and power of his speech, packed with facts and history, showed that he had canvassed the subject with his accustomed ability; and even his classmates, who knew him so well, were surprised.

"The country will hear from him yet, and slavery will get some hard knocks from him," remarked a classmate.

Just afterwards the country was thrown into the greatest excitement by the cowardly attack of Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, upon Charles Sumner. Enraged by his attacks upon slavery, and urged forward, no doubt, by southern ruffians, Brooks attacked him with a heavy cane, while Sumner was writing at his desk in the United States senate. Brooks intended to kill him on the spot, and his villainous purpose was nearly accomplished.

On receipt of the news at Williams College, the students called an indignation meeting, at which James, boiling over with indignant remonstrance against such an outrage, delivered the most telling and powerful speech that had fallen from his lips up to that time. His fellow-students listened with wonder and admiration. They were so completely charmed by his fervor and eloquence that they sat in breathless

attention until he closed, when their loud applause rang through the building, repeated again and again in the wildest enthusiasm.

"The uncompromising foe to slavery!" exclaimed one of his admirers.

"Old Williams will be prouder of her student than she is to-day, even," remarked another.

And many were the words of surprise and gratification expressed, and many the prophecies concerning the future renown of young Garfield.

We said that James rejected fiction from his reading, on principle. When about half through his college course he found that his mind was suffering from excess of solid food. Mental dyspepsia was the consequence. His mind was not assimilating what he read, and was losing its power of application. He was advised to read fiction moderately. "Romance is as valuable a part of intellectual food as salad of a dinner. In its place, its discipline to the mind is equal to that of science in its place." He finally accepted the theory, read one volume of fiction each month, and soon found his mind returning to its former elasticity. Some of the works of Walter Scott, Cooper, Dickens, and Thackeray, not to mention others, became the cure of his mental malady. His method of taking notes in reading was systematically continued in college. Historical references, mythological allusions, technical terms, and other things, not well understood at the time, were noted, and afterwards looked up in the library, so that nothing should remain doubtful or obscure in his mind. "The ground his mind traversed he carefully cleared and ploughed before leaving it for fresh fields."

James graduated in 1856, bearing off the honors of his class. Dr. Hopkins had established the "metaphysical oration" as the highest honor at commencement, and James won it, by the universal consent of the faculty and students. In the performance of his part at commencement, he fully sustained his well-earned reputation for scholarship and eloquence. Both teachers and classmates fully expected, when he left college, that his name would appear conspicuously in the future history of his country.

Dr. Hopkins wrote of him, eight years after James graduated:

"The course of General Garfield has been one which the young men of the country may well emulate. . . . A rise so rapid in both civil and military life is, perhaps, without example in the country. . . . Obtaining his education almost wholly by his own exertions, and having reached the age when he could fully appreciate the highest studies, General Garfield gave himself to study with a zest and delight wholly unknown to those who find in it a routine. A religious man and a man of principle, he pursued, of his own accord, the ends proposed by the institution. He was prompt, frank, manly, social, in his tendencies; combining active exercise with habits of study, and thus did for himself what it is the object of a college to enable every young man to do, — he made himself a MAN. There never was a time when we more needed those who would follow his example."

Mr. Chadbourne, who is now president of Williams College, and who was professor when James was a student, writes:

"He graduated in 1856, soon after I began my work here as professor. The students who came under my instruction then made a much stronger impression upon me than those of a later day, since my attention has been called to other interests than those of the lecture-room. But Garfield, as a student, was one who would at any time impress himself upon the memory of his instructors, by his manliness and excellence of character. He was one whom his teachers would never suspect as guilty of a dishonest or mean act, and one whom a dishonest or mean man would not approach. College life is, in some respects, a severe test of character. False notions of honor often prevail among students, so that, under sanction of "college customs," things are sometimes done by young men which they would scorn to do in other places. There was manliness and honesty about Garfield that gave him power to see and do what was for his own good, and the honor of the college. His life as a student was pure and noble. His moral and religious character, and marked intellectual ability, gave great promise of success in the world. His course since he entered active life has seemed to move on in the same line in which he moved here. He has been distinguished for hard work, clear insight into great questions of public interest, strong convictions, and manly courage. I know of no better example among our public men of success fairly won."

CHAPTER XXII.

RETURN TO HIRAM.

THE trustees of Hiram Institute elected Garfield "Teacher of Ancient Languages and Literature" before his return to the school. His welcome back was a hearty one. His acceptance of the position was equally hearty.

His position was now a high and honorable one, although he was but nine years removed from the tow-path of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal. Into that nine years were crowded labors, struggles, and triumphs, the like of which we can scarcely find in the annals of human effort.

"I have attained to the height of my ambition," he said to a friend. "I have my diploma from an eastern college, and my position here as instructor; and now I shall devote all my energies to this Institute."

He had no intention of entering the ministry permanently, as many supposed, nor had he aspirations for a political career. He was content to be a teacher at Hiram, ambitious to make the school the pet of the Western Reserve, if possible. He might have secured positions where double the salary was paid; but he was satisfied to teach at Hiram for eight hundred dol-

lars a year. No board of trustees could lure him away by the offer of a princely income. His heart was at Hiram, and he meant that his best efforts should be there.

He brought from Williams College a profound reverence for Dr. Hopkins, the president, as an instructor and scholar of great ability. He profited by the lessons he learned at his feet, and augmented the value of his own labors by imitating him as far as practicable. He was not long in convincing the board that, successful as he was in teaching before entering Williams College, his ability in that sphere was largely increased by his collegiate course. At the end of the first year he was placed at the head of the Institution, with the title, "Chairman of the Board of Instructors," and, one year later, was made PRINCIPAL. In eleven years from the time he left the tow-path of the canal he was installed Principal of the "Eclectic Institute of the Western Reserve," where three hundred young ladies and gentlemen were pursuing a course of education.

One of his successful points, as instructor, was to discover young men of superior talents, and persuade them to acquire a liberal education. Sometimes their fathers would put a veto upon such a project, when he was forced to try his logic and persuasive powers upon them. He called this "capturing boys," and he enjoyed it hugely. There are many bright intellects now adorning the learned professions of the country that would have been unknown to fame but for his persistent efforts in "capturing" them. President Hinsdale, who now presides over Hiram College, was

one of them, — one of the ablest and most remarkable scholars of the land. Garfield tells the story of the capture of two boys as follows :

" I have taken more solid comfort in the thing itself, and received more moral recompense and stimulus in after life, from capturing young men for an education than from anything else in the world.

" As I look back over my life thus far, I think of nothing that so fills me with pleasure as the planning of these sieges, the revolving in my mind of plans for scaling the walls of the fortress ; of gaining access to the inner soul-life, and at last seeing the besieged party won to a fuller appreciation of himself, to a higher conception of life, and of the part he is to bear in it. The principal guards which I have found it necessary to overcome in gaining these victories are the parents or guardians of the young men themselves. I particularly remember two such instances of capturing young men from their parents. Both of those boys are to-day educators, of wide reputation, — one president of a college, the other high in the ranks of graded-school managers. Neither, in my opinion, would to-day have been above the commonest walks of life unless I, or some one else, had captured him. There is a period in every young man's life when a very small thing will turn him one way or the the other. He is distrustful of himself, and uncertain as to what he should do. His parents are poor, perhaps, and argue that he has more education than they ever obtained, and that it is enough. These parents are sometimes a little too anxious in regard to what their boys are going to do when they get through with

their college course. They talk to the young man too much, and I have noticed that the boy who will make the best man is sometimes most ready to doubt himself. I always remember the turning period in my own life, and pity a young man at this stage from the bottom of my heart. One of the young men I refer to came to me on the closing day of the spring term, and bade me good-by at my study. I noticed that he awkwardly lingered after I expected him to go, and had turned to my writing again. 'I suppose you will be back again in the fall, Henry?' I said, to fill in the vacuum. He did not answer, and turning towards him, I noticed that his eyes were filled with tears, and that his countenance was undergoing contortions of pain.

"He at length managed to stammer out, 'No, I am not coming back to Hiram any more. Father says I have got education enough, and that he needs me to work on the farm; that education don't help along a farmer any.'

"'Is your father here?' I asked, almost as much affected by the statement as the boy himself. He was a peculiarly bright boy, one of those strong, awkward, bashful, blonde, large-headed fellows, such as make men. He was not a prodigy, by any means; but he knew what work meant, and when he had won a thing by true endeavor, he knew its value."

"'Yes, father is here, and is taking my things home for good,' said the boy, more affected than ever.

"'Well, don't feel badly,' I said. 'Please tell him Mr. Garfield would like to see him at his study, before he leaves the village. Don't tell him that it

is about you, but simply that I want to see him.' In the course of half an hour the old gentleman, a robust specimen of a Western Reserve Yankee, came into the room, and awkwardly sat down. I knew something of the man before, and I thought I knew how to begin. I shot right at the bull's eye immediately.

"'So you have come up to take Henry home with you, have you?' The old gentleman answered, 'Yes.' 'I sent for you because I wanted to have a little talk with you about Henry's future. He is coming back again in the fall, I hope?'

"'Wal, I think not. I don't reckon I can afford to send him any more. He's got eddication enough for a farmer already, and I notice that when they git too much they sorter git lazy. Yer eddicated farmers are humbugs. Henry's got so far 'long now that he'd rather hev his head in a book than be workin'. He don't take no interest in the stock nor in the farm improvements. Everybody else is dependent in this world on the farmer, and I think that we've got too many eddicated fellows setting around now for the farmers to support.'

"'I am sorry to hear you talk so,' I said: 'for really I consider Henry one of the brightest and most faithful students I have ever had. I have taken a very deep interest in him. What I wanted to say to you was, that the matter of educating him has largely been a constant outgo thus far, but if he is permitted to come next fall term, he will be far enough advanced so that he can teach school in the winter, and begin to help himself and you along. He can earn very

little on the farm in the winter, and he can get very good wages teaching. How does that strike you?'

"The idea was a new and good one to him. He simply remarked, 'Do you really think he can teach next winter?'

"'I should think so, certainly,' I replied. 'But if he cannot do so then, he can in a short time, anyhow.'

"'Wal, I will think on it. He wants to come back bad enough, and I guess I'll have to let him. I never thought of it that way afore.'

"I knew I was safe. It was the financial question that troubled the old gentleman, and I knew that would be overcome when Henry got to teaching, and could earn his money himself. He would then be so far along, too, that he could fight his own battles. He came all right the next fall, and, after finishing at Hiram, graduated at an Eastern college."

"Well, how did you manage the campaign for capturing the other young man?" Garfield was asked.

"Well, that was a different case. I knew that this youth was going to leave mainly for financial reasons also, but I understood his father well enough to know that the matter must be managed with exceeding delicacy. He was a man of very strong religious convictions, and I thought he might be approached from that side of his character; so when I got the letter of the son, telling me, in the saddest language that he could master, that he could not come back to school any more, but must be content to be simply a farmer, much as it was against his inclination, I revolved the matter in my mind, and decided to send

an appointment to preach in the little country church where the old gentleman attended. I took for a subject the parable of the talents, and in the course of my discourse dwelt specially upon the fact that children were the talents which had been intrusted to parents, and if these talents were not increased and developed there was a fearful trust neglected. After church I called upon the parents of the boy I was besieging, and I saw that something was weighing upon their minds. At length the subject of the discourse was taken up and gone over again, and in due course the young man himself was discussed, and I gave my opinion that he should by all means be encouraged and assisted in taking a thorough course of study. I gave my opinion that there was nothing more important to the parent than to do all in his power for the child. The next term the young man again appeared upon Hiram Hill, and remained pretty continuously till graduation."

He was wonderfully magnetic. He never failed to win students to himself. President Hinsdale says of him:

"Naturally, Garfield, the teacher, drew his pupils to himself with extraordinary power. Never have I seen such devotion to another teacher. An old Hiram student, now holding a responsible office in the public schools of Cleveland, speaking of the old times before Garfield went to college, says in a private letter: 'Then began to grow up in me an admiration and love for Garfield that has never abated, and the like of which I have never known. A bow of recognition or a single word from him was to me an

inspiration.' And such would be the general testimony. In all this there was method; not the method of crafty art, as the cynical might say, but the method of nature, the method of a great mind and noble heart. I take my leave of this Hiram teacher with affirming my conviction that, other things being equal, Garfield has never been greater than he was in Hiram from 1857 to 1861. He left the quiet of the academy for the roar of the field and the forum at the age of thirty, but not until he had demonstrated his fitness for the highest educational work and honors."

The following facts and incidents will illustrate some of his methods and qualities as a teacher.

One day a pupil made a sad failure in the class, at least on a portion of the lesson, when Garfield roguishly pointed to a soiled place in one corner of the recitation-room, where the water had trickled through the plastering, and run down upon the wall.

"Look there," he said, laughing at the same time, and eliciting a smile from each member of the class. That was all he said; but the rebuke was keen and sharp, coming in that way from him. Such was his usual method. Occasionally, however, when he perceived a really rebellious spirit that meant mischief, he was severe and withering in his method of treatment.

He assigned a certain task to a student at one time, when the latter said:

"I doubt whether I can do it. I do not think I am equal to it."

"Not equal to it?"

"No, sir."

"Darsie!" answered Garfield; "when I get into a place that I can easily fill, I always feel like shoving out of it into one that requires of me more exertion."

In this single sentence was one of the secrets of his success; and Darsie saw it at once. Garfield had risen rapidly by setting his standard high, and, bringing himself up to it.

Akin to this, he said to the students, on one occasion, —

"I shall give you a series of lectures upon history, beginning next week. I do this not alone to assist you; the preparation for the lectures will *compel* me to study history."

It was not the mere announcement that was interesting; it was a method of his to show his pupils the best plan of study. He could do more and better work under a necessity than otherwise; and so can every one. It was his custom to lecture on the topics he desired to study particularly, that he might derive the benefit of a two-fold object. He wanted his pupils to appreciate the advantage of it.

"How in the world can he time his steps so as to take the last one just as the bell stops?" remarked a student, referring to his coming into the chapel-exercises and taking his seat precisely as the bell ceased.

"Hard telling," replied Darsie; "but he is always on the stairs in the last half of the last minute, and glides into his seat just as the last tap of the bell is struck." The last stroke of the bell was indicated by a little more vigorous pull of the rope.

"And what seems marvellous to me is, that he never fails. I couldn't time my steps like that," added the student.

Garfield insisted upon *punctuality* everywhere, — at prayers, recitation, lectures, all engagements. He demanded *promptness* as an essential duty. He made his pupils feel the importance of these qualities. But he would not require of them what he did not practise himself. He was the last man to preach what he did not practise. So he illustrated every day, by personal example, the lessons which he taught respecting these virtues.

Returning from a neighboring town one morning, where he lectured on the previous evening, he entered his recitation room late. Another teacher, supposing he would not return in season to hear the recitation, had taken his class. As he entered, a pupil was answering a question. While in the act of removing his overcoat, and precisely as the pupil's answer ceased, Garfield put another question in the same line, as if the previous question were put by himself. He smiled, the teacher laughed and bowed himself out of the room, and the class roared. It was a happy termination of a single act of tardiness.

He was accustomed to lecture to his pupils upon "manners," "elements of success," and kindred topics. One day his topic was the "Turning Point of Life," in which he said,

"The comb of the roof at the court-house at Ravenna (capital of Portage county, of which Hiram was a town) divides the drops of rain, sending those that fall on the south side to the Gulf of Mexico, and those

on the opposite side into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, so that a mere breath of air, or the flutter of a bird's wing, may determine their destiny. It is so with your lives, my young friends. A passing event, perhaps of trifling importance in your view, the choice of a book or a companion, a stirring thought, a right resolve, the associations of an hour, may prove the turning point of your lives."

During his connection with the school as principal his lectures were numerous. He lectured upon the natural sciences, reading, books, government, and occasional "topics of the times." He delivered many lectures in Portage county, and in neighboring counties, before literary societies; lectures upon geology, illustrated by charts of his own making, "Character and Writings of Sir Walter Scott," "Character of the German People," and "Carlyle's Frederic the Great." He was the most popular lecturer in Ohio. Crossing swords with William Denton, the skeptic, brought him into great notoriety. He held a debate with Denton on the question of "Whether all life upon the earth was developed by processes of law, or had been introduced by successive creative acts." Denton held the development theory; Garfield that of intelligent, providential action. The discussion lasted five days and evenings, embraced twenty speeches on the part of each of the disputants, and was remarkable as a sustained and severe intellectual effort. It won laurels for Garfield as a debater and a man of giant intellect.

Says Rev. J. L. Darsie, who was one of his pupils, "His lectures to the school were upon all sorts of subjects, and were generally the result of his readings and

observation. One season he took a trip, and, on his return, gave a very interesting series on "The Chain of Lakes," including Niagara, Thousand Islands and sub-historic points. One lecture on ærolites I shall never forget. He gave several upon Ordnance, about the time of the attack upon Fort Sumter. Æsthetics came in for a share of treatment, with others on the personal habits of the students ; and they were very effective. He lectured upon any and every scientific subject."

A large number of students were always in attendance, who paid their way along by teaching school in the winter. To these he gave lectures on the art of teaching. Mr. Darsie says: "At each lecture he appointed one or two pupils to bring in a review of the lecture in writing, on a succeeding morning, and these reviews were read to the school. I now recall one of the most successful journalists of our land, who began his training here. In all he said or did, Garfield had the remarkable power of impressing himself and his thoughts upon his hearers, by his manners, gestures, tone of voice, and the freshness of his style. It was customary to act plays on commencement occasions, and the drama, in its more moral and high-toned phases, was encouraged. Often the play was original, and always subject to the strictures of the faculty, as were all the public performances. Garfield, when a student, was one of the most successful in delineating character. He could impersonate almost any character, and was amazingly successful in this role."

He delivered also many extemporaneous speeches on social and literary occasions, and even in political

campaigns. He studied law, also, while he was teacher at Hiram, doing it by the improvement of odd moments, and by burning midnight-oil. He was admitted to the bar before he exchanged the quiet of teaching for the roar of battle. He studied law, "not so much, with the intention of becoming a lawyer as to acquaint himself with the principles of law. He had no idea of abandoning his chosen profession to spend his energies in law-practice, but the principles of law were needed to round his knowledge, and increase his power."

As a Christian man, his influence was grand and ennobling, and his labors as a preacher are to be added to the mass of his other labors. He often preached in the Disciples' church at Hiram, and at one time he preached regularly at Solon and Newburg, whither he went on Saturday night, returning on Monday morning. He preached more or less throughout the county. Preaching and lecturing in other towns, near and remote, spread a knowledge of the school, and made it popular. He required his pupils to observe the highest standard of moral conduct, and his counsel here was frequent and direct. His favorite hymn at chapel-service was, "Ho! reapers of Life's Harvest," etc., and he joined in the singing with a will. He often requested the students to sing this hymn at morning devotions, allowing them to sit until they came to the last verse, when he would rap upon the desk with his knuckles, and the school would rise and sing the last verse standing.

He married Miss Rudolph, the lady to whom he was engaged before entering college, on November 11, 1858. Her efficient co-operation enabled him

Lucretia R. Garfield

to accomplish so large an amount of labor. Often in the preparation of a lecture or speech, his wife and Miss Booth would explore the library for him, or examine certain books which he designated. The number of books that he perused in a year was almost incredible. Going from the library with his arms full of volumes was a common spectacle. Mr. Darsie has seen him on his way to the library, in the rain, returning ten or twelve volumes, a student walking by his side, holding an umbrella over his head. Some books awakened his enthusiasm; he read them more than once. Such books as "Tom Brown's School Days" won his admiration. He told his pupils that every one of them ought to read the work carefully. Macaulay's writings, and Mill's, and works of kindred ability and value, he particularly enjoyed and recommended.

In those days, Commencement exercises brought together from five to ten thousand people. They came from fifty miles around. A large tent was pitched over a stage, on which the literary exercises were performed. Booths for refreshments were erected here and there, and often showmen would appear upon the ground. Roughs and intoxicated persons sometimes appeared in large numbers, causing disturbance, and sadly marring the harmony of the occasion. But after Garfield became principal these scenes stopped. The pointing of his finger, or the waving of his hand, when disturbance broke out in any quarter, quelled it at once. Roughs appeared to understand that his authority could not be trifled with on such occasions.

We shall close this chapter by another quotation from Rev. Mr. Darsie:

"No matter how old the pupils were, Garfield always called us by our first names, and kept himself on the most familiar terms with all. He played with us freely, scuffled with us sometimes, walked with us in walking to and fro, and we treated him out of the class just about as we did one another. Yet he was a most strict disciplinarian, and enforced the rules like a martinet. He combined an affectionate and confiding manner with respect for order, in a most successful way. If he wanted to speak to a pupil, either for reproof or approbation, he would generally manage to get one arm around him, and draw him close up to him. He had a peculiar way of shaking hands, too, giving a twist to your arm, and drawing you right up to him. This sympathetic manner has helped him to advancement. When I was janitor he used sometimes to stop me and ask my opinion about this and that, as if seriously advising with me. I can see now that my opinion could not have been of any value, and that he probably asked me, partly to increase my self-respect and partly to show me that he felt an interest in me. I certainly was his friend all the firmer for it.

"I remember once asking him what was the best way to pursue a certain study, and he said, 'Use several text-books; get the views of different authors as you advance; in that way you can plough a broader furrow. I always study in that way.' He tried hard to have us observe carefully and accurately. He broke out one day in the midst of a lesson with, 'Henry, how many posts are there under the building downstairs?' Henry expressed his opinion, and the ques-

tion went round the class, hardly one getting it right. Then it was, 'How many boot-scrapers are there at the door?' 'How many windows in the building?' 'How many trees in the field?' 'What were the colors of particular rooms, and the peculiarities of any familiar objects?' He was the keenest observer I ever saw. I think he observed, and numbered, every button on our coats. A friend of mine was walking with him through Cleveland, one day, when Garfield stopped and darted down a cellar-way, asking his companion to follow, and briefly stopping to explain himself. The sign, 'Saws and Files' was over the door, and in the depths was heard a regular clicking sound. 'I think this fellow is cutting files,' said he, 'and I have never seen a file cut.' Down they went, and, sure enough, there was a man recutting an old file, and they stayed there ten minutes and found out all about the process. Garfield would never go by anything without understanding it."

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM PEACE TO WAR.

IT is impossible for a public speaker of Garfield's power to keep out of politics. In political campaigns the public demand his efforts; men will not take *no* for an answer. It was so with Garfield. He was impressed into the service by leading citizens of his county. In the autumn after his return to Hiram, before he hardly had time to become settled in his great work, his efforts on the platform were sought; and the new Republican party, on the anti-slavery basis, with its first candidate, John C. Fremont, a man of Garfield's stamp in vigor, courage, and force of character, was exceedingly taking to him. Nobody had to tease him long for a speech. Often he went in the evening to make a speech, five, six, ten miles distant, returning after the address. Usually he took a student with him for company and improvement. As soon as they started he would open conversation, seldom upon the subject of his discourse, but upon some topic of real value to the student. Going and returning, his conversation was continued without the least abatement.

Alphonso Hart, a stalwart Democrat of Ravenna,

delivered a speech in Hiram, full of slavery and Democratic sophistries and errors. Garfield heard it, with many Republican citizens.

"Reply to it, Mr. Garfield," appealed an influential citizen to him. "Floor him."

"That can easily be done," Garfield answered; "but is it wise?"

"It is always wise to refute error and wrong anywhere."

"I confess that I should enjoy handling him without gloves for an hour."

"Handle him, then," urged the citizen. "It will do the Republican party a world of good."

Other citizens put in their pleas for him to answer Hart.

"You are just the one to do it."

"Everybody wants you should answer him."

"It will make votes for Fremont."

"Come, now, do gratify the public desire."

In this way, Garfield was beset with pleas to answer the Democratic orator; and he consented. The meeting was in the Disciples church, and it was packed to its utmost capacity. Garfield's reply was devoid of all bitterness, but was powerful with logic and facts. He hauled over the record of the Democratic party, with its endorsement of slavery with all its horrors, and he made that record appear black enough. The effort was both able and triumphant, and the fame of it rapidly spread throughout the county. Appeals for more speeches came in from all the region about, and finally a discussion was arranged between Garfield and Hart, to take place at

Garrettsville on a given day. Crowds flocked to hear the debate. Garfield was in his element on that day, for he had posted himself thoroughly upon the history of the Democratic party, and the aims of its southern leaders to make slavery national. His antagonist was completely discomfited in the discussion. He had counted without his host. He was floored. Garfield's success lifted him at once into enviable notoriety as a political debater and orator, and, from that time, remarks like the following were common:

"He must go to the legislature."

"We must send him to congress."

"Just the man to follow that old anti-slavery war-horse, Giddings."

"You'll see him President, yet."

And so the enthusiastic awakening expended itself, in a measure, upon Garfield's supposed future career. One year later, the position of representative to the State legislature was tendered him.

"No; my work is here in the Institute. I have no ambition to enter political life. I must decline the proposition." Garfield thus replied out of an honest heart

Again and again he was urged to accept the position, but to every one his answer was the same.

"My work is here, and my heart is here, and my DUTY is here." No appeals could move him.

In 1859, the faculty of Williams College invited him to deliver the master's oration on Commencement day. It was a rare compliment the faculty paid him by this invitation, for it was but three years after he had graduated. Accepting the invitation, and pre-

paring himself carefully for the occasion, he left Hiram for Williamstown, Massachusetts, accompanied by his wife, taking the first pleasure-trip of his life. He descended the St. Lawrence river to Quebec, and then crossed the New England states to his destination. A warm welcome awaited him there. Nor were the numerous friends who gathered disappointed in the orator of the day. His praises were on every lip.

On his return, when he had reached Mentor, in his own state, a delegation of citizens met him with an unexpected proposition.

"We want you to become a candidate for state senator."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Garfield, very much surprised by the proposition. "I thought Mr. Prentiss was the man."

"Mr. Prentiss has just died, very suddenly."

Mr. Prentiss was a man well advanced in life, a very popular citizen of Ravenna, whose re-election had been determined upon. But his sudden death frustrated their plans; and now all hearts turned to the young principal of Hiram Institute.

"You are the first choice of the leading Republicans of the district."

"I thank you sincerely for thinking of me, and, really, it is a temptation to receive this offer; but I do not see how I can consistently consent."

"Your name will enable us to carry the district for the Republicans easily," urged another one of the delegation. "I hope you will not decline without giving the subject some thought."

"Yes, but my thought is of the Institute. How can I accept your proposition and discharge my duties to the school?"

"Your duties in the senate will keep you away but a few weeks. Suppose you take the subject into consideration, confer with the faculty, and let us have your decision a week hence."

The last speaker knew that some members of the faculty and board of trustees were anxious that he should accept the nomination.

To this last suggestion Garfield yielded, and the matter was laid before the faculty and trustees. To his surprise all of them urged him to consent to the use of his name. Teachers volunteered to do extra work in his absence, and all were willing to contribute service, so as to make it possible for him to go.

Garfield was pressed into this political service, and received the nomination. He was present by request, at the nominating convention, and while the business was in progress, a delegate who saw the youthful candidate on that day for the first time, remarked to a leading Republican:

"Don't you make a mistake in putting forward so young a man for senator?"

"Only young in years; he is not young in ability," was the prompt reply.

"I don't know about that; unless his looks belie him, his experience in public life must be rather limited."

"You wait and see. We shall hear from him when this business is through, and you will be satisfied that his head is old, though his body is young."

After nomination, according to the custom that prevailed, Garfield accepted it in a characteristic speech. The delegate who doubted the wisdom of the nomination immediately said to the Republican to whom his doubts were expressed,

"I am perfectly satisfied; he is a power."

Garfield was elected by a very large majority, and took his seat in the state senate, January, 1860. It was a time of great excitement. The south was threatening secession and civil war, if a Republican should be elected president in the approaching campaign. The north was fully aroused to check the incursions of slavery, by a bold and victorious advance. Garfield was just the man to occupy a seat in the state senate at such a time, though he was the youngest member of the body. There was another able young man in the senate with him, as radical as himself, Jacob D. Cox, afterwards major-general, governor of Ohio, and Secretary of the Interior. The two roomed together, and were as intimate as brothers. Some of the members called them "Damon and Pythias." There was still another young man, Professor Munroe of Oberlin College, an institution that was founded on anti-slavery principles, and whose teachers were as one with Garfield on the great national question that overtopped all others — liberty. Cox himself was the son-in-law of an Oberlin professor. These three senators stood shoulder to shoulder against slavery, and were called the "radical triumvirate."

Garfield took rank at once with the ablest speakers in that body. President Hinsdale says, "He was a valuable man on committees and in party councils.

No senator was more frequently called to his councils by the president of the senate when knotty points of order were to be untied or cut."

In a previous chapter we learned that Garfield visited Columbus with his mother, and saw the legislature in session. Little did he dream, or his mother, that in less than ten years he would be a leading member of that senate, his eloquence ringing through those halls, and his wise counsels and patriotic efforts preparing the state to oppose rebellion with great power; yet so it was. One of the most marvellous examples of success on record!

During his second term in the senate, 1861, he was confronted by the gravest questions that state or nation ever had to deal with. Lincoln had been elected president, the southern states were preparing to secede, and civil war was imminent. "Shall Ohio prepare for war?" "Has a state the right to secede?" "Can a state be coerced?" "Shall we punish treason?" These were among the questions the young senator was compelled to discuss. Almost night and day he labored to qualify himself to discuss them intelligently and ably. Night after night, until eleven, twelve, and even one o'clock, he spent in the state library, studying these and kindred questions. Whenever he spoke upon them, he spoke pointedly, and with great power. He led the senate in its patriotic stand against secession and compromise with slavery. He denounced Buchanan, the Democratic president, who was favoring the secessionists, and characterized Cobb, who robbed the national treasury, and Floyd, who stole the arms from every northern arsenal, and

Toucey, who sent the ships of the navy as far away as possible — all members of the Democratic cabinet — he characterized them as traitors to their country. In a speech that blazed with fervid eloquence, he told a Democratic senator, Judge Key, of Cincinnati, "to remember whose cabinet it was that had embraced traitors among its most distinguished members, and sent them forth from its most secret sessions to betray their knowledge to their country's ruin!"

When congress very unwisely proposed a "Constitutional Amendment," prohibiting further legislation upon slavery in the states, — a measure designed to placate the secessionists, — Garfield denounced it in the Ohio senate as a compromise with traitors, an unpatriotic and base surrender to the slave oligarchy. He declared that his arm should wither in its socket before it should be lifted in favor of a measure that virtually abandoned liberty, and left slavery master of the situation. "The events now transpiring make it clear that this is no time for any such amendment," he exclaimed. "Would you give up the forts and other government property, or would you fight to maintain your right to them?"

When the vote was taken, Garfield, with six others, recorded their names against the "base surrender." He opposed the meeting of the famous Washington Peace Commissioners until after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln; he protested against all such "peace measures" as cowardly and futile, preferring himself to stand by the old flag, and *fight* for human rights.

Before this, he was satisfied that war could not be averted. Late one night he said to his room-mate:

"Cox, war is inevitable."

"That is sure as you live," answered Cox.

"You and I must fight."

"Or prove ourselves cowards."

"Here, then, we pledge our lives to our country in this hour of peril." And they clasped hands silently, such emotions stirring their breasts as patriots only feel in the solemn hour of danger.

News of the firing upon Fort Sumter was followed immediately by a call from President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand men. The call was read in the Ohio senate, crowded with patriotic spectators, whose tumultuous applause seconded the President's demand. As soon as the deafening cheers had subsided, Garfield sprang to his feet, and in a short speech, of almost surpassing eloquence and power, moved, —

"That Ohio contribute twenty thousand men, and three million dollars, as the quota of the state."

The motion was carried amid the wildest demonstrations of devotion to the country.

Governor Dennison, of Ohio, sent Garfield to Missouri to obtain five thousand stand of arms, a portion of those which General Lyon removed from the arsenal at St. Louis. He was successful in his mission, shipped the guns, and saw them safely delivered at Columbus.

After the fall of Sumter, Governor Dennison sent him to Cleveland, to organize the seventh and eighth regiments of Ohio infantry. Having organized them, the governor offered him the colonelcy of one of them; but he declined the offer because he lacked "military experience." He promised to take a sub-

ordinate position, however, provided a West Point graduate was placed in command. The result was, that the governor appointed him lieutenant-colonel, and sent him to the Western Reserve to recruit a regiment, promising him a West Pointer to command it, if one could be found. Garfield suggested his old friend and schoolmate, Captain Hazen, then in the regular army; but when the governor sent to the war department for his transfer, General Scott refused to release him. So the Forty-second Ohio regiment, recruited by Garfield, and embracing a large number of Hiram students, went into camp at Columbus without a colonel. It was in these circumstances, and after repeated requests from officers and members of the regiment, that Garfield consented to take the command.

He proved himself as victorious in war as he had been successful in peace. In less than one month after he went into action with his regiment, under the orders of General Buell, he fought the battle of Middle Creek, January 10, 1862, driving the rebel General Marshall, whose forces largely outnumbered his, out of his entrenchments, compelling him to retreat into Virginia. Other victories followed, in what was called the "Sandy Valley campaign," eliciting from the commanding-general a congratulatory order, in which he spoke of the expedition as "calling into action the highest qualities of a soldier — fortitude, perseverance, courage." For his bravery and military skill in this campaign, the authorities at Washington made Garfield a brigadier-general, dating his commission back to January 10, 1862, the day of

the battle of Middle Creek. As Garfield was the youngest member of the Ohio senate, so now he became the youngest brigadier-general in the army.

Subsequently he was made major-general "for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Chickamauga." The antecedents of that famous battle, under General Rosecrans, show that the victory was due more to the sagacity, plans, and courage of General Garfield than to any other officer. Within about one year and a half, he rose from a lieutenant-colonelcy to a major-generalship. Several incidents, connected with his war record, deserve special attention here.

The thoughtful consideration that he devoted to issues of importance appeared in the current of his thoughts and acts after he had determined to enter the army. He went to his home at night thinking of his dear mother and dearer wife and child, as well as the small property he should leave them if he laid down his life on the battle-field. Opening the Bible which his mother gave him, to see what it would say to him upon the subject, he read, and read, and every passage seemed like the voice of God, saying to him, "Go! Go!" Far into the night he thought and read, and read and thought, more and more satisfied that his decision was in the path of duty; and, before the dawn of morning, he wrote to a near friend as follows:

"I have had a curious interest in watching the process, in my own mind, by which the fabric of my life is being demolished and reconstructed, to meet the new condition of affairs. One by one my old plans and aims, modes of thought and feeling, are found to be

inconsistent with present duty, and are set aside to give place to the new structure of military life. It is not without a regret, almost tearful at times, that I look upon the ruins. But if, as the result of the broken plans and shattered individual lives of thousands of American citizens, we can see on the ruins of our own national errors a new and enduring fabric arise, based on larger freedom and higher justice, it will be a small sacrifice indeed. For myself, I am contented with such a prospect, and, regarding my life as given to the country, am only anxious to make as much of it as possible before the mortgage upon it is foreclosed."

When he went into camp, to drill his regiment before joining the army, his thoroughness and systematic way of doing things, as well as his tact and use of carpenters' tools, came into immediate use. He was ignorant of military tactics, and so he sat down first to the task of instructing himself before he undertook the instruction of his regiment. "Bringing his saw and jack-plane again into play, he fashioned companies, officers, and non-commissioned officers, out of maple blocks, and, with these wooden-headed troops, thoroughly mastered the infantry tactics in his quarters. Then he organized a school for the officers of his regiment, requiring thorough recitation in the tactics, and illustrating the manœuvres by the blocks he had prepared for his own instruction. This done, he instituted regimental, company, squad, skirmish, and bayonet drill, and kept his men at these exercises from six to eight hours a day, until it was universally admitted that no better drilled or disciplined regiment could be found in Ohio."

His decision and force of character, so noticeable in his early life, were illustrated by the promptness and energy with which he met a singular disappointment on the day his regiment left Columbus for the seat of war. By some mistake or misunderstanding he had not reached the depot when the train started. Coming up within five minutes, he remarked to the superintendent of the road, "I was never behind time before in my life, and I will not be now;" and he chartered an engine, was off in a few minutes, and overtook his regiment in less than one hour.

Colonel Garfield's orders were, to open communication with Colonel Cranor, and form a junction with his forces, although his command did not number half that of the enemy. The first indispensable thing to be done was to find a trusty messenger, to bear despatches to Colonel Cranor. He must be a man who would die rather than betray his trust; for Colonel Cranor was a hundred miles away, and the messenger must go through a region inhabited by disloyal people, and infested by guerillas. He applied to Colonel Moore, of the Fourteenth Kentucky.

"Have you a man who will die rather than fail or betray us?"

"I think I have," the colonel replied, after a little reflection; "John Jordan."

The man was called, a strong-looking fellow, tall and lean, with a squeaking voice, his speech the uncouth dialect of the mountains, where he was born and reared, subject to the hardest toil and privation. He knew much of nature, in whose lap he was dandled, but very little of books, except the "Course of Time"

and the Bible. Some officers would have thought him too simple for a spy, or expert messenger, but Garfield read him in a minute, — a rude, unlettered, trusty, Christian man.

"Why did you come into the war?" at last asked the colonel.

"To do my sheer fur the kentry, gin'ral," answered the man. "And I didn't druv no barg'in wi' th' Lord. I guv him my life squar' out; and ef he's a mind ter tuck it in on this tramp, why, it's a' his'n; I've nothin' ter say ag'in it."

"You mean that you've come into the war not expecting to get out of it?"

"That's so, gin'ral."

"Will you die, rather than let the despatch be taken?"

"I wull."

"Very well; I will trust you."

Colonel Garfield wrote his despatch on tissue-paper, rolled it into the form of a bullet, coated it with warm lead, and delivered it to Jordan. At the same time he provided him with a carbine, a brace of revolvers, and the fleetest horse in the regiment. Jordan started upon his perilous journey at night, after the moon was down. He was to ride by night, and hide in the woods, or rest in loyal families, if they could be found, by day.

Before Jordan returned, another incident transpired, showing how great service Garfield's life on the canal was to him in another direction. One day, a loyal scout presented himself at his headquarters, and grasping Colonel Garfield's hand, exclaimed, in a jolly way, —

"Jim!"

Garfield looked at him with surprise, for a moment, but did not recognize him.

"Who are you?" he inquired.

"Yer old companion, Jim," answered the scout.

"*My* old companion!" ejaculated Garfield.

"Yis, yer old companion! Yer see I was a scout in West Virginia, under Rosecrans; and hearing of the Sandy Valley expedition, and that James A. Garfield, of Ohio, had command of it, I thought as how that must be my old companion on the canal boat; and so I made tracks for yer."

"Harry!" exclaimed Garfield, shaking his hand heartily, as he recognized one of Captain Letcher's crew, whose name was Henry S. Brown, but known as "*Harry*" on the boat. The marks of a very dissipated life had obliterated the traces of his former self, so that it was not strange that Garfield did not recognize him. Brown was strongly attached to "Jim," on the canal, and now he desired, above all things, to serve him.

"Colonel Garfield," at length Brown said, laying aside the familiar title by which he was known on the canal boat, and addressing him respectfully, as any loyal soldier would address a superior officer, "Colonel Garfield, I'm at yer service."

"Just the man I want for a scout," answered Garfield, heartily. He had confidence in Brown for that business, and trusted him at once. He knew the country thoroughly; and Garfield sent him ahead of his column to make the circuit of the rebel camp, and learn, if possible, the strength and position of Mar-

shall's army. He was directed, also, to sweep through the mountain border of Virginia, to learn if the loyal forces were threatened from that quarter. Brown departed, and Garfield moved forward.

On the following night, as Garfield lay in sound sleep, about midnight, Jordan came riding into camp from his dangerous trip. Alighting from his foaming steed, he rushed into his commander's quarters, and shook him until he awoke.

"What! back safe?" exclaimed Garfield, as soon as he recognized Jordan. "Have you seen Colonel Cranor?"

"Yes, colonel; he can't be mor'n two days ahind o' me, nohow."

"God bless you, Jordan! You have done us great service," said Garfield, warmly.

"I thank you, colonel," answered Jordan, his voice trembling; "that's more pay'n I expected."

He had returned safely; but the Providence which so wonderfully guarded his way out seemed to leave him to find his own way back; for, as he expressed it, "The Lord he cared more for the despatch nor he cared for me; and it was nat'ral he shu'd; 'cause my life only counts one, but the despatch — it stood for all Kentucky."

The use of Jordan and Brown for scouts initiated Garfield into the condition of a successful "secret service." When he became chief of General Rosecrans' staff he organized a "secret service," which Rosecrans called "the eyes of the army;" and it was acknowledged to be the most complete and efficient scout system of the war.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, of October, 1865, contained a detailed account of Jordan's wonderful trip, and it closed by leaving the hero in some unknown graveyard — dead. But, two years afterwards, he turned up, and wrote to General Garfield that he was dead only on paper, and that he still had a life to give to his country.

We have seen that Garfield was a born leader among the companions of his youth, and that the magnetism of his personal presence inspired hearts around him with a kindred spirit. When he became a teacher, we have seen that he excelled other teachers in awakening the enthusiasm of his pupils, and leading them to pursue their studies, or a life purpose, with singular devotion. It was equally so in the army. In the first victorious battle that he fought — that of Middle Creek — many incidents transpired to establish this fact.

Colonel Garfield had a hundred of his Hiram students in his command. As soon as he discovered where the main rebel force lay he ordered the Hiram students to cross the rapid stream, and climb the ridge opposite, whence the rebel fire had been the hottest, his object being to bring on a battle. As if imitating their brave commander, who never seemed to heed danger, or to think of himself, the students responded with a cheer, and were soon up to their waists in the cold, wintry river. Once over, they started up the rocky ascent with a yell, clinging to the trees and underbrush to support themselves. When not more than half way up the ridge, two thousand rebel rifles opened upon them; but on they went, until the very

summit was reached, when suddenly the hill was alive with rebel soldiers, springing from ambush, and pouring a deadly fire into the little Spartan band. For an instant the students faltered, but the shout of their leader, Captain Williams, rallied them.

"Every man to a tree! Give them as good as they send, boys!"

The order was obeyed, and behind the huge oaks and maples the boys stood and fired, picking off the confederates, one by one. As yet, not one of the Hiram boys had fallen. But the rebels charge upon them, and drive them down the hill, two of their number falling, one to rise no more. A Hiram boy turns to his wounded comrade, to bear him away, when a rebel, within thirty feet, fires, and the bullet strikes a tree just above his head. The Hiram student takes deliberate aim, and sends that rebel to his account. But he cannot bear away his comrade, for the rebels are upon him. He joins his retreating companions just as the voice of the heroic Captain Williams is heard again, above the din of battle:

"To the trees again, my boys! We may as well die here as in Ohio!"

To the trees they go, and succeed in turning back the rebel advance, and driving them up the hill. Passing the wounded Hiram boy, a confederate said to him.

"Boy, guv me yer musket."

"Not the gun, but the contents," shouted the brave fellow; and the confederate fell dead at his feet.

Another rebel raised his weapon to brain the

prostrate student, when the latter seized the dead rebel's gun, at his feet, and shot him so quickly that the rebel scarcely knew what hurt him. One hour afterwards the boys had borne their bleeding hero to camp, where the surgeon proceeded to amputate his limb.

"Oh, what will mother do?" exclaimed the patriot, in the midst of his agony. His mother was poor, dependent upon her son for support. Two weeks later the story of Charles Carlton, of Franklin, Ohio, was told in the Ohio senate, and it aroused the state to lead off in framing statutes to aid the widows and mothers of its soldiers.

Colonel Garfield ordered five hundred soldiers forward to support the Hiram valiants. With a shout they plunged into the stream, holding their cartridge-boxes above their heads.

"Hurrah for Williams, and the Hiram boys!"

But four thousand muskets, and twelve pieces of artillery, concentrated a fearful fire upon them.

"This will never do," cried Garfield; "who will volunteer to carry the other mountain?"

"We will," answered Colonel Moore, of the Twenty-second Kentucky. "We know every inch of the ground."

"Go in, then, and give them Hail Columbia!" Garfield shouted.

And they did; a similar fight on the other ridge, the loyal troops behind trees, picking off the rebels whose heads peered above the rocks. Cooler men never served in war.

"Do you see that reb?" said one comrade to another. "Hit him while I'm loading."

Another was raising his cartridge to his mouth when a rebel bullet cut away the powder, leaving the lead in his fingers. Shielding his arm with his body, he said, as he reloaded, —

"There, see if you can hit that!"

Another took out a piece of hard tack, and a ball cut it to pieces in his hand.

He coolly swallowed the remnant, and fired at his foe. One was brought down by a rebel bullet in his knee; but, with rifle still in hand, he watched for the man who shot him. The rebel's head soon appeared above the rock, and the two fired at the same moment. The loyal soldier was hit fatally in the mouth. When his comrades were bearing him away, he spoke out, —

"Never mind; that secesh is done for."

When the confederate was found, on the following day, the upper part of his head was shot away by the other's fatal charge.

So the battle raged, the loyal forces advancing, and then retreating, until the fate of the little Union army seemed to hang in the balance, when Garfield, standing on a rock that was scarred by a thousand bullets, and from which he could take in the whole scene, with his head uncovered, and his hair streaming in the wind, his face upturned in earnest prayer for Sheldon and his forces (expected reinforcements), turned to his hundred men, held back as reserves, exclaiming, as he tossed his outer coat into a tree, —

"Come on, boys! *we* must give them Hail Columbia!"

And they rushed to the succor of the forlorn hope,

just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills; when lo! a look to the northward revealed to Garfield the star-spangled banner waving among the trees! It was Sheldon and his reinforcements, just in season to turn the tide of battle. The rebel commander sounded "retreat!" but had scarcely given the order when six loyal bullets pierced his body, and he fell dead.

"God bless you, boys; you have saved Kentucky!" shouted Garfield to his troops, when they ceased pursuing the retreating confederates.

We learned before, that President Lincoln made Garfield brigader-general for gallant services in this battle. The President was much depressed at the time of this victory, because of repeated disasters to our arms in the "Department of the East." A distinguished army officer was present with him when he received the news of this victory, and Mr. Lincoln said to the officer, —

"Why did Garfield, in two weeks, do what would have taken one of your regular officers two months to accomplish?"

"Because he was not educated at West Point," replied the West Pointer, laughingly.

"No," answered Mr. Lincoln, "that was not the reason. It was because, when he was a boy, he had to work for a living."

After the battle of Middle Creek, Garfield's soldiers were exhausted, and short of rations. The roads were well-nigh impassable, because of the deep mud, and the Big Sandy was swollen to a torrent, rendering the delivery of supplies difficult. Something must be

done. Garfield proposed to go down the river to hurry up supplies, but the oldest boatmen refused, saying, "Impossible, it can't be done!"

Brown, the scout, had returned, and Garfield opened the subject to him.

"What do you think of it, Brown? The boatmen say that it is sure death; what do you say? You and I know something about boating."

The scout's reply was characteristic. "It's which and tother, Gineral Jim; starvin' or drownin.' I'd rather drown nor starve. So, guv the word, and, dead or alive, I'll git down the river!"

"All right, Harry, we'll go!" And they sprang into a small skiff, and committed their lives to the raging torrent. It was a fearful sail, but they reached the mouth of the Big Sandy in safety; and here Garfield's experience on the canal boat served him well. There he found a small, rickety steamer, named "Sandy Valley," tied up at Catletsburg.

"I am under the necessity of taking possession of your steamer to carry supplies to my troops," Colonel Garfield said to the captain, who was a secessionist, and who, of course, would have preferred that the troops should starve rather than to feed them.

"This craft can't stem such a current, no how; it'll be the death on us," the captain replied. There was some reason for his saying this, for the water in the channel was sixty feet deep, so swollen that trees along the banks were submerged nearly to their tops.

"Nevertheless, I must have this steamer, and I will assume the command:" and so saying, Garfield ordered the captain and crew on board, took his station at the

helm, placed Brown at the bow, with a long fending pole, to keep one eye on the floating logs and uprooted trees, and the other on the rebel captain. The steamer was loaded with provisions, and started up the river with Captain (not Colonel just now) Garfield in command. We learned, in the course of our narrative, that once he desired to command some sort of water-craft, and now his early hopes were realized.

When night came on, it was dark and tempestuous, and the captain said, —

"The boat must be tied up to-night; can't live in such a time ; it is madness to keep on."

"But I am captain of this steamer, now," responded Garfield ; "keep to your duty and I will keep to mine. We don't tie up boats in such a crisis as this. Freshen the fires, men, and put on the steam." And he kept the steamer on its way.

Finally, in turning a bend in the river, the steamer swept round and grounded on a bar of quicksand. The usual efforts were made to relieve her, but in vain. And now that tact and sound common sense for which we have seen that Garfield was distinguished from boyhood, came to his rescue.

"Get a line to the opposite shore!" commanded Garfield, particularly addressing the sulky captain.

"A line to that shore!" shouted the rebel captain in reply. "It's death on any man that 'tempts it."

"It can be done, and it *must* be done," cried Garfield; and he leaped into the yawl, calling Brown to follow, and steered for the shore. The wild torrent swept them down the stream a short distance, but they rallied by almost superhuman strength, reached

the shore, fastened the line, constructed a windlass, and, in a short time, the steamer was drawn from her bed in the mud, and was on her triumphant way up the stream. From Saturday until nine o'clock Monday morning, Garfield stood at the wheel, night and day; and when he reached Paintsville his troops were reduced almost to their last cracker. His experience with rough men at the "Black-saltery," and on the canal, qualified him to deal with such a rebel as the captain of the "Sandy Valley."

When the steamer drew up to the Union camp, Garfield's men were almost frantic with joy. They cheered and yelled, and seized their brave commander, and would have borne him upon their shoulders to headquarters, had he not resolutely protested against it.

Brown, the scout, came to a melancholy end. General Garfield wrote about him, May 31, 1864, as follows: —

"When we first met he recognized me as an old acquaintance on the Ohio canal. He at once took a sort of enthusiastic pride in me, and with a rough, generous nature, was ready to make any personal sacrifices to aid me to success. He was not trusted by most of our people; indeed, many of them attempted to convince me that he was not only a rascal, but a rebel. I think he had an eye for a good horse, and did not always closely distinguish between *meum* and *tuum;* but my remembrance of him on the canal, together with a feeling that he loved me, made me trust him implicitly. I think he was never perfectly happy till he helped me to navigate the little steamer up the Big Sandy in the high water. Indeed, I could

not have done that without his aid. He was about forty years old; a short, stocky, sailor-looking fellow, somewhat bloated with hard drinking; in short, he was a rare combination of good and bad qualities with strong traits, a ruined man; and yet, underneath the ruins, a great deal of generous, self-sacrificing noble-heartedness, which made one deplore his fall, and yet like him. He went north on some personal business, just before I left the Sandy Valley, and I received a dirty note from him, written from Buffalo, in which he said he should meet me somewhere in 'the tide of battle,' and fight by my side again; but I have not heard from him since."

Another says:

"This was in 1864. Ten years afterward, as General Garfield was about to deliver an address at Cornell, a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, turning about, he saw his ex-scout and old boat-companion. He was even a more perfect ruin than before — with bleared eyes, bloated face, and garments that were half tatters. He had come, he said, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, to that quiet place to die, and now he could die in peace, because he had seen his 'gineral.'

"Garfield gave him money, and got him quarters among some kind people, and left him, telling him to try to be a man: but, in any event, to let him know if he ever needed further help. A year or more passed, and no word came from Brown; but then the superintendent of the public hospital at Buffalo wrote the general that a man was there very sick, who, in his delirium talked of him, of the Ohio Canal, and of the

Sandy Valley expedition. Garfield knew at once that it was Brown, and immediately forwarded funds to the hospital, asking that he should have every possible care and comfort. The letter which acknowledged the remittance announced that the poor fellow had died — died, muttering, in his delirium, the name 'Jim Garfield.'

"Garfield gave him a decent burial, and this was the last of the poor fellow."

General Garfield's tact, sagacity, fidelity, spirit of self-sacrifice, and undaunted courage, so conspicuous in his early life, are illustrated by his famous ride from General Rosecrans to General Thomas, when the army of the Cumberland was almost routed in the famous battle of Chickamauga. It was necessary for General Thomas to know the disaster that had befallen Rosecrans' forces, in order to meet the rebel General Longstreet victoriously. Garfield proposed to undertake the fearful ride. Edmund Kirk, war correspondent of the "New York Tribune," described it as follows :

"Rosecrans hesitates, then says, 'As you will, general;' and then, reaching Garfield his hand, he adds, while his face shows his emotion, 'We may not meet again; good-bye; God bless you!' Though one of the bravest men and ablest soldiers that ever lived, Rosecrans has a heart as tender and gentle as a woman's. He thinks Garfield is going to wellnigh certain death, and he loves him as David loved Jonathan. Again he wrings his hand, and then they part — Rosecrans to the rear, to rally his broken troops, Garfield to a perilous ride in pursuit of Thomas.

"Captain Gaw and two of his orderlies go with Garfield to guide the way. They make a wide detour to avoid the Confederates, and, by the route they take, it is eight miles of tangled forest and open road before they get to Thomas, and at any turn they may come upon the enemy.

"At Rossville they take the Lafayette Road, guiding their way by the sound of the firing, and moving cautiously, for they are now nearing the battle-field. The road here is scarcely more than a lane, flanked on one side by a thick wood, and on the other by an open cotton-field. No troops are in sight, and on they gallop at a rapid pace; and they have left Rossville a thousand yards behind, when suddenly, from along the left of the road, a volley of a thousand Minie-balls falls among them, thick as hail, wounding one horse, killing another, and stretching the two orderlies on the ground lifeless. They have ridden into an ambuscade of a large body of Longstreet's skirmishers and sharpshooters, who, entering the fatal gap in the right centre, have pressed thus far upon the flank of Thomas.

"Garfield is mounted on a magnificent horse, that knows his rider's bridle-hand as well as he knows the route to his fodder. Putting spurs to his side, he leaps the fence into the cotton-field. The opposite fence is lined with gray blouses, and a single glance tells him that they are loading for another volley. He has been in tight places before, but this is the tightest. Putting his lips firmly together, he says to himself, 'Now is your time; be a man, Jim Garfield!' He speaks to his horse, and lays his left

hand gently on the rein of the animal. The trained beast yields kindly to his touch; and, putting the rowels into his side, Garfield takes a zigzag course across the cotton-field. It is his only chance; he must tack from side to side, for he is a dead man if they get a steady aim upon him.

"He is riding up an inclined plane of about four hundred yards, and if he can pass the crest, he is in safety. But the gray fellows can load and fire twice, before he reaches the summit, and his death is a thing certain, unless Providence has more work for him to do on this footstool. Up the hill he goes, tacking, when another volley bellows from out the timber. His horse is struck, — a flesh wound, — but the noble animal only leaps forward the faster. Scattering bullets whiz by his head, but he is within a few feet of the summit. Another volley echoes along the hill when he is half over the crest, but in a moment more he is in safety. As he tears down the slope, a small body of mounted blue-coats gallop forward to meet him. At their head is General Dan McCook, his face anxious and pallid. 'My God, Garfield!' he cries, 'I thought you were killed, certain. How you have escaped is a miracle.'

"Garfield's horse has been struck twice, but he is good yet for a score of miles; and at a breakneck pace they go forward through ploughed fields and tangled forests, and over broken and rocky hills, for four weary miles, till they climb a wooded crest, and are within sight of Thomas. In a slight depression of the ground, with a group of officers about him, he stands in the open field, while over him sweeps the

storm of shotted fire that falls in thick rain on the high foot-hill which Garfield is crossing. Shot and shell and canister plough up the ground all about Garfield; but in the midst of it he halts, and with uplifted right arm, and eyes full of tears, he shouts, as he catches sight of Thomas, 'There he is! God bless the old hero! he has saved the army!'

"For a moment only he halts, then he plunges down the hill through the fiery storm, and in five minutes is by the side of Thomas. He has come out unscathed from the hurricane of death, for God's good angels have warded off the bullets, but his noble horse staggers a step or two, and then falls dead at the feet of Thomas."

Garfield's terrible ride saved the army of the Cumberland from remediless disaster.

Another incident illustrative of his life-long independence in standing for the right, befriending the down-trodden, and assailing slavery, was his refusal to return a fugitive slave. One of his staff told the story thus:

"One day I noticed a fugitive slave come rushing into camp with a bloody head, and apparently frightened almost to death. He had only passed my tent a moment, when a regular bully of a fellow came riding up, and, with a volley of oaths, began to ask after his 'nigger.' General Garfield was not present, and he passed on to the division commander. This division commander was a sympathizer with the theory that fugitives should be returned to their masters, and that the Union soldiers should be made the instruments for returning them. He accordingly wrote a

mandatory order to General Garfield, in whose command the slave was supposed to be hiding, telling him to hunt out and deliver over the property of the outraged citizen. I stated the case as fully as I could to General Garfield, before handing him the order, but did not color my statement in any way. He took the order, and deliberately wrote on it the following endorsement:

"'I respectfully but positively decline to allow my command to search for or deliver up any fugitive slaves. I conceive that they are here for quite another purpose. The command is open, and no obstacles will be placed in the way of search.'

"I read the endorsement and was frightened. I expected that, if returned, the result would be that the general would be court-martialled. I told him my fears. He simply replied: 'The matter may as well be tested first as last. Right is right, and I do not propose to mince matters at all. My soldiers are here for other purposes than hunting and returning fugitive slaves. My people, on the Western Reserve of Ohio, did not send my boys and myself down here to do that kind of business, and they will back me up in my action.' He would not alter the endorsement, and the order was returned. Nothing ever came of the matter further."

In the beginning of our story, we learned that one of Garfield's first teachers told him (patting him on the head), "You may make a general, if you learn well." He did not understand the meaning of it at the time, but he knew all about it afterwards. Nor is it difficult to understand how his early

opportunities to study human nature, his ability to read character, his tact and experience in disciplining and drilling a large school, fitted him for a successful general.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TOP OF THE LADDER.

IN the summer of 1862, leading republicans of the nineteenth Ohio congressional district nominated Garfield to represent them in congress. They regarded him as the man above all others in the district qualified to succeed Joshua R. Giddings, of whom they were justly proud. Giddings was superseded four years before by John Hutchins, with whom the republicans were not satisfied. The movement for Garfield was undertaken without his knowledge. He was at the head of his command in Kentucky. The knowledge of his great abilities, and his military fame, led to his nomination. At first he thought he must decline the honor, and fight out the battles of his country. He was very popular in the army, both with officers and soldiers, — his pay, too, was double that of a congressman, and he was poor and needed the greater salary, — and there was no doubt that the highest honors awaited him should he continue on the field until the end of the war. The reader can readily see that to accept the nomination in these circumstances, was an act of great self-denial. But President Lincoln signified his desire for Garfield

to enter congress, as a member of military experience and skill was much needed there. The wishes of Lincoln settled the doubts of Garfield, and he accepted the nomination, was triumphantly elected, and took his seat in the national house of representatives in December, 1863, after two years and three months of service in the army.

During this time the trustees of Hiram Institute had not abandoned the idea of his return to the institution. While a member of the Ohio senate, he continued his connection with the school, when the senate was not in session. One interesting item of his thoroughness in teaching belongs to this part of his career. He was teaching a class how to write letters, and having taught them how to address different classes of friends and relatives, how to superscribe letters, etc., illustrating the same on the blackboard, he requested each one to write a letter to him at Columbus. In due time the letters were written and forwarded. Subsequently they were returned to the authors, corrected.

During his first two years in congress, his name appeared on the catalogue of Hiram Institute as "Advisory Principal and Lecturer." He remained a member of the board until his death. For seventeen years he served his district as national representative, and became the acknowledged leader of the national house of representatives; the pride of his native state, Ohio, and an honor to the republic.

One of the first important measures that came up, after he entered congress, was a bounty bill — offering men a sum of money, in addition to the regular

army pay, to become soldiers, instead of drafting and forcing them to serve. The bounty bill was very popular with his own party, and drafting was very unpopular. General Garfield did not consider the popularity or unpopularity of the measure at all, but he opposed it with all his might, on the ground that bounties recruited the army with unreliable soldiers, necessitated an expense that the government could not long endure; and besides, he claimed that the government had a right to the services of every able-bodied male citizen, from eighteen to forty-five years of age, and they should be drafted to the extent of the country's need. When the vote was taken, Garfield voted against his own party, with only a single member of it to stand with him. A few days thereafter, Secretary Chase said to him:

"General Garfield! I was proud of your vote the other day. Your position is impregnable; but let me tell you, it is rather risky business for a member of congress to vote against his own party."

"Risky business," exclaimed Garfield, "for a man to stand upon his conscience! His constituents may leave him at home, but what is that compared with trampling upon his convictions?"

A few days afterwards, President Lincoln went before the military committee, of which Garfield was a member, and told them what he did not dare to breathe to the country:

"In one hundred days, three hundred and eighty thousand soldiers will be withdrawn from our army, by expiration of the time of their enlistment. Unless congress shall authorize me to fill up the vacancy by

draft, I shall be compelled to recall Sherman from Atlanta, and Grant from the Peninsula."

Some of the committee endeavored to dissuade him from such a measure, saying that it would endanger his re-election, to adopt a measure so unpopular. Mr. Lincoln stretched his tall form up to its full height, and exclaimed, —

"Gentlemen, it is not necessary that I should be re-elected, but it is necessary that I should put down this rebellion. If you will give me this law, I will put it down before my successor takes his office."

A draft-law for five hundred thousand men was reported to the House, when Garfield made one of his most eloquent and patriotic speeches in its favor, carrying it by storm. Congress and the whole country soon came to feel that Garfield was right.

A few months later, Alexander Long, Democratic member of the house from Ohio, in sympathy with the authors of the rebellion, rose in his seat, and proposed to recognize the southern confederacy. This treasonable act caused Garfield's patriotic blood to boil in his veins, and he sprang to his feet and delivered one of the most powerful philippics ever heard in the American congress. Calling attention to the traitor of the American revolution, — Benedict Arnold, — he said, —

"But now, when tens of thousands of brave souls have gone up to God under the shadow of the flag; when thousands more, maimed and shattered in the contest, are sadly awaiting the deliverance of death; now, when three years of terrific warfare have raged over us; when our armies have pushed the rebellion

back over mountains and rivers, and crowded it into narrow limits, until a wall of fire girds it; now, when the uplifted hand of a majestic people is about to hurl the bolts of its conquering power upon the rebellion; now, in the quiet of this hall, hatched in the lowest depths of a similar dark treason, there rises a Benedict Arnold, and proposes to surrender all up, body and spirit, the nation and the flag, its genius and its honor, now and forever, to the accursed traitors to our country! And that proposition comes — God forgive and pity my beloved state — it comes from a citizen of the time-honored and loyal commonwealth of Ohio!

"I implore you, brethren in this house, to believe that not many births ever gave pangs to my mother state such as she suffered when that traitor was born! I beg you not to believe that on the soil of that state another such a growth has ever deformed the face of nature, and darkened the light of God's day."

This single paragraph shows the spirit of this noble effort.

President Lincoln vetoed a bill, in 1864, providing for the organization of civil governments in Arkansas and Louisiana, and appointed military governors. Many Republicans criticized him severely; among them, Garfield. His constituents disapproved of his course, and resolved not to renominate him. The convention of his congressional district, the nineteenth of Ohio, met, and General Garfield was called upon for an explanation. When he went upon the platform, the delegates expected to hear an apology from him; but instead, he boldly defended his course, and

that of Wade and Davis, who criticized the president sharply in the New York *Tribune;* and he gave the reasons for his action, adding:

"I have nothing whatever to retract, and I cannot change my honest convictions for the sake of a seat in congress. I have great respect for the opinions of my constituents, but greater regard for my own conscience. If I can serve you as an independent representative, acting upon my own judgment and convictions, I would be glad to do so; but if not, I do not want your nomination; I would prefer to be an independent private citizen."

It was the coolest, plainest, most fearless speech, probably, that was ever made before a nominating convention in Ohio. Garfield withdrew from the hall as soon as he closed his speech. No sooner had he withdrawn, than a delegate arose and said:

"Mr. President, the man who has the courage to face a convention like that deserves a nomination. I move that General Garfield be nominated by acclamation."

The motion was carried so quickly, and by such a round of applause, that General Garfield heard it before he reached the hotel.

General Garfield prosecuted a European tour in the summer of 1868, for his health. On his return, he found his own congressional district running wild with the heresy of paying the national debt in greenbacks. The convention to nominate a congressional candidate was pending; and his constituents knew that he believed in paying the debt with honest money — gold. Friends told him that his renomination would be

opposed on that ground. They proposed to give him a public reception, but charged him not to express his views on that subject in his speech. When called out, however, he struck at once upon that exciting theme, referring to the information he had received concerning their desire to pay the national debt in greenbacks, and said :

"Much as I value your opinions, I here denounce this theory that has worked its way into the state as dishonest, unwise and unpatriotic; and if I were offered a nomination and election for my natural life, from this district, on this platform, I should spurn it. If you should ever raise the question of renominating me, let it be understood you can have my services only on the ground of the honest payment of this debt, and these bonds, in coin, according to the letter and spirit of the contract."

On the fourteenth day of April, 1865, President Lincoln was assassinated. The following morning New York city presented a scene of the most perilous excitement. Placards were pasted up in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, calling upon loyal citizens to meet around Wall-Street Exchange at eleven o'clock. Thousands came, armed with revolvers and knives, ready to avenge the death of the martyred President. Fifty thousand men gathered there, their blood boiling with the fires of patriotism.

There were few in the multitude who would not strike down the rebel sympathizer who should dare speak a word against Lincoln. One such remarked to another, "Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago." He was not suffered to repeat it. A portable

gallows was carried through the crowd, lifted above their heads, the bearers muttering, "VENGEANCE!" as they went. The prospect was that the office of the "World," a disloyal journal, and some prominent sympathizers with the rebellious South, would be swallowed in the raging sea of passion. The wave of popular indignation was swollen by the harangues of public speakers. In the midst of the terrible excitement, a telegram from Washington was read, — SEWARD IS DYING." For an instant, vengeance and death upon every paper and every man opposed to Lincoln seemed to move the mighty crowd. Possibly the scene of the French revolution would have been reproduced in the streets of New York, had not a man of commanding figure, bearing a small flag in his hand, stepped forward and beckoned to the excited throng.

"Another telegram from Washington!" cried hundreds of voices. It was the silence of death that followed. It seemed as if every listener held his breath to hear.

Lifting his right arm toward heaven, in a clear, distinct, steady, ponderous voice, that the multitude could hear, the speaker said:

"Fellow-citizens: Clouds and darkness are round about Him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow-citizens: God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

The speaker was GENERAL GARFIELD. The effect of his remarkable effort was miraculous. Another said of it: —

PRIVATE RESIDENCE OF GEN. JAMES A. GARFIELD, MENTOR, OHIO.

"As the boiling wave subsides and settles to the sea when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. As the rod draws the electricity from the air, and conducts it safely to the ground, so this man had drawn the fury from that frantic crowd, and guided it to more tranquil thoughts than vengeance. It was as if some divinity had spoken through him. It was a triumph of eloquence, a flash of inspiration such as seldom comes to any man, and to not more than one man in a century. Webster, nor Choate, nor Everett, nor Seward, ever reached it. Demosthenes never equalled it. The man for the crisis had come, and his words were more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris."

This incident illustrates several of the qualities of Garfield's character that we have seen in his early life, — his sagacity, tact, quick-witted turn in an emergency; his magnetic power, and familiarity with, and confidence in, the Bible. All along through his public career the attainments, habits, and application of his youth contributed to his marvellous success.

As his character and abilities added dignity to the office of janitor and teacher in his early manhood, so they dignified all the offices that he filled throughout his public career.

In scholarship and familiarity with general literature Garfield stood without a peer in Congress. Mr. Townsend said of him: "Since John Quincy Adams, no President has had Garfield's scholarship, which is fully up to this age of wider facts." A Washington writer said: "Few public men in this city keep up literary studies. General Garfield is one of the few."

Another said, "Garfield is a man of infinite resources. He is one of the half-dozen men in Congress who read books." President Hinsdale said, "He has great power of logical analysis, and stands with the first in power of rhetorical exposition. He has the instincts and habits of a scholar. As a student, he loves to roam in every field of knowledge. He delights in creations of the imagination, poetry, fiction, and art; loves the abstract things of philosophy; takes a keen interest in scientific research; gathers into his capacious storehouse the facts of history and politics, and throws over the whole the life and power of his own originality. . . . No public man of the last ten years has more won upon our scholars, scientists, men of letters, and the cultivated classes generally. . . . His moral character is the fit crown of his physical and intellectual nature. His mind is pure, his heart kind, his nature and habits simple, his generosity unbounded. An old friend told me the other day, "I have never found anything to compare with Garfield's heart."

Smalley said, —

"There is probably no living political orator whose efforts before large audiences are so effective. He appeals directly to the reason of men, and only after carrying his hearers along on a strong tide of argument to irresistible conclusions, does he address himself to their feelings. . . . He has a powerful voice, great personal magnetism, and a style of address that wins confidence at the outset, and he is master of the art of binding together facts and logic into a solid sheaf of argument. At times he seems to lift his audience up and shake it with strong emotion, so powerful is his eloquence."

The following are some original sentiments and maxims, from his numerous public addresses, just the thoughts for every youth of the land to ponder:

"There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one, that by and by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen; things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up."

"I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than a man. I never meet a ragged boy on the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his shabby coat."

"There is scarcely a more pitiable sight than to see here and there learned men, so called, who have graduated in our own and the universities of Europe with high honors, and yet who could not harness a horse, or make out a bill of sale, if the world depended upon it."

"Luck is an *ignis fatuus*. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success."

"Be fit for more than the one thing you are now doing."

"If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it."

"Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture."

"For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict."

"The privilege of being a young man is a great privilege, and the privilege of growing up to be an independent man, in middle life, is a greater."

"I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong."

"Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours — a part of yourself."

"If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire more than another, it is a brave man, — it is a man who dares look the devil in the face, and tell him he is a devil."

"The student should study himself, his relation to society, to nature, and to art, and above all, in all, and through all these, he should study the relations of himself, society, nature, and art to God, the Author of them all."

"Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool."

"Truth is so related and correlated that no department of her realm is wholly isolated."

"I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion."

"Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply brutality."

"It is a fearful thing for one man to stand up in the face of his brother man and refuse to keep his pledge; but it is a forty-five million times worse thing for a nation to do it. It breaks the mainspring of faith."

"The flowers that bloom over the garden wall of party politics are the sweetest and most fragrant that bloom in the gardens of this world."

"It was not one man who killed Abraham Lincoln: it was the embodied spirit of treason and slavery,

inspired with fearful and despairing hate, that struck him down in the moment of the nation's supremest joy."

"When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyr-president to the company of the dead heroes of the republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men."

. . . . .

His great popularity and usefulness as a representative very naturally suggested his name to the Republicans of Ohio, when a United States Senator was to be elected by the legislature, in January, 1880, to succeed Mr. Thurman. When the subject was opened to Garfield, he remarked:

"Just as you please; if my friends think it best, I shall make no objection."

"We want you should go to Columbus when the election is pending."

"I cannot consent to any such plan. I shall not lift my finger for the office. I never sought an office yet, except that of janitor at Hiram Institute. If the people want me, they will elect me."

"Very true," urged his friends; "it is no engineering or finessing that we desire you to do at Columbus. We only want you to be where your friends can see you and confer with you."

"And that will be construed into work for the office, the very appearance of which is distasteful to me. I decline peremptorily to go to Columbus." This was Garfield's characteristic decision and reply.

When the legislature assembled, the feeling was so strong for Garfield that all other candidates withdrew, and he was nominated by acclamation at the party caucus, and unanimously elected.

After the election was over, he visited Columbus, and addressed both branches of the legislature in joint convention. The closing paragraph of his remarkable speech illustrates the courage and independence of the man; qualities that have recommended him to the confidence and support of the people. He said:

"During the twenty years that I have been in public life, almost eighteen of it in the congress of the United States, I have tried to do one thing. Whether I was mistaken or otherwise, it has been the plan of my life to follow my convictions, at whatever personal cost to myself. I have represented for many years a district in congress whose approbation I greatly desired; but though it may seem, perhaps, a little egotistical to say it, I yet desired still more the approbation of one person, and his name was Garfield. He is the only man that I am compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with; and if I could not have his approbation I should have had bad companionship."

In view of this last triumph, President Hinsdale said:

"He has commanded success. His ability, knowledge, mastery of questions, generosity of nature, devotion to the public good, and honesty of purpose, have done the work. He has never had a political 'machine.' He has never forgotten the day of small things. It is

difficult to see how a political triumph could be more complete or more gratifying than his election to the senate. No bargains, no 'slate,' no 'grocery,' at Columbus. He did not even go to the capital city. Such things are inspiring to those who think politics in a bad way. He is a man of positive convictions, freely uttered. Politically, he may be called a 'man of war;' and yet few men, or none, begrudge him his triumph. Democrats vied with Republicans the other day, in Washington, in their congratulations; some of them were as anxious for his election as any Republican could be. It is said that he will go to the senate without an enemy on either side of the chamber. These things are honorable to all parties. They show that manhood is more than party."

And so James, the hero of our tale, stood upon the highest round of the ladder of fame, save one!

The final step to the top of the ladder followed quickly; so quickly that he had not time to take his seat in the United States senate. He had but just planted his feet upon the highest round of the ladder, save one, when the call to come up higher — to the top — was heard from Maine to the Golden Gate.

The National Republican Convention, five months later, assembled to nominate a candidate for the presidency of the United States. James A. Garfield was a member of that convention, and his magnetic presence was the occasion of much enthusiasm and applause. Although he was not a candidate for the position, whenever he arose to speak, or moved about in the vast audience, he was greeted with hearty cheers. He

was evidently *en rapport* with the crowded assembly. After thirty-four ineffectual ballots, about fifty members of the convention cast their votes for James A. Garfield in the thirty-fifth ballot. The announcement created a furore of excitement, as it indicated a breaking up of the factions, and a probable union of all upon the most popular Republican in the convention. Instantly the delegates of one state seized their banner with a shout (the delegates of each state sat together, their banner bearing the name of their state), bore it proudly forward, and placed it over the head of the aforesaid patriot and statesman, followed by other delegations, and still others, until seven hundred delegates upon the floor, and fifteen thousand spectators in the galleries, joined in the remarkable demonstration, and cheer upon cheer rent the air, as the banners, one after another, were placed in triumph over the head of their hero, declaring to the world, without the use of language, that James A. Garfield was the choice of the convention for President of the United States; the magnificent ovation terminating by the several bands striking up "Rally Round the Flag," fifteen thousand voices joining in the chorus, and a section of artillery outside contributing its thundering bass to the outburst of joy. It was a wild, tumultuous scene of excitement, the spontaneous outburst of patriotic devotion to the country, such as never transpired in any political assembly before, and, probably, never will again. It was something more, and different from the usual excitement and passion of political assemblies; it was an inspiration of the hour, begotten and moved by more than mortal impulse, — the

interposition of Him who has guided and saved our country from its birth!

That spontaneous burst of enthusiasm really nominated General Garfield for President. The thirty-sixth ballot, that followed immediately, was only a method of registering the decision of that supreme moment.

The news of General Garfield's nomination flew with the speed of electricity over the land, creating unbounded joy from Plymouth Rock to the Pacific Slope. The disappointments and animosities of a heated contest vanished at once before the conceded worth and popularity of the candidate. Partisans forgot the men of their choice, in their gladness that union and harmony signalized the close of the most remarkable political convention on record.

HE WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE SECOND DAY OF NOVEMBER, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

He carried twenty of the thirty-eight states, securing 213 of the 369 electors. In his native town of Orange every ballot was cast for him.

The time between the election and inauguration of General Garfield was characterized by good feeling and general hopefulness. The almost unprecedented excitement of the political campaign subsided into national tranquillity and peace, in which the two great political parties seemed to be more harmonious than ever. Mr. Garfield's popularity won the esteem of leading men who opposed his election, and some of them publicly declared their entire confidence in the man and their profound respect for his great talents. The striking

change from the bitterness of an exciting political campaign, for two or three months previous to the election, to the cheerful acquiescence in the result, and the general good-will towards the President-elect, was an event worthy of record.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE Fourth of March, 1881 — the day of the inauguration of General Garfield as President of the United States — will be remembered for its bleak, uncomfortable, stormy morning, threatening to spoil the preparations for a grand military and civic display. About ten o'clock, however, the storm subsided, and the clouds partially broke. The city was crowded with visitors from different sections of the country, among them many civic organizations and military companies which had come to join in the procession. The wide-spread interest in the occasion was due to the fame of the President-elect and the era of good feeling that succeeded his election. Not only his personal friends, but many others in every part of the land, exerted themselves to make the occasion memorable, beyond all similar demonstrations. General Garfield's college classmates were there, to the number of twenty, to congratulate him upon his remarkable public career. On the evening of March third, they tendered to him a reception at Wormley's Hotel in Washington, renewing old friendships around the festive board, each member of

the class feeling himself honored in the high honor the country had bestowed upon his gifted classmate. In response to a toast on that occasion, General Garfield said: —

"CLASSMATES: To me there is something exceedingly pathetic in this reunion. In every eye before me I see the light of friendship and love, and I am sure it is reflected back to each one of you from my inmost heart. For twenty-two years, with the exception of the last few days, I have been in the public service. To-night I am a private citizen. To-morrow I shall be called to assume new responsibilities, and on the day after, the broadside of the world's wrath will strike. It will strike hard. I know it, and you will know it. Whatever may happen to me in the future, I shall feel that I can always fall back upon the shoulders and hearts of the class of '56 for their approval of that which is right, and for their charitable judgment wherein I may come short in the discharge of my public duties. You may write down in your books now the largest percentage of blunders which you think I will be likely to make, and you will be sure to find in the end that I have made more than you have calculated — many more.

"This honor comes to me unsought. I have never had the presidential fever — not even for a day; nor have I it to-night. I have no feeling of elation in view of the position I am called upon to fill. I would thank God were I to-day a free lance in the House or the Senate. But it is not to be, and I will go forward to meet the responsibilities and discharge the duties that are before me with all the firmness and ability I can

command. I hope you will be able conscientiously to approve my conduct; and when I return to private life, I wish you to give me another class-meeting."

The ceremony of inauguration was arranged for twelve o'clock, noon. Before that hour arrived, more than one hundred thousand people thronged the streets of the city to witness the unusual display. Every State of the Union was represented in the seething multitude; and hundreds of public men were present — senators, representatives, governors, judges, lawyers, clergymen, and authors. A large number of veterans of the late war were there to honor their beloved comrade of other days who was going up higher.

The ceremony was to take place at the Capitol, and preparations were made at the White House, whence the presidential party would be escorted.

At half-past ten o'clock a chorus of bugles announced the arrival of President Hayes and President-elect Garfield from the hotel, who were received in the ante-room by Mr. Pendleton, and for a brief moment the ladies and gentlemen and other invited friends in the House greeted each other in the red room. Col. Casey then announced that everything was ready, and assigned the party to carriages in the following order: First, Gen. Garfield's mother and wife, Mrs. Hayes, Mollie Garfield and Fanny Hayes; second, Mrs. Dr. Davis, Mrs. Herron of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and Miss Bullard of Cleveland; third, Mrs. Mason and three daughters of Cleveland; fourth, Harry, Jimmy and Irving Garfield and Scott Hayes; fifth, Messrs. Swaim and Rock-

well, Mrs. Deschler and Mrs. Greene of Cleveland; sixth, Miss Cook, Dr. and Mrs. Noble of Columbia. A magnificent four-in-hand of bays then drove up, drawing an open barouche, into which stepped President Hayes and Gen. Garfield, accompanied by Senators Anthony and Bayard, who were driven off a short distance, and were followed by a carriage containing Vice-President-elect Arthur and Senator Pendleton, drawn by a beautiful four-in-hand of grays. The presidential party was halted an instant while the Cleveland troupe filed in ahead, and the Cleveland Grays fell in immediately in the rear. As they passed down the avenue they were greeted with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs from the assembled thousands, who, by this time, lined every avenue from end to end.

At the Capitol an imposing scene was presented. After the presidential party had filed into the senate chamber, the gorgeous diplomatic corps, headed by Sir Edward Thornton, preceded by Secretary Evarts, entered and occupied the best seats on the right of the Vice-President. All the legations in Washington were represented. All appeared in court dress, except the Mexican and the Chilian legations, who were in evening costume.

The Supreme Court then appeared in robes and took front seats reserved for it. Messrs. Waite, Harlan, Field, Miller, Bradley, and Woods, and ex-Judges Strong and Swayne were present.

The procession was formed with President Hayes and President-elect Garfield at the head, and proceeded through the corridor and rotunda to the east

front, where the platform was erected from which the vast assemblage would listen to the inaugural address. When the dignitaries with their families were finally arranged, silence was maintained for a few moments that the group might be photographed. Then Mr. Garfield stepped to the front and delivered his noble inaugural address, in tones so clear and eloquent that the multitude, even in the distance, heard. Before he closed his address the clouds broke above him, and pure sunlight fell in benediction on his head. As he concluded, Judge Waite, of the Supreme Court, presented the Bible to him on which the Presidents are sworn, and proceeded to administer the oath. At the conclusion, President Garfield reverently kissed the sacred volume, and returned it to the judge. Then, turning to his aged mother, who had wept tears of joy during the delivery of his address, he imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, and another upon that of his wife, the two persons, next to himself, most deeply interested in the transaction of that memorable hour. The President and his attendants withdrew amidst the wildest demonstrations of joy by the concourse of people.

Immediately followed the imposing military and civic procession, which was said to be more elaborate and grand than anything of the kind ever witnessed in the capital of the nation. It was three hours passing a given point, and was reviewed by President Garfield from a stand erected in front of the presidential mansion.

An eye-witness describes the scene as follows:

"One hundred thousand people stood in Pennsyl-

vania avenue, between the Treasury and the Capitol grounds, and gave acclaim to Garfield as he passed. The buildings were splendidly decorated. There was a flag and a dozen fluttering handkerchiefs at every window. All vehicles were excluded from the avenue, and the people hemmed in the procession ten deep on each side.

"The route was around the south side of the Capitol to Pennsylvania avenue, thence to the Treasury department, and so on past the White House. During the time between twelve and half-past one o'clock, Pennsylvania avenue presented a remarkable sight, either from the Treasury department or the Capitol. The crowd was continuous from First to Fifteenth street, and, as the time for the procession to move approached, the crowd increased so that there seemed hardly room for the military column to enter. The movement was promptly at one o'clock, the programme being well carried out. The regular troops led the way with Sherman at their head. Behind Sherman were three four-horse carriages, containing Presidents Garfield and Hayes, Vice-Presidents Arthur and Wheeler, and Senators Pendleton and Bayard. In addition to the Cleveland troop, General Garfield was attended by the Columbia Commandery of Knights Templars of this city, of which he is a member. When the head of the procession reached the Treasury department, the avenue, for its whole mile length, was literally packed with people. There was a pause at this point to enable the President to leave the column and proceed to the grand stand in front of the White House, where he stood hours in witnessing the passage

of the great military and civic concourse, which was over three hours in passing a given point. The route was then continued up Pennsylvania avenue to Washington circle, along K street to Vermont avenue, and past the Thomas statue down Massachusetts avenue to Mount Vernon square, where the procession finally dispersed."

After the review, President Garfield gave a reception to the Williams' Alumni Association of Washington, and visiting alumni, in the East Room of the Executive Mansion. Over fifty were present, twenty of whom were the President's classmates whom he met on the previous evening. Ex-President Hopkins was among the number, and he was selected to present the congratulations of the alumni to the president. The latter responded with much emotion to Dr. Hopkins' words of confidence and esteem; and his brief but eloquent speech will long be remembered by the sons of his Alma Mater.

The day closed with a costly display of fireworks, illuminations, and other demonstrations of general joy; and President Garfield and his family were occupants of the White House.

Perhaps no President ever assumed the duties of his high office under more favorable auspices than Mr. Garfield. The announcement of his cabinet gave general satisfaction; and the citizens from Maine to California appeared to feel that *he* would be President, and not some one else. His administration thus began favorably, with the expectations of the people on tiptoe, and their confidence as honest as their hopefulness. The brilliant record of his public life, and even the

remarkable record of his youth and early manhood, were well known throughout the country; and upon these the enthusiasm of his constituents and others rested. That personal magnetism which drew the associates of his early life to him, and the admirers of his later life, in public and in private, seemed to attract the hearts of American citizens, from the moment he became the Chief Executive.

There was one trouble, however, which he encountered early in his administration, and which arose within his own party. In making a nomination of the collector of customs at the port of New York, the President found the senators of that state, especially Mr. Conkling, opposed to his choice. Those senators maintained that the act of the President was a wrong to the collector who was to be removed, was contrary to the true principles of civil service, and would be hurtful to the interests of the Republican party. It was, accordingly, well understood that they were firmly opposed to the nomination, and would use their influence against it whenever it should be voted on in the senate. President Garfield, however, adhered to his choice. He claimed that, while the senators from New York had a perfect moral right to their opinions, and a clear constitutional right to exert themselves for the defeat of his nominee, he, in turn, must be the judge concerning his own acts. He therefore refused to withdraw the nomination, affirming that the act was just, and for the welfare of both the country and the party. So the contest became more and more serious. Senators Conkling and Platt saw fit suddenly to resign their seats. The scene of action was

thus transferred to the legislature at Albany, where the two senators became candidates for re-election. But after many weeks of bitter contention, the strife was ended by the defeat of the senators, and the election, in their place, of others, who were in accord with the administration. The nomination of the collector was confirmed in the senate by an overwhelming vote. In many respects, it was a signal triumph for the President. In it, all the people and press of the country were, with remarkable unanimity, on his side.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ASSASSINATION.

WHILE the contest was going on in the New York legislature over Senator Conkling's re-election, an attempt was made upon the President's life, which startled and shocked the nation. He had arranged a journey to New England, for the purpose of attending the Commencement at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.; the annual meeting of the American Institute of Instruction at St. Albans, Vt.; extending his trip into Maine, where he would be the guest of Mr. Blaine, Secretary of State; thence into New Hampshire, in response to an invitation by the legislature of that state, then in session; returning through Boston to Washington; hoping thereby to recruit his somewhat exhausted energies by a brief respite from official duties. On Saturday morning, July 2, he left the Executive Mansion at a few minutes past nine o'clock, in his carriage with Secretary Blaine, for the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Depot. At twenty minutes past nine o'clock he entered the depot, arm in arm with Mr. Blaine, when two pistol-shots were fired in quick succession, the first one sending a ball through

the right coat-sleeve of the President, doing no damage, the second one driving a ball deep into his body above the third rib. The unexpected shot well-nigh paralyzed the bystanders. Mr. Blaine turned to seize the assassin, but found him already in the hands of an officer. As he turned back, the President sank heavily upon the floor, and the fearful tidings spread through the city: "*The President has been assassinated!*" The telegraphic wires took up the terrible news and conveyed it over the country, startling every town, village, and hamlet as they never were startled except by the assassination of President Lincoln. By twelve o'clock, the entire country was apprised of the appalling calamity, except in sections beyond the reach of telegraphs and telephones. The dreadful news flashed over the Atlantic cable, astounding and affecting Europeans almost as sensibly as it did Americans. Surprise and grief were universal. "It was a marvellous tribute," said George William Curtis. "In Europe, it was respect for a powerful state; in America, it was affection for a simple and manly character." The deed was done "in the most peaceful and prosperous moment that this country has known for half a century," as Mr. Curtis wrote; "and the shot was fired absolutely at a man without personal enemies, and a President whom even his political opponents respect." The manifestations of unfeigned sorrow were gauged by this remarkable fact. The South seemed to vie with the North in profound grief over the fearful crime and heartfelt sympathy for the illustrious sufferer. In their dire extremity and deep sorrow, Christian men and women, led by the ministers of religion, gathered in

places of prayer, to invoke, upon their knees and in tears, the interposition of God, to save and restore their beloved ruler. Around Christian hearthstones knelt family groups, tearful and hushed as if a great personal sorrow were theirs, to join in fervent supplication to God for the preservation of the President's life. Perhaps so much united, earnest prayer for one man, ascending from even the remotest hamlet of the nation, was never offered at the throne of grace.

But to return to the wounded President. Physicians and surgeons were speedily summoned; and, within an hour, he was removed to the White House in an extremely prostrated and critical condition. The presidential party, consisting of Secretaries Lincoln, Windom and Hunt, and Postmaster-General James, with their wives, were already seated in the special car provided for them, when the cry reached them, "The President is shot." At first they could not credit the tidings: the crime was too awful to be believed. As soon as they recovered from the shock, however, and were really convinced that an attempt had been made to assassinate the President, they abandoned the car and repaired to the executive mansion, to render all possible assistance.

The President was still conscious while prostrate upon the floor at the depot, and fearing that the intelligence of his injury might overcome his wife in her feeble state of health, he dictated to Colonel Rockwell, who was at his side, the following despatch to her at Long Branch: —

Mrs. Garfield, Elberon, New Jersey:

The President wishes me to say to you from him that he has been seriously hurt — how seriously he cannot yet say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you. A. F. ROCKWELL.

It should be stated that Mrs. Garfield was recovering from a severe sickness of several weeks, and a few days before, the President accompanied her to Long Branch to hasten her restoration. Her life was despaired of for a time, and her husband's watchful and tender care of her, night and day, when her life hung quivering in the balance, in connection with official duties, made a heavy draft upon his strength.

By the time the ambulance reached the White House, soldiers from the garrison at the Arsenal were performing sentinel duty there, that the policemen might be at their respective posts of duty in the city, where the excitement was intense. A correspondent of the New York *Times*, who was an eye-witness, said, that when the President "was tenderly lifted from the vehicle with the pallor of death stamped upon his countenance, glancing up to the window, he saw some familiar faces, and with a smile which those who saw it will never forget, he raised his right hand and gave the military salute, which seemed to say, 'Long live the republic.'"

Soon after the President was laid upon his bed in the presidential mansion, his nervous prostration passed away and he became composed and cheerful, greeting members of his cabinet, and other intimate friends present, with a cordial pressure of the hand and words of cheer. He was so much like himself,

genial, calm and hopeful, that both friends and physicians thought it was the harbinger of recovery. Once he said to Mr. Blaine, who was sitting at his bedside, "What motive do you think that man could have in trying to assassinate me?" Mr. Blaine answered, "I do not know, Mr. President. He says he had no motive. He must be insane." The President responded to this, with a smile, "I suppose he thought it would be a glorious thing to emulate the pirate chief." At another time his son James was sobbing at his bedside, when he addressed him lovingly, "Don't be alarmed, Jimmy; the upper story is all right; it is only the hull that is a little damaged." He was somewhat impatient for the arrival of his wife, as were all the friends present, and when Colonel Rockwell announced that she had left Long Branch on a special train, he responded with much emotion, "God bless the dear woman! I hope the shock will not break her down." Dr. Bliss stated, that often, during the afternoon, he became even jocular, conversing more than the physicians thought for his good, but doing it, evidently, to encourage the depressed friends around him. He told Dr. Bliss that he desired to be kept accurately informed about his condition. "Conceal nothing from me," he said, "for, remember, I am not afraid to die." About four o'clock in the afternoon, the evidence of internal hemorrhage became unmistakable, and it was feared he might not live until Mrs. Garfield arrived. Dr. Bliss and his medical associates were making an examination, when he inquired what the prospects were. "Are they bad, doctor? Don't be afraid; tell me

frankly. I am ready for the worst." "Mr. President," answered Dr. B., "your condition is extremely critical. I do not think you can live many hours." The President calmly and seriously responded, "God's will be done, doctor! I am ready to go, if my time has come."

The despatch of the President to his wife, dictated at the depot, did not disclose the nature of the wound. Other dispatches to other parties advised keeping her in ignorance of the real condition of her husband. But when Judge-Advocate-General Swaim of the army, who was at the Elberon House, Long Branch, received a telegram in advance of that sent by the President, he approached Mrs. Garfield with the design of partially breaking the news only, and starting her off as speedily as possible to Washington. But the moment he entered the room and drew near to her, she inquired, with apparent anxiety, "What is the matter?" as if she read bad news in his countenance. "The President has met with an accident," he answered. "Is he dead?" Mrs. Garfield responded at once. "No!" was all the answer he could make before she inquired, "What was the accident?" "I think he was shot," replied General Swaim. "I think he must have been fooling with a pistol, and doubtless he shot himself. I can't think it is anything very serious." Mrs. Garfield said, with animation, as if suspecting that he was concealing the truth, "It is impossible that he could have shot himself. He has been shot. Tell me the truth." Seeing that it was useless to evade her questions, Judge Swaim told her the story so far as he knew it.

Mrs. Garfield received the truth with the composure of a true Christian, and at once gave orders to her attendants about packing. General Swaim said, "No executive officer of a ship could have prepared for action more speedily and directly than did Mrs. Garfield prepare for her departure to Washington."

A special train started with her at 12.30; and but for an accident twenty miles from Washington, she would have been with her husband at six o'clock. As it was, going at the rate of from forty to fifty miles an hour, she was at the White House before seven o'clock. Her excitement and protracted fast caused her to partially faint, as her son Harry and other friends helped her from the carriage and up the steps; and it was thought best for her to take some tea and food before meeting her husband. But before she accomplished this purpose, word was brought to Colonel Rockwell, who had accompanied her to the dining-hall, that the President was fast sinking, and Mrs. Garfield must hurry to him at once. The President had repeatedly asked, during the afternoon, "What time is it?" "Do you know where the train is, now?" "How long before my wife will reach here?" And when the carriage drove to the door, hearing it, he remarked, "That's my wife." Evidently he thought that a very narrow margin of time was left for what might prove their final meeting.

It was clear that Mrs. Garfield summoned all her force of character to enable her to meet her husband with a cheerful and hopeful heart. It was evident, also, that he did the same. The room was cleared, physicians and all attendants going out, that Mrs. Gar-

field and her children might meet him alone. Their interview lasted fifteen minutes, when physicians and attendants were readmitted. The communion of loving hearts in those fifteen minutes is known only to them and their God. The history of it never was printed. No reporter ever presumed to lift the veil, and divulge the secrets of that quarter of an hour. No one desired to do it. With tearful eyes and burdened hearts, tens of thousands, in loving and tender sympathy with the devoted wife, were satisfied to say, "Thank God for that meeting!"

From that moment, the President seemed to rally. Their mutual love, confidence and fortitude appeared to assure each other. The two most hopeful and resolute persons in the White House, from that time, were the President and his wife. They put courage and hopefulness into everybody else. "Wipe away your tears, if you are going in there," said Mrs. Garfield to her daughter Mollie, as she met her at the door. This noble spirit was assuring to all who came in contact with them.

A little later, the President said to Mrs. James, who sat by him, "Do you know where Mrs. Garfield is now?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. James said, "she is close by, watching and praying for her husband."

He looked up to the lady with an anxious face, and said, "I want her to go to bed. Will you tell her that I say, if she will undress and go to bed, I will turn right over, and I feel sure that when I know she is in bed I can go to sleep, and sleep all night? Tell her," he exclaimed, with sudden

energy, "that I *will* sleep all night, if she will only do what I ask."

Mrs. James conveyed the message to Mrs. Garfield, who said to her at once, "Go back, and tell him that I am undressing."

She returned with the answer, and the President turned over on his right side, and dropped into a quiet sleep almost instantly.

An hour later, the President said to Dr. Bliss, "What are the indications?" Dr. Bliss answered, "There is a chance of recovery." "Well, then," responded the President, cheerfully, "we will take that chance."

Sunday, July 3, was a day of anxiety and tears to the American people. The churches were filled with mourning thousands, and the burden of sermons and prayers was the great sorrow that had fallen upon the nation. July 4 was such an independence day as the country never saw. No one had a heart to engage in the festivities of the day. Many well-arranged celebrations were abandoned. George William Curtis spoke eloquently and touchingly of the day, as follows: —

"But the emotion and the spectacle of this year are without parallel. In every household there was a hushed and tender silence, as if one dearly loved lay dying. In every great city and retired village the public festivities were stayed, and the assembly of joy and pride and congratulation was solemnized into a reverent congregation of heads bowed in prayer. In foreign countries, American gayety was suspended. In the British Parliament, Whig and Tory and Radical listened to catch from the lips of the Prime Minister

the latest tidings from one sufferer. From the French republic, and from the old empire of Japan, and the new kingdom of Bulgaria, from Parnell, the Irish agitator, and from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, came messages of sympathy and sorrow. Sovereigns and princes, the people and the nobles, joined in earnest hope for the life of the Republican President. The press of all Christendom told the mournful story, and moralized as it told. In this country, the popular grief was absolutely unanimous. One tender, overpowering thought called a truce even to party contention. Old and young, men and women of all nationalities and of all preferences, their differences forgotten, waited all day for news, watched the flags and every sign that might be significant, and lay down, praying, to sleep, thanking God that, as yet, the worst had not come."

But the assassin — how about him? His name is Charles J. Guiteau, an eccentric, pettifogging lawyer, about forty years of age, of a weak, disordered mind, who had tried in vain to get an appointment to a foreign consulate. In his chagrin, poverty and disappointment, as some suppose, reason was partially dethroned, and he committed the crime in his desperation. Others suppose that, since he sympathized with Mr. Conkling and Vice-President Arthur, in their opposition to the Garfield administration, relating to the New York appointment, he made himself believe that, President Garfield out of the way, and Mr. Arthur in his place, the appointment could readily be secured. Be that as it may, he coolly perpetrated the deed, and within an hour was safely lodged in the District jail.

Detective McElfresh, who took the prisoner to jail, reports the following conversation with him, while being conducted thither: —

"I asked him, 'Where are you from?'

"'I am a native-born American — born in Chicago — and am a lawyer and a theologian.'

"'Why did you do this?'

"'I did it to save the Republican party.'

"'What are your politics?'

"'I am a stalwart among the stalwarts. With Garfield out of the way, we can carry all the Northern States; and with him in the way, we can't carry a single one.'"

Upon learning that McElfresh was a detective, Guiteau said: "You stick to me, and have me put in the third story, front, at the jail. General Sherman is coming down to take charge. Arthur and all those men are my friends, and I'll have you made Chief of Police. When you go back to the depot, you will find that I left two bundles of papers at the newsstand, which will explain all."

"Is there anybody else with you in this matter?"

"Not a living soul. I have contemplated the thing for the last six weeks, and would have shot him when he went away with Mrs. Garfield, but I looked at her, and she looked so bad that I changed my mind."

The following letter was found in the street soon after his arrest, unsealed, and the envelope addressed thus: "Please deliver at once to General Sherman, or his first assistant in charge of the War Department: —

"*To General Sherman:*

"I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian and politician. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to the jail. Please order out your troops and take possession of the jail at once. Very respectfully,

CHARLES GUITEAU."

The profound sympathy and sorrow of the people of this and other countries was manifested by telegrams from every quarter, letters of condolence, and resolutions of public bodies and organizations, conveying to the President expressions of grief and prayer for his recovery. They were received by hundreds in a day, for a time. Hon. B. R. Bruce, late member of Congress from Mississippi, and now register, received hundreds of letters and telegrams from Mississippi, from both Republicans and Democrats, denouncing the attempt upon the President's life, and expressing sincere hopes of his recovery. The Vicksburg *Herald* (Miss.) accompanied its words of sympathy with this statement: "No President since the war has so gained on the good feeling of the Southern people as President Garfield." In Arkansas, the fourteenth day of July was observed as a day of fasting and prayer for the recovery of President Garfield, the day having been appointed by Governor Churchill. Governor Blackburn of Kentucky also appointed the fourteenth day of July, as a day of fasting and prayer for the same object, and the day was very generally observed. The Queen of England, King of Spain,

King of Belgium, Emperors of Russia, Japan and China, and Germany, and other foreign rulers, sent despatches full of sorrow and expressions of good-will. Some of them repeated their telegrams on receipt of more favorable news respecting the President's recovery. Victoria said: —

"I wish to express my great satisfaction at the very favorable accounts of the President, and hope that he will soon be considered out of danger."

Even the Indians of our country, in whose welfare the President had been so deeply interested, were profoundly touched by the appalling news; and on receipt of the intelligence that hopes of his recovery were entertained, Moses, the chief of the Confederate tribes of Washington Territory, sent the following: —

"Tell the Great Chief at Washington that it makes our hearts sad to hear of the cowardly attempt made on his life. Chief Moses and all of his people offer their warmest sympathy to the Great Father and his family. He has always been a good friend to the Indians. We are glad to hear that he is recovering, and hope his life may be spared."

All classes, parties and sects, except some Mormons and Socialists, appeared to feel deeply the calamity to the nation, and to indulge the most heartfelt desire that the President's life might be spared. It was a demonstration of esteem and confidence, as honorable to the citizens of our country as it must have been grateful to the President and his family. The patriotic words of the illustrious sufferer, in the outbreak of the late "War of the Rebellion," have peculiar significance now to every thoughtful American: "I

regard my life as given to my country. I am only anxious to make as much of it as possible, before the mortgage on it is foreclosed."

The gloom of our National Independence was somewhat lifted by the more favorable condition of the President. From that time he slowly but steadily gained, all the while being buoyant in spirits, and feeling that his recovery was assured. Twice he experienced serious relapses, during the first five or six weeks of his sickness, going down to the very brink of death, causing general alarm and sorrow everywhere. From these relapses he rallied, to suffer on, while the sympathies of his devoted countrymen were drawn out more and more, and their prayers for his recovery went up to heaven with increasing fervor.

But another and still more serious relapse awaited him on the twenty-sixth day of August, destroying the hopes of the physicians and attending friends. The bullet-wound was doing well, discharging healthy pus freely; but an ugly abscess, occasioned by pus-poisoning, appeared upon the neck, and the stomach ceased to assimilate or retain food. At 4 o'clock P. M., on the twenty-sixth day of August, he appeared to be rapidly sinking. He was unconscious, and breathed heavily, like one suffering in the last stages of apoplexy. A consultation of the doctors resulted in the decision that the last ray of hope had vanished, and a few hours more would put the seal of death upon all that was mortal of the illustrious President. Two of the medical attendants were delegated to break the sad conclusion to Mrs. Garfield, whose expectation of his recovery had scarcely been eclipsed.

It was an hour of dreadful depression in the Executive Mansion, and few were the eyes that refused to weep. The doctors dreaded to bear the terrible message to Mrs. Garfield, — a message that would dash her last hope, and possibly overcome her hitherto trusting and heroic spirit. What was their surprise, however, to find that her truly noble soul was equal to the occasion, and seemed to rise higher and grander upon the wings of faith!

That was a desolate night in Washington — Friday of August twenty-sixth — and the mourners went about the streets, or lay sleepless in their beds. The general expectation was, that the pall of death would rest upon the White House before another rising sun. About two o'clock on Saturday morning, the President, aroused from his unconscious state, and seeing his wife watching at his bedside, spoke feebly, "Go to bed, my dear, and try to get some rest." She pleaded to remain, when he responded, "Is it true that we shall be separated so soon? You'd better stay, then."

Morning brought no relief, except that the patient still lived. Telegraphic despatches had borne the tidings over the land — "no hope!" In many localities the report of the President's death was current. The Atlantic cable bore such a message to Great Britain, and a notice of his death, with a biographical sketch, appeared in a Liverpool daily on Saturday. The queen was deeply affected by this unexpected relapse, and immediately sent a cablegram to Mrs. Garfield: "I am most deeply grieved at the sad news received, and would express my sincere sympathy." She knew full well the anguish of that loving heart,

whose idol was apparently to be removed, for she had been in that vale of sorrow herself, the memory of which was still fresh and vivid. She broke through the barriers of royalty and addressed herself directly to Mrs. Garfield, as one mourning widow speaks to a sister about to become like herself. It was the warm, tender hand-grasp of real sympathy across the sea, for which the nation itself is glad. Long live the queen!

On Saturday, the churches of Washington consulted together, through representatives, and it was decided to observe the following day as one of fasting and prayer in behalf of the President, who still lived. Christians felt that, since human care and medical skill were exhausted, and the wisest counsellors had said "we can do no more," it was time for believers in prayer to gather in their places of worship, and implore God to interpose and spare the patient, whom medical science could not save. Telegrams were flashed over the country, inviting Christians of every name to spend Sunday, August 28, in supplication for the recovery of the President. The response was general and sympathetic. True, a volume of prayer had been going up to God from church and family altars, as well as from secret places, for his restoration, from the day he was shot, but no such concert of prayer had been proposed. A daily paper of Boston, on Monday, August 29, said, under the heading, "A Nation on its Knees:"

"Through the length and breadth of the land there were few pulpits of any denomination of Christians in which no reference was made to President Garfield's condition on Sunday, and few worshipping assemblies in which earnest prayer was not offered for his recov-

ery. There was no need of any special summons to this service. It was the spontaneous and natural expression of the national feeling. The heavy tidings of Saturday had prepared all for the worst. The physicians had abandoned hope, and all human help seemed to have been tried and to have failed; and in an agony of prayer the whole nation, with one consent, directed its entreaties to Him who holds men and nations in His hands. Never before, probably, have so many prayers been offered at one time in behalf of one man. Those who have faith in prayer must have had their confidence strengthened by the thought of such a solemn unity of petition; and those who have little faith in religious things can hardly have failed to be impressed by it. To many minds, the strange and marked improvement in the President's condition, reported during the day, must have seemed a fresh reason for belief in the efficacy of prayer. Whether these countless prayers are answered in the way in which those who offered them desire, or not, only good can come from this deepened sense of the nation's dependence upon God."

While the Christian men and women of the country were yet upon their knees, the President rallied from the extreme prostration of Friday and Saturday; his stomach resumed its functions, his pulse fell, and he said in a stronger voice than he had used for a week, "I am better; I shall live." The talk of a day of national thanksgiving was renewed with increased interest. This subject was announced by Governor Foster of Ohio, when hope of his recovery was first awakened after he was shot, by the following card:

Wash. ST 1908

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Washington D.C.
August 11th 1881

Dear Mother

Dont be disturbed by conflicting reports about my condition. It is true I am still weak, and on my back, but I am gaining every day, and need only time and patience to bring me through. Give my love to all the relatives & friends & especially to sister Hatty and Mary - Your loving son - James. A Garfield

Mrs Eliza Garfield
Hiram Ohio

"GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, COLUMBUS, O., July 10.

"Present indications strongly encourage the hope that the President will recover from the effects of the horrible attempt upon his life. It must occur to all that it would be most fitting for the Governors of the several States and Territories to issue proclamations setting apart a day to be generally agreed upon for thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God for the blessed deliverance of our President, and for this great evidence of His goodness to this nation. If this suggestion meets your approbation, permit me to name the Governors of New York, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Maryland, and Ohio, as a committee to fix upon a day to be so observed. Please reply.

(Signed) CHARLES FOSTER."

The suggestion was a proof of the strong place the President occupied in the affections of the people; and there was evidence that every state in the Union would unite in such an expression of gratitude to God, if his life were spared. North and South, East and West, the interest was profoundly impressive; in no part of the country was it more beautiful than in the South. The *Atlanta Constitution* came to us with this delightful tribute: —

"An element that contributes largely to increase the sympathy of the Southern people is the happy family relations of the President. It was remembered how, upon the occasion of the inauguration, he turned from the applauding crowd to kiss his wife and his white-haired mother; and many a Southern wife and mother wrung their hands in grief when the news of his assassination was received, and cried: 'Oh, what will his wife do? How will his mother bear it?' Gracious little hints, shining here and there through the bewildering dullness of political discussions, have

given the people a tolerably clear idea of the exquisite beauty and harmony of the President's family relations, in such charming contrast to the showy shoddyism of the capital, and this knowledge has had a potent effect on the public mind. It is no small or unimportant thing that, in the midst of conditions altogether heartless, and surrounded by influences calculated to destroy reverence for the family hearth, the home life of the President of the Republic should be ideally perfect, and the fact that it is, brings him and his family very close to the hearts of the American people. But it is not necessary to endeavor to account for or to explain Southern manifestations of sympathy for the stricken President. They were spontaneous and they are not fleeting We know a little girl — the daughter of a Confederate officer who fought through the war — who, upon being told last Sunday morning that the President was still alive, quietly replied, 'I know it. I prayed last night that he might live.' The child had prayed with faith, and was certain her prayer would be answered. This Sunday morning there is every indication that the President will be spared to his family and to the country, but to the stricken man — to fair-faced wife and white-haired mother — the South, standing in the shadow of great troubles of her own, still sends forth her sympathy."

A Democratic member of Congress, Representative Hurd, in publicly expressing his unfeigned grief over the President's critical condition, told this story: —

"It happened once that I — a young member —

was called upon to close on the Democratic side a debate which Mr. Garfield was to close the next morning on behalf of the Republicans. I felt the responsibility; I was extremely anxious to make a reply which would do credit to myself and not disgrace my party; and I went to Garfield that night and pointed out my dilemma. I did not feel equal to the occasion of making an impromptu response to a speech which he was fully prepared to make. Like the man he is — like a brother, I might say — he told me what he was going to say, the whole tenor of his argument, and thus gave me the benefit of twenty-four hours' study in which to reply to him. You can understand my admiration, my love, my anxiety for that man." Then he added, "I stumped my state against him last year, but, from my knowledge of the man, I feel that he was never guilty of a dishonest or ungenerous act."

An Illinois editor said: —

"The statement, that President Garfield has never done better service to the nation than since he was stricken down, is one that will meet an 'amen' in every heart. The Christian fortitude, the perfect submission, the heroic desire to live if possible, but to die bravely and resignedly if he must, the chivalric devotion to and careful thought for his wife and children and mother, have given the country an exhibition of high manhood and nobility of character most salutary. The effect will not be ephemeral. General Garfield on his bed of death, as it promised to be, has elevated the American people. They will not soon forget the lessons he has taught."

This chapter, in which the heroic wife of the President is seen to have borne her part with so much calmness and faith, would not be complete without the following picture, which we are permitted to give our readers from her own hand. It is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Garfield to her husband ten years ago; and, coming into the hands of President Hinsdale of Hiram College, it was published in a late number of *The Student*, issued at that college.

"I am glad to tell you, that out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended I have risen up to victory; that silence of thought since you have been away has won for my spirit a triumph. I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself, 'Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves! and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before. And this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine — that I need not to be the shirking slave to toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield me its best fruits. You have been king of your works so long that maybe you will laugh at me for having lived so long without my crown;

In Reclining-chair at Long Branch.

but I am too glad to have found it at all to be entirely disconcerted even by your merriment.

"Now, I wonder if right here does not lie the 'terrible wrong,' or at least some of it, of which the woman suffragists complain. The wrongly educated woman thinks her duties a disgrace, and frets under them, or shirks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocations, and thinks it is the kind of work he does which makes him grand and regnant; whereas it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which, and the spirit with which, he does it."

The physicians became satisfied that the malarial air of Washington was very unfavorable to the recovery of the President. From the time he was stricken down, the public were extremely anxious about this danger. It was not until Tuesday, the fifth day of September, however, that he was removed to Long Branch, New Jersey. Preparations were made to remove him upon his bed, with the least possible excitement and motion; and at six o'clock on the morning of that day he was taken from the White House to the special train in waiting, accompanied by his devoted wife and loving daughter, together with his medical attendants and other friends. His two eldest sons left Washington on the day previous to enter Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., and the two youngest remained still at the family home in Mentor, Ohio. The removal of the President was accomplished without injury to him, save extreme weariness, which was anticipated. That was the most remarkable journey in the annals of time: the sick and prostrate ruler of a great nation borne

upon his bed at the rate of fifty miles an hour in quest of recovery! At every station along the whole distance, the sympathizing people gathered in large numbers; and, in silence, with uncovered heads and tearful eyes, watched the train as it swept by, representative of fifty millions of people who waited, with bated breath, the result of the perilous experiment. Many eyes were dim with tears when, at the close of the eventful day, they read the account of his journey from the presidential mansion to the sea, the event was so unusual and pathetic. And yet their hearts rejoiced to learn that, without detriment, he was comfortably lodged in Francklyn Cottage, which had been arranged for his reception, at about one o'clock, P. M.

The change appeared to benefit the patient at first, and he enjoyed the sea-air with a keen relish. On the fourth day after his arrival, Dr. Hamilton said to Mrs. Garfield, "I am afraid to tell you how confident I feel of your husband's recovery." The public participated in this confident hope, and there was renewed talk of a national thanksgiving. The interest and joy of the public expressed itself in offers to supply this, that, and the other article that might add comfort and hope to his condition. One man sent him a fine Jersey cow, that he might be supplied with fresh milk. Two little girls in Pennsylvania, reading that the President wanted squirrel broth, sent to him their pet squirrel in a box by express, delighted to give the great and good man any thing they possessed to aid in his recovery. There was no limit to the tangible expressions of tender regard by the people.

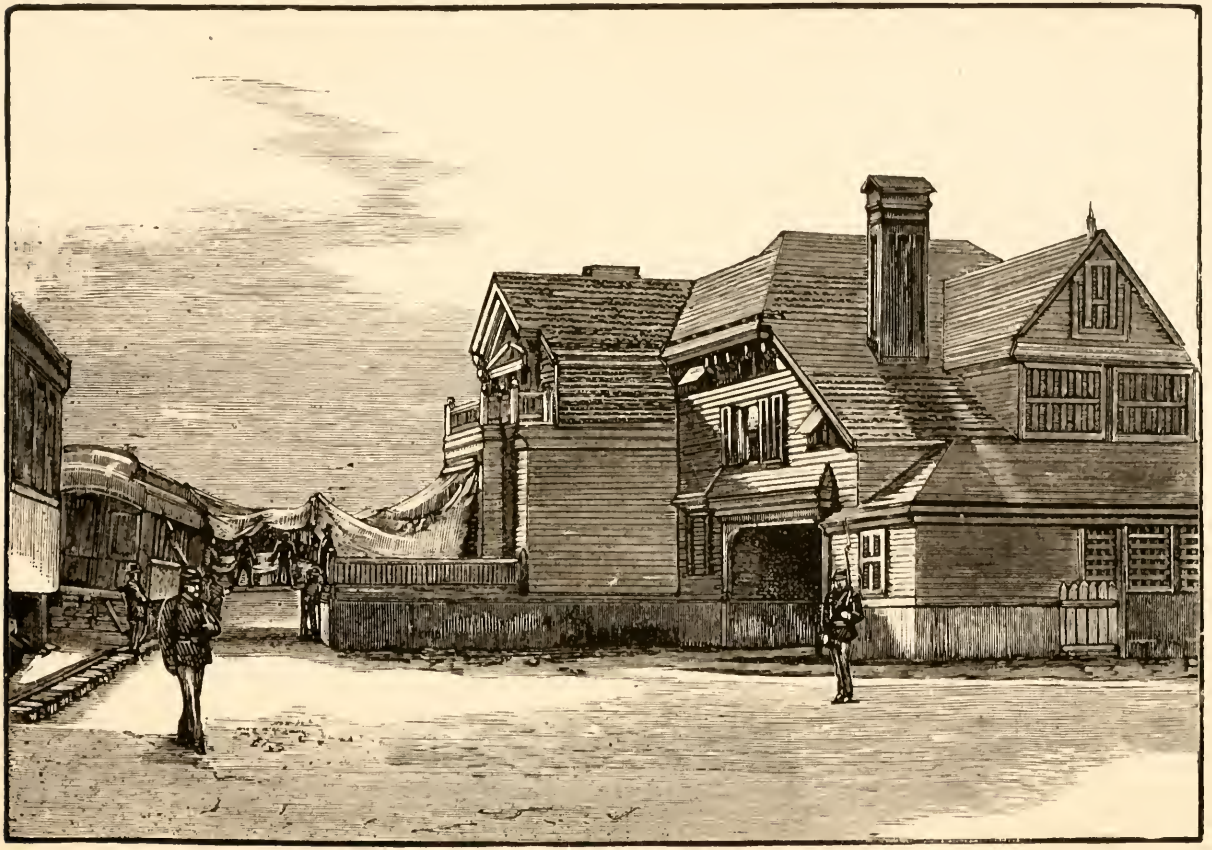
The buoyant hopes raised by the removal of the

patient were dashed, however, in a few days, by the undoubted evidence of blood-poisoning, and the presence of an abscess in the right lung. Many thought the last hope was gone. Others still clung to the hope which the patient's great physical vitality and uniform courage inspired. All along, the public, and even the doctors, had depended much upon the physical and moral make-up of the man, to restore him; and there can be no doubt, that, with an ordinary constitution, less will-power, and fewer of those conspicuous qualities, like decision, courage, self-reliance, and persistent purpose, which developed into his noble manhood, he would have died soon after the attempt upon his life. But he grew worse; and, on the seventeenth day of September, appeared to be beyond mortal aid. The medical attendants well-nigh despaired of him, although there was no evidence of speedy dissolution. Two days later, September nineteenth, there appeared slight improvement. He called for a hand-glass, that he might see his face. Mrs. Garfield put it into his hand, and he held it for some moments, viewing himself, when he remarked: "I do not see how it is that a man who looks as well as I do should be so dreadfully weak." In the evening, Colonel Rockwell, his faithful attendant, said: "Things look better; I always told you that the President would get well." Dr. Bliss remarked: "There are no more bad symptoms to mention. We think the lung trouble is a little better; his temperature is normal, and his pulse greatly reduced." General Swaim said: "He is worth all the dead men that can be laid between here and New York. His pulse is firmer, stronger, and has more volume.

His mind is clear, and his stomach right. His pluck and courage are amazing. He comes out of a chill as cheerful as if he were leaving an evening party." Dr. Hamilton remarked to a friend: "It is almost impossible to look upon that cheerful, smiling face, and not feel that he is going to live." Under the impulse of this more buoyant feeling, at ten o'clock, P. M., the following was sent to Minister Lowell in London: —

"The President had another chill of considerable severity this morning, which, following so soon after the chill of last evening, left him very weak indeed. His pulse became more frequent and feeble than at any time since he recovered from the immediate shock of the wound, and his general condition was more alarming during the day. His system has reacted to some extent, and he passed the afternoon and evening comfortably. At this hour he is resting quietly, and no disturbance is expected during the night. There has been, however, no gain whatever in strength, and therefore, there is no decrease of anxiety."

The lights were lowered for the night; Mrs. Garfield and the physicians retired; and the illustrious sleeper was left alone with his watchers.



FRANCKLYN COTTAGE, WHERE THE PRESIDENT DIED.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DEATH — FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

WITHIN ten minutes after the physicians and Mrs. Garfield retired, the President awoke with a groan. Placing his hand upon his heart, he said to General Swaim, "Oh, Swaim! what a terrible pain I have here!" Dr. Bliss was summoned from an adjoining room, hastily, and the moment he fastened his eye upon the sufferer, he exclaimed, "My God, Swaim, he is dying; call Mrs. Garfield." From that moment he appeared to be unconscious, although he fixed his eyes upon his wife as she hurriedly entered the room, and seemed to follow her as she moved around to the other side of the bed to take his hand in hers. His eyes were wide open, but dazed; his pulse only fluttered; he gasped, and was no more. At thirty-five minutes past ten o'clock, Dr. Bliss pronounced life extinct! A sudden and terrible change from the hope inspired at ten o'clock! The President of the United States — her favorite son, scholar, and statesman — was dead!

The unutterable sadness of that moment in the Francklyn Cottage can never be put upon paper. The idol of the family and nation had ceased to live, and

the witnesses of the dying scene were silent and in tears. Through that little company of friends, as representatives, the American people wept with the widow by that lifeless form.

A few moments of hushed silence, broken only by irrepressible sobs, and Mrs. Garfield slipped out of the chamber of death into her own room. She knew, by blessed experience, where to go for help in her sorrow; and, alone with Him whose grace is sufficient for all, to be made equal to the loss. In ten minutes she returned and took her seat by her dear, departed husband, calm, self-possessed, and heroic, as if she had laid a part of her crushing grief upon the Great Burden-Bearer. On being asked what her wishes were respecting the disposition of the body, she replied that she "could not consider that subject until morning." For two hours she kept her place at the bed-side of the painless sleeper, then retired sadly to her room, not to slumber, but to pace the floor until dawn.

The cabinet were near by, except Secretaries Blaine and Lincoln, who were *en route* for Long Branch from New England, and they were immediately summoned. About midnight they sent the following telegram to Vice-President Arthur, who was at his home in New York City: —

"It becomes our painful duty to inform you of the death of President Garfield, and to advise you to take the oath of office as President of the United States without delay. If it concurs with your judgment, will be very glad if you will come here on the earliest train to-morrow.

"William Windom, *Secretary of the Treasury.*
"W. H. Hunt, *Secretary of the Navy.*
"Thomas L. James, *Postmaster-General.*
"Wayne MacVeagh, *Attorney-General.*
"S. J. Kirkwood, *Secretary of Interior.*"

The next telegram was forwarded to his aged mother at Hiram, Ohio, who was awaiting the issue with maternal solicitude and Christian trust. The next went to his two sons in college, at Williamstown, Mass. : —

"At thirty-five minutes past ten o'clock to-night your father passed peacefully away. Come to Long Branch at once."

Secretaries Blaine and Lincoln were taking the train in Boston about the time the President expired, when the following telegram was handed to Mr. Lincoln : —

"LONG BRANCH, Sept. 19, 1881, 9 P. M.

"The President has passed a comfortable day, and is now resting quietly. "WAYNE MACVEAGH."

Of course the two secretaries left Boston with increased hope ; but that hope perished suddenly, when, at Putnam, Conn., a telegram intercepted them, announcing the President's death.

The news of his death was carried speedily over the country by telegraph, and before one o'clock, the inhabitants of Boston, New York, Washington, Philadelphia, and other large cities and towns, were aroused from their slumbers by the tolling of bells. They knew full well the import of that solemn knell ; and tens of thousands exchanged sleep for mourning. The sad intelligence was borne so rapidly over the land and world that, by twelve o'clock on the following day, the bells of towns from Maine to California tolled their melancholy requiem in honor of the dead. From valley, plain and hill-top, far and near, the doleful sound was borne on the wings of the wind, until almost every hamlet heard the tidings and bowed in

sorrow. The Canadas joined in the general lamentation, and expressed their heartfelt sympathy by the tolling of bells. And even across the Atlantic, the sad refrain was caught up by English towns, and their church-bells told of their sympathy for our afflicted land, and their respect for the deceased President. The sorrow was universal. How strange that thousands and thousands of bells should unite in tolling the death-knell of one who never heard the sound of a bell until he was more than ten years of age.*

President Garfield died on the anniversary of his promotion to Major-General, SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH, for brave deeds in the battle of Chickamauga. His famous ride in that battle from General Rosecrans to General Thomas, in which he ran the gauntlet of rebel guns for miles, his two orderlies and their horses being shot at his side, was so wonderful as to cause a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, who was on the ground, to say: "His death was certain, unless Providence had more work for him to do on this footstool." † God had eighteen years more of patriotic work for him to do for his country, and so he emerged from that fearful ordeal with only the smell of fire upon his garments. His countrymen hoped that God had still more and greater work for him in public life, and so would spare him now. But his life was well rounded; he had reached the Pisgah of earthly fame; he had accomplished more at fifty years than most statesmen at seventy; his work was all done, and well done; so God took him, that he might bless the nation more by his death than he could by his life.

* See Chap. VI. † See account of his ride, in Chap. XXIII.

There is a prophetic character in the statement of General Mussey, on the twenty-seventh day of August, when the physicians abandoned all hope of the President's restoration, and so announced to Mrs. Garfield: "He will not live; but he will not die until the nineteenth day of September."

"Why do you make that statement?" he was asked.

"Because it was on the nineteenth day of September, 1863, that General Garfield was made major-general for gallantry in the battle of Chickamauga, and he has often told me that when he died, he thought he should die on the anniversary of his promotion. I claim nothing for his prophecy, but only repeat what he told me several times with an earnestness I shall never forget."

On the arrival of Secretaries Blaine and Lincoln, the Cabinet convened, and with the acquiescence of Mrs. Garfield, arranged for obsequies at Washington on Friday, September twenty-third, and at Cleveland, Ohio, on Monday, September twenty-sixth. Preparations were hastily made for the removal of the body to the Capitol, and in the meantime, a post-mortem examination of the body disclosed what surprised the doctors and the country, — the bullet was found behind the heart, quite distant from the spot where the surgeons located it. They had failed to trace the course of the ball correctly, and, to comprehend fully the fatal extent of the injury. Before the close of Tuesday, Mrs. Garfield received the following telegram of condolence from Queen Victoria: —

"Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you. May God support and comfort you as He alone can."

On Wednesday morning the funeral cortege left Elberon for Washington, accompanied by the new President, Chester A. Arthur, who had taken the oath of office in New York, and Ex-President Grant, with all the members of the Cabinet. The train was deeply draped with mourning emblems, and was met with the symbols of sorrow along the entire route. At the Princeton station, three hundred students from the college stood, with uncovered heads and arms full of flowers, with which they strewed the track and literally covered the funeral car, as the train slacked its speed and moved slowly by. At five o'clock P. M., the casket was deposited in the rotunda of the Capitol, amid the tolling of bells and other sorrowful demonstrations. The Capitol and all the public buildings of the city, together with houses, stores and streets, were elaborately draped with the emblems of grief.

Arrangements were made for the body to lie in state in the rotunda of the Capitol until the time of the funeral on Friday. The lid of the casket was opened immediately after it was deposited upon the catafalque; and the crowd began to enter to view the remains. By the time the lid of the coffin was closed, late on Thursday afternoon, a hundred thousand people had passed in to see the dead President. It became necessary to close the casket on Thursday night, because decomposition was advancing so rapidly. The body had been embalmed, but the decay challenged the embalmer,

and his work proved vain. Before the face of the sleeper was shut from the gaze of men, Mrs. Garfield expressed the wish to be alone with him for a season. She was accompanied to the Capitol by the Attorney-General and other intimate friends. The sentinels and other persons were sent from the rotunda, and every door was locked, save one, through which the stricken widow might pass. As soon as she stepped alone into the rotunda, the guard locked the door behind her; and there she waited in the presence of death. The casket was covered with flowers; and various floral designs of exquisite workmanship — all the tributes of loving friends — spoke to her of beauty and joy where all tears are wiped from the eyes. There was a costly tribute, a most elaborate specimen of the florist's art, from England's queen, accompanied by a mourning card, bearing the following inscription: —

"Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield; an expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American nation."

For twenty minutes the deeply afflicted woman remained with the dead; when she came forth, pale and wan, but without a tear. There is no doubt that she was met at the coffin by Him who was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" and that she took leave of her departed husband assured that the all-sufficient One would bear her sorrows and carry her grief. (Is. liii. 4.)

The funeral ceremonies on Friday were short and simple — singing, reading of the scriptures, two

prayers, and a brief address by his pastor, Dr. Powers. The singing was the sweetest for the occasion that Washington could furnish, the piece rendered being a favorite hymn of the deceased: "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep!" His pastor said: "The cloud so long pending over the nation has at last burst upon our heads. We sit half crushed amid the ruin it has wrought. We remember with joy his faith in the son of God, whose gospel he sometimes himself preached, and which he always truly loved. And we see light and blue sky through cloud structure, and beauty instead of ruin; glory, honor, immortality, spiritual and eternal life, in the place of decay and death. The chief glory of this man, as we think of him now, was his discipleship in the school of Christ. It is as a Christian that we love to think of him, now. It was this which made his life to man an invaluable boon, his death to us an unspeakable loss, his eternity to himself an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. He was no sectarian. His religion was as broad as the religion of Christ. He was a simple Christian, bound by no sectarian ties, and wholly in fellowship with all pure spirits. He was a christologist rather than a theologist. He had great reverence for the family relations. His example as son, husband and father, is a glory to this nation. He had a most kindly nature. His power over human hearts was deep and strong. He won men to him. He had no enemies. The hand that struck him was not the hand of his enemy, but the enemy of the position, the enemy of the country, the enemy of God. He sought to do

right, manward and Godward. He was a grander man than we knew. He wrought even in his pain a better work for the nation than we can now estimate. He fell at the height of his achievements, not from any fault of his ; but we may in some sense reverently apply to him the words spoken of his dear Lord : 'He was wounded for our transgressions ; he was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon him.' As the nations remembered the Macedonian as Alexander the Great, and the Grecian as Aristides the Just, may not this son of America be known as Garfield the Good ? Our President rests ; he had joy in the glory of work, and he loved to talk of the leisure that did not come to him. Now he has it. This is the clay, precious because of the service it rendered. He is a freed spirit ; absent from the body, he is present with the Lord. On the heights whence came his help, he finds repose. What rest has been his for these four days ! The brave spirit which has cried in its body, 'I am tired,' is where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. The patient soul which groaned, under the burden of the suffering flesh, 'O, this pain,' is now in a world without pain. Spring comes, the flowers bloom, the buds put forth, the birds sing ; autumn rolls round, the birds have long since hushed their voices, the flowers faded and fallen away, the forest foliage assumes a sickly, dying hue ; so earthly things pass away and what is true remains with God. The pageant moves, the splendor of arms and the banners glitter in the sunlight, the music of instruments and of orators swells upon the air. The cheers and

praises of men resound. But the spring and summer pass by, and the autumn sees a nation of sad eyes and heavy hearts, and what is true remains of God. 'The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.'"

It should not be overlooked that, from the time the President's death was announced, letters and telegrams of sympathy and condolence came to Mrs. Garfield and Secretary Blaine, not only from the distinguished officials of our own country, — governors, senators, judges, representatives, and other public men, — but also from the rulers of almost every country on the globe. The people of every land seemed to feel that they had sustained a loss in the death of the noble man; and their expressions of sympathy were frank and full. The day of the funeral in Cleveland, Monday, September 26th, which President Arthur set apart as a fast, was observed in some foreign countries, where people assembled in large numbers to pay their tribute of respect to the lamented Chief Magistrate of the United States. The courts of England, Belgium, and Spain went into mourning. It was an unusual expression of tender regard, for which the bereaved American people were truly grateful,

At the close of the obsequies in Washington, the remains were conveyed to the train waiting to bear them to Ohio; and a silent and tearful procession followed them to the station, through streets that were thronged with people and mournful with funeral drapery. At five o'clock, all that was mortal of the great man was borne away from the capital, where he was inducted into the presidential office less than seven

months before. The entire route from Washington to Cleveland was made memorable by the grateful tributes of citizens gathering in numbers from one to ten thousand at the different railroad stations, with the emblems of their unfeigned sorrow draping every flag and building.

About one o'clock P. M., the funeral train rolled into the depot at Cleveland, presenting a touching spectacle to the assembled multitude there. It was so deeply draped, from the locomotive to the last car, that every particle of brass upon the engine and wood of the cars was concealed by crape. The depot itself was as elaborate in its symbols of death as the train ; and the fifty thousand people gathered within sight were moved to tears by the mournful scene. A hearse was in waiting to receive the casket and bear it to the great pavilion that had been erected upon the City Park. It was covered with black, and drawn by four black horses, attended by four colored grooms who served in a similar capacity when the body of President Lincoln was conveyed through the city. As soon as the casket was deposited in its place upon the costly catafalque erected in the centre of the park, the vast concourse of people began to pass around it four abreast, disappointed indeed that the face of their beloved President could not be seen, but glad to pay their honest tribute of respect to his precious memory. Until late in the evening the solemn procession filed past the remains, only a fractional part of the crowd, however, having yet been able to get within the park. Again, at sunrise, on Sabbath morning, the procession took its march, four abreast still, dividing at the foot

of the catafalque, and passing it by twos on either side, and thus continued through the day until the military closed the entrance to the park at nine o'clock in the evening. Seventy-five thousand people, composed of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, from the wealthiest to the poorest, had joined the march of honor past the coffin, and yet as many more turned away in sad disappointment.

Monday, the time of the funeral in Cleveland, had been appointed by President Arthur as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer; and the governors of most of the states joined in the request. The governors of a few states had appointed Friday, the day of obsequies at Washington, as a fast, before the President's proclamation was issued; still, Monday was regarded as the funeral day for the nation, and Cleveland was the central point to which all hearts turned. Although the capacity of the city to accommodate visitors was overtaxed on Saturday and Sunday, they continued to come on Monday morning by rail and carriage, every sort of vehicle being used to convey them from the surrounding country. What was remarkable to witness were the sad countenances worn by the vast concourse of people, nine out of ten of them wearing some symbol of bereavement, the most common one being a good portrait of the dead man on a piece of black ribbon for males to wear upon their coats. Almost every female wore some emblem of sorrow, a crape bow of black and white upon the neck being the most general. By the time of the funeral ceremonies, at half-past ten o'clock in the morning, two hundred and fifty thousand people were on the streets to witness the pageant moving to the grave.

Perhaps no city in the world was ever draped so beautifully and expensively before. There scarcely could be found a store, shop, or dwelling on which some visible token of respect for the dead did not appear. The streets, too, were arrayed in the deepest mourning, as if loving relatives of the deceased statesman had dressed them for his funeral. Euclid Avenue, six miles long, — one of the longest, widest, and finest avenues in the country, — was draped in the most costly manner from beginning to end. It is lined the whole distance with the richest lawns, in the rear of which stand the most elegant dwellings the city can boast; and the drapery that covered these costly mansions and lawns vied in elegance with the residences themselves. The splendid trees which adorn the avenue on both sides held many sable symbols on their green and thrifty boughs, while every device of floral art appeared in the most appropriate and costly designs. It was through this avenue that the funeral pageant passed to the cemetery; and its wonderful mourning attire was worthy of the sad occasion. The floral tributes in the city, especially in the park and around the catafalque, were too many and elaborate to be described. Fair hands of the city had wrought flowers into the most charming pictures; and other cities and towns had contributed them in equally exquisite forms, till it seemed as if the florists of the world had exhausted their art in furnishing beautiful pieces for the greatest day of sorrow America ever knew. Cincinnati alone forwarded two carloads of floral devices. Enormous arches spanned every entrance to the public squares, and these were covered with black cloth,

relieved with bands and fringes of white, while flowers wrought into such pictures of beauty as to remind beholders of fairy fingers, lent enchantment to the view. Each arch bore a suitable inscription in white flowers. It is quite impossible to describe the display of flowers. We shall not attempt it, except to say that, perhaps, the most attractive design of all was the pendant from the arch at the western gate. A large cross-hilted sword of evergreen, surmounted by a white dove, formed the basis of the structure, and across it was a ladder of white immortelles. There were eleven rounds to the ladder, emblematical of the different stages of General Garfield's career. On the lower round was inscribed the word "Chester;" on the second, "Hiram;" on the third, "Williams;" on the fourth, "Ohio Senate;" on the fifth, "Colonel;" on the sixth, "General;" on the seventh, "Congress;" on the eighth, "United States Senate;" on the ninth, "President;" on the tenth, "Martyr;" the *eleventh* and topmost round bore no inscription, but was heavily shrouded in crape. The reader of this volume will readily interpret these inscriptions, since they describe our hero going to the "top of the ladder."

The floral designs of the casket were numerous and elegant. None were brought from Washington except the *palms*, that symbol "victory," and Victoria's tribute. All others were the contribution of Ohio; and they were all that the truest love and veneration for the dead could ask.

When the people had assembled for the obsequies on the park, there were present two ex-Presidents of the United States, the Cabinet, and Members of Con-

gress, prominent officers of the army and navy, Judges of the Supreme Court, Foreign Ministers, Governors and ex-Governors of many of the States, together with other public men of fame from various parts of the country, presenting, perhaps, the most imposing scene of the kind ever witnessed. Mrs. Garfield, with the aged mother of the President, and other members of the family, took their seats near the casket. The mother had not seen the President since she left Washington, a few weeks after his inauguration; and now she could only look upon the coffin which held the form so dear to her. As if moved by an irrepressible yearning of love, she rose and stepped to the head of the casket, and covering her face in the deep folds of mourning in which she was clad, she poured out her soul in silent grief for a moment, and thousands wept with her.

At precisely half-past ten o'clock the services opened by the singing of Beethoven's "Funeral Hymn," by the Cleveland Vocal Society.

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Tho' sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed thro' its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy light thro' the gloom."

Scripture selections were read by Bishop Bedell; prayer was offered by Rev. R. C. Houghton; another hymn was sung by the vocal society; when Rev. Isaac Errett, D.D., of Cincinnati, according to a promise made to the deceased, years ago, proceeded to deliver an able and eloquent sermon from texts that seemed to have been inspired for this special occasion (2 Chronicles xxxv. 23–27; Isaiah iii. 1–3; xl. 6–8).

The sermon was followed by the following favorite hymn of General Garfield : —

"Ho ! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee
And the day begins to fade ?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come ?
The golden morn is passing —
Why sit ye, idle, dumb ?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle
And gather in the grain ;
The night is fast approaching
And soon will come again.
The master calls for reapers —
And shall he call in vain ?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered
And wasted on the plain ?

Mount up the heights of wisdom
And crush each error low ;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward."

Dr. C. S. Pomeroy made the closing prayer, when the remains were immediately borne to the funeral car, which was a very imposing carriage in the form of the temple of liberty, draped in black, and having at each corner a group of tattered Ohio battle-flags, among them, those of the Forty-Second Ohio Regiment, which General Garfield organized and commanded. It was drawn by twelve black horses, four

abreast, wearing mourning plumes on their heads, and covered with heavy black cloth ornamented with silver fringe. Each horse was led by a sable-liveried colored groom. The family and distinguished citizens present immediately followed the casket and took their seats in carriages provided for them, and joined the procession. The procession had been forming during the progress of the obsequies, so that it was well under way when the services closed. Lake View Cemetery, where General Garfield had expressed a wish to be buried, was seven miles away, and when the head of the procession reached the place of burial, the end of it was still in the city. And such an impressive pageant no one present ever witnessed before. The emblems of mourning, the brilliant dress of Knight Templars, Masonic Lodges and other civilian societies, the parade of richly caparisoned cavalry and the uniform of military companies, together with the draped and expensive carriages of every description drawn by fine horses finely arrayed in appropriate mourning symbols; and bands of music touching the tender hearts of the multitude with solemn dirges, all this constituted such a funeral cortege as never before followed King or Queen or President to the tomb.

At the cemetery there was singing, prayer, an address by Rev. J. H. Jones, Chaplain of the Forty-Second Ohio Regiment when General Garfield was its commander, and benediction by President Hinsdale, of Hiram College, where the deceased laid the foundation of his education as well as the foundation of his greatness.

Thus closed a day of mourning that has no parallel in American history. For, it should not be forgotten, that funeral services were also held all over the country, in the smallest as well as the largest towns; and the people suspended their industrial pursuits, and repaired to their churches and halls, where, surrounded with sombre draperies and floral tributes, they listened to funeral sermons, eulogies, prayers and hymns, and wept over their national and personal loss. The previous day, too, the Sabbath of rest — was observed in every part of the land by appropriate memorial services. The people assembled in their places of worship, in larger numbers than usual, and listened to fitting sermons upon the death of the President. Thousands of discourses were preached upon this melancholy theme in thousands of churches draped in black and decorated with flowers for the occasion. Altogether it was a memorable Sabbath in the history of our Christian land.

The sorrow and sympathy among all lands were without precedent. The Department of State furnishes the following correspondence: —

TOKIO, Sept. 21.

To Yoshida, Japanese Minister, Washington:

You are instructed to transmit the following message to the Hon. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State:

We have received with feelings of profound sorrow a telegram from our Minister, announcing the death of President Garfield. The favorable reports of his condition we have from time to time received make this sad announcement the more unexpected and painful. In the name of His Majesty, we tender to you and the sadly bereaved family our heartfelt condolence and sympathy.

INOUYE, *Minister for Foreign Affairs.*

To Secretary of State, Washington :

By special command of His Majesty, the King of Italy, now absent in the northern provinces, the Minister of Foreign Affairs communicates to me the expression of the profound regret of His Majesty, and of the Italian nation, for the death of our late chief magistrate. MARSH.

From the Acting Governor-General of Canada :

OTTAWA, Sept. 21.

Be pleased to convey to the President, and through him to the people of the United States, the deep sympathy felt by the government and people of the Dominion of Canada, for the sad loss the people of the United States have sustained in the melancholy death of their late President.

To the Secretary of State, Washington, D. C. :

The Minister of Foreign Affairs telegraphs me that the Sultan and the Ottoman government are profoundly grieved at the death of the President ; and His Excellency charges me to present, in the name of His Majesty and the government their sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Garfield, and the government of the United States. ARISTARCHI.

To Secretary Blaine, Washington :

Sympathy in Belgium for the nation, and President Garfield's family, profound and universal. The King, the government legations, and citizens have expressed it. PUTNAM, *Brussels.*

ROME, Sept. 21,

To His Excellency, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Washington :

The loss of the illustrious President Garfield has roused a deep sorrow to the Holy Father. His Holiness directs me to present his condolence to Your Excellency and to the Government, and his best wishes for the prosperity of the republic.

L. CARDINAL JACOBINI.

To President Arthur:

The Anglo-Jewish Association deplores the loss sustained by the American nation, and offers heartfelt sympathy to the Government and people of the United States, and also to the bereaved family of the late illustrious President.

BARON DE WORMS, M. D.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* said:

A year ago to-day not one Englishman in a thousand had heard Garfield's name. To-day there will scarcely be an Englishman in a thousand who will not read of his death with regret as real and as deep as if he had been a ruler of our own. A communion of sorrow unites the members of the English race to-day more closely than it has ever been since 1776.

GLASGOW, Sept. 26.

The flags were at half-mast, and the bells were tolled for an hour; the principal markets have closed for the afternoon.

MANCHESTER, Sept. 26.

Business was to a great extent suspended to-day. There was a funeral service in the Cathedral.

LONDON, Sept. 21.

Every hour increases the evidence that the present is the most remarkable demonstration of sympathy ever witnessed in Europe.

As we recall, in conclusion, the wonderful career of the man, and ponder the mysterious Providence that confronts us in his removal, and ask the meaning of the deep and universal grief at his burial, we can find no more fitting words with which to close this record, than his own words, in the National House of Representatives, on the occasion of the first anniversary of Lincoln's death. In a speech of rare beauty and eloquence, he said, — what applies with remarkable significance to himself:

"This day will be sadly memorable so long as this nation shall endure, which, God grant, may be 'till the last syllable of recorded time,' when the volume of human history shall be sealed up, and delivered to the Omnipotent Judge.

. . . . . .

"His character is aptly described in the words of England's great leaureate, written thirty years ago, in which he traces the upward steps of some

'Divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blow of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merits known,
And lives to clutch his golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.'

"Such a life and character will be treasured forever as the sacred possession of the American people and of mankind.

. . . . . .

"Ah, sir, there are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the beat-

ings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this nation passed. When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyr President to the company of the dead heroes of the Republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men.

"Awe-stricken by his voice, the American people knelt in tearful reverence and made a solemn covenant with Him and with each other that this nation should be saved from its enemies, that all its glories should be restored, and on the ruins of treason and slavery the temples of freedom and justice should be built, and should survive forever. It remains for us, consecrated to that great event, and under a covenant with God, to keep that faith, to go forward in the great work until it shall be completed.

"Following the lead of that great man, and obeying the high behests of God, let us remember that, —

"'He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet;
For God is marching on.'"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. BLAINE'S EULOGY ON PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

FOR the second time in this generation the great departments of the Government of the United States are assembled in the Hall of Representatives to do honor to the memory of a murdered President. Lincoln fell at the close of a mighty struggle in which the passions of men had been deeply stirred. The tragical termination of his great life added but another to the lengthened succession of horrors which had marked so many lintels with the blood of the first born. Garfield was slain in a day of peace, when brother had been reconciled to brother, and when anger and hate had been banished from the land. "Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited where such example was last to have been looked for, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character."

From the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth till the uprising against Charles the First, about twenty thousand emigrants came from old England to New England. As they came in pursuit of intellectual freedom and ecclesiastical independence rather than for worldly honor and profit, the emigration naturally ceased when the contest for religious liberty began in earnest at home. The man who struck his most effective blow for freedom of conscience by sailing for the colonies in 1620 would have been accounted a deserter to leave after 1640. The opportunity had then come on the soil of England for that great contest which established the authority of Parliament, gave religious freedom to the people, sent Charles to the block, and committed to the hands of Oliver Cromwell the Supreme Executive authority of England. The English emigration was never renewed, and from these twenty thousand men, with a small emigration from Scotland and from France, are descended the vast numbers who have New England blood in their veins.

In 1685 the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. scattered to other countries four hundred thousand Protestants, who were among the most intelligent and enterprising of French subjects — merchants of capital, skilled manufacturers, and handicraftsmen, superior at the time to all others in Europe. A considerable number of these Huguenot French came to America; a few landed in New England and became honorably prominent in its history. Their names have in large part become anglicized, or have disappeared, but their blood is

traceable in many of the most reputable families, and their fame is perpetuated in honorable memorials and useful institutions.

From these two sources, the English-Puritan and the French-Huguenot, came the late President — his father, Abram Garfield, being descended from the one, and his mother, Eliza Ballou, from the other.

It was good stock on both sides — none better, none braver, none truer. There was in it an inheritance of courage, of manliness, of imperishable love of liberty, of undying adherence to principle. Garfield was proud of his blood; and, with as much satisfaction as if he were a British nobleman reading his stately ancestral record in Burke's Peerage, he spoke of himself as ninth in descent from those who would not endure the oppression of the Stuarts, and seventh in descent from the brave French Protestants who refused to submit to tyranny even from the Grand Monarch.

General Garfield delighted to dwell on these traits, and, during his only visit to England, he busied himself in discovering every trace of his forefathers in parish registries and on ancient army rolls. Sitting with a friend in the gallery of the House of Commons one night after a long day's labor in this field of research, he said with evident elation that in every war in which for three centuries patriots of English blood had struck sturdy blows for constitutional government and human liberty, his family had been represented. They were at Marston Moor, at Naseby and at Preston; they were at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, and at Monmouth, and in his own person had

battled for the same great cause in the war which preserved the Union of the States.

Losing his father before he was two years old, the early life of Garfield was one of privation, but its poverty has been made indelicately and unjustly prominent. Thousands of readers have imagined him as the ragged, starving child, whose reality too often greets the eye in the squalid sections of our large cities. General Garfield's infancy and youth had none of their destitution, none of their pitiful features appealing to the tender heart and to the open hand of charity. He was a poor boy in the sense in which Henry Clay was a poor boy; in which Andrew Jackson was a poor boy; in which Daniel Webster was a poor boy; in the sense in which a large majority of the eminent men of America in all generations have been poor boys. Before a great multitude of men, in a public speech, Mr. Webster bore this testimony:

"It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke rose first from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which

mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode."

With the requisite change of scene the same words would aptly portray the early days of Garfield. The poverty of the frontier, where all are engaged in a common struggle and where a common sympathy and hearty coöperation lighten the burden of each, is a very different poverty, different in kind, different in influence and effect from that conscious and humiliating indigence which is every day forced to contrast itself with neighboring wealth on which it feels a sense of grinding dependence. The poverty of the frontier is indeed no poverty. It is but the beginning of wealth, and has the boundless possibilities of the future always opening before it. No man ever grew up in the agricultural regions of the West where a house-raising, or even a corn-husking, is a matter of common interest and helpfulness, with any other feeling than that of broad-minded, generous independence. This honorable independence marked the youth of Garfield as it marks the youth of millions of the best blood and brain now training for the future citizenship and future government of the republic. Garfield was born heir to land, to the title of freeholder which has been the patent and passport of self-respect with the Anglo-Saxon race ever since Hengist and Horsa landed on the shores of England. His adventure on the canal — an alternative between that and the deck of a Lake Erie schooner — was a farmer boy's device for earning money, just as the New England lad begins a possible great career by sailing before the mast on a coasting vessel or on a

merchantman bound to the farther India or to the China Seas.

No manly man feels anything of shame in looking back to early struggles with adverse circumstances, and no man feels a worthier pride than when he has conquered the obstacles to his progress. But no one of noble mould desires to be looked upon as having occupied a menial position, as having been repressed by a feeling of inferiority, or as having suffered the evils of poverty until relief was found at the hand of charity. General Garfield's youth presented no hardships which family love and family energy did not overcome, subjected him to no privations which he did not cheerfully accept, and left no memories save those which were recalled with delight, and transmitted with profit and with pride.

Garfield's early opportunities for securing an education were extremely limited, and yet were sufficient to develop in him an intense desire to learn. He could read at three years of age, and each winter he had the advantage of the district school. He read all the books to be found within the circle of his acquaintance; some of them he got by heart. While yet in childhood he was a constant student of the Bible, and became familiar with its literature. The dignity and earnestness of his speech in his maturer life gave evidence of this early training. At eighteen years of age he was able to teach school, and thenceforward his ambition was to obtain a college education. To this end he bent all his efforts, working in the harvest field, at the carpenter's bench, and, in the winter season, teaching the common schools of the neighborhood.

While thus laboriously occupied he found time to prosecute his studies, and was so successful that at twenty-two years of age he was able to enter the junior class at Williams College, then under the presidency of the venerable and honored Mark Hopkins, who, in the fullness of his powers, survives the eminent pupil to whom he was of inestimable service.

The history of Garfield's life to this period presents no novel features. He had undoubtedly shown perseverance, self-reliance, self-sacrifice, and ambition — qualities which, be it said for the honor of our country, are everywhere to be found among the young men of America. But from his graduation at Williams onward, to the hour of his tragical death, Garfield's career was eminent and exceptional. Slowly working through his educational period, receiving his diploma when twenty-four years of age, he seemed at one bound to spring into conspicuous and brilliant success. Within six years he was successively president of a college, State senator of Ohio, major-general of the Army of the United States, and Representative elect to the National Congress. A combination of honors so varied, so elevated, within a period so brief and to a man so young, is without precedent or parallel in the history of the country.

Garfield's army life was begun with no other military knowledge than such as he had hastily gained from books in the few months preceeding his march to the field. Stepping from civil life to the head of a regiment, the first order he received when ready to cross the Ohio was to assume command of a brigade, and to operate as an independent force in Eastern Kentucky.

His immediate duty was to check the advance of Humphrey Marshall, who was marching down the Big Sandy with the intention of occupying in connection with other Confederate forces the entire territory of Kentucky, and of precipitating the State into secession. This was at the close of the year 1861. Seldom, if ever, has a young college professor been thrown into a more embarrassing and discouraging position. He knew just enough of military science, as he expressed it himself, to measure the extent of his ignorance, and with a handful of men he was marching, in rough winter weather, into a strange country, among a hostile population, to confront a largely superior force under the command of a distinguished graduate of West Point, who had seen active and important service in two preceding wars.

The result of the campaign is matter of history. The skill, the endurance, the extraordinary energy shown by Garfield, the courage he imparted to his men, raw and untried as himself, the measures he adopted to increase his force and to create in the enemy's mind exaggerated estimates of his numbers, bore perfect fruit in the routing of Marshall, the capture of his camp, the dispersion of his force, and the emancipation of an important territory from the control of the rebellion. Coming at the close of a long series of disasters to the Union arms, Garfield's victory had an unusual and extraneous importance, and in the popular judgment elevated the young commander to the rank of a military hero. With less than two thousand men in his entire command, with a mobilized force of only eleven hundred, without cannon, he had met an army of five thousand

and defeated them — driving Marshall's forces successively from two strongholds of their own selection, fortified with abundant artillery. Major-General Buell, commanding the Department of the Ohio, an experienced and able soldier of the Regular Army, published an order of thanks and congratulation on the brilliant result of the Big Sandy campaign, which would have turned the head of a less cool and sensible man than Garfield. Buell declared that his services had called into action the highest quality of a soldier, and President Lincoln supplemented these words of praise by the more substantial reward of a brigadier-general's commission, to bear date from the day of this decisive victory over Marshall.

The subsequent military career of Garfield fully sustained its brilliant beginning. With his new commission he was assigned to the command of a brigade in the Army of the Ohio, and took part in the second and decisive day's fight in the great battle of Shiloh. The remainder of the year 1862 was not especially eventful to Garfield, as it was not to the armies with which he was serving. His practical sense was called into exercise in completing the task assigned him by General Buell, of reconstructing bridges and re-establishing lines of railway communication for the Army. His occupation in this useful but not brilliant field was varied by service on courts martial of importance, in which department of duty he won a valuable reputation, attracting the notice and securing the approval of the able and eminent Judge-Advocate-General of the Army. That of itself was warrant to honorable fame; for among the great men who in those trying days gave themselves,

with entire devotion, to the service of their country, one who brought to that service the ripest learning, the most fervid eloquence, the most varied attainments, who labored with modesty and shunned applause, who in the day of triumph sat reserved and silent and grateful — as Francis Deak in the hour of Hungary's deliverance — was Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, who in his honorable retirement enjoys the respect and veneration of all who love the Union of the States.

Early in 1863 Garfield was assigned to the highly important and responsible post of chief of staff to General Rosecrans, then at the head of the Army of the Cumberland. Perhaps in a great military campaign no subordinate officer requires sounder judgment and quicker knowledge of men than the chief of staff to the commanding-general. An indiscreet man in such a position can sow more discord, breed more jealousy and disseminate more strife than any other officer in the entire organization. When General Garfield assumed his new duties he found various troubles already well developed and seriously affecting the value and efficiency of the Army of the Cumberland. The energy, the impartiality, and the tact with which he sought to allay these dissensions, and to discharge the duties of his new and trying position will always remain one of the most striking proofs of his great versatility. His military duties closed on the memorable field of Chickamauga, a field which however disastrous to the Union arms gave to him the occasion of winning imperishable laurels. The very rare distinction was accorded him of a great promotion for his bravery on a field that was lost. President Lincoln appointed

him a major-general in the Army of the United States for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chickamauga.

The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized under the command of General Thomas, who promptly offered Garfield one of its divisions. He was extremely desirous to accept the position, but was embarrassed by the fact that he had, a year before, been elected to Congress, and the time when he must take his seat was drawing near. He preferred to remain in the military service, and had within his own breast the largest confidence of success in the wider field which his new rank opened to him. Balancing the arguments on the one side and the other, anxious to determine what was for the best, desirous above all things to do his patriotic duty, he was decisively influenced by the advice of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, both of whom assured him that he could, at that time, be of especial value in the House of Representatives. He resigned his commission of major-general on the 5th day of December, 1863, and took his seat in the House of Representatives on the 7th. He had served two years and four months in the Army, and had just completed his thirty-second year.

The Thirty-eighth Congress is pre-eminently entitled in history to the designation of the War Congress. It was elected while the war was flagrant, and every member was chosen upon the issues involved in the continuance of the struggle. The Thirty-seventh Congress had, indeed, legislated to a large extent on war measures, but it was chosen before any one believed that secession of the States would be actually attempted.

The magnitude of the work which fell upon its successor was unprecedented, both in respect to the vast sums of money raised for the support of the Army and Navy, and of the new and extraordinary powers of legislation which it was forced to exercise. Only twenty-four States were represented, and one hundred and eighty-two members were upon its roll. Among these were many distinguished party leaders on both sides, veterans in the public service, with established reputations for ability, and with that skill which comes only from parliamentary experience. Into this assemblage of men Garfield entered without special preparation, and it might almost be said unexpectedly. The question of taking command of a division of troops under General Thomas, or taking his seat in Congress was kept open till the last moment, so late, indeed, that the resignation of his military commission and his appearance in the House were almost contemporaneous. He wore the uniform of a major-general of the United States Army on Saturday, and on Monday in civilian's dress, he answered to the roll-call as a Representative in Congress from the State of Ohio.

He was especially fortunate in the constituency which elected him. Descended almost entirely from New England stock, the men of the Ashtabula district were intensely radical on all questions relating to human rights. Well educated, thrifty, thoroughly intelligent in affairs, acutely discerning of character, not quick to bestow confidence, and slow to withdraw it, they were at once the most helpful and most exacting of supporters. Their tenacious trust in men in whom they have once confided is illustrated by the unparalleled fact

that Elisha Whittlesey, Joshua R. Giddings, and James A. Garfield represented the district for fifty-four years.

There is no test of a man's ability in any department of public life more severe than service in the House of Representatives; there is no place where so little deference is paid to reputation previously acquired, or to eminence won outside; no place where so little consideration is shown for the feelings or the failures of beginners. What a man gains in the House he gains by sheer force of his own character, and if he loses and falls back he must expect no mercy, and will receive no sympathy. It is a field in which the survival of the strongest is the recognized rule, and where no pretence can deceive and no glamour can mislead. The real man is discovered, his worth is impartially weighed, his rank is irreversibly decreed.

With possibly a single exception, Garfield was the youngest member in the House when he entered, and was but seven years from his college graduation. But he had not been in his seat sixty days before his ability was recognized and his place conceded. He stepped to the front with the confidence of one who belonged there The House was crowded with strong men of both parties; nineteen of them have since been transferred to the Senate, and many of them have served with distinction in the gubernatorial chairs of their respective States, and on foreign missions of great consequence; but among them all none grew so rapidly, none so firmly as Garfield. As is said by Trevelyan of his parliamentary hero, Garfield succeeded "because all the world in concert could not have kept him in the background, and because when

once in the front he played his part with a prompt intrepidity and a commanding ease that were but the outward symptoms of the immense reserves of energy, on which it was in his power to draw." Indeed the apparently reserved force which Garfield possessed was one of his great characteristics. He never did so well but that it seemed he could easily have done better. He never expended so much strength but that he seemed to be holding additional power at call. This is one of the happiest and rarest distinctions of an effective debater, and often counts for as much in persuading an assembly as the eloquent and elaborate argument.

The great measure of Garfield's fame was filled by his service in the House of Representatives. His military life, illustrated by honorable performance, and rich in promise, was, as he himself felt, prematurely terminated, and necessarily incomplete. Speculation as to what he might have done in a field where the great prizes are so few, cannot be profitable. It is sufficient to say that as a soldier he did his duty bravely; he did it intelligently; he won an enviable fame, and he retired from the service without blot or breath against him. As a lawyer, though admirably equipped for the profession, he can scarcely be said to have entered on its practice. The few efforts he made at the bar were distinguished by the same high order of talent which he exhibited on every field where he was put to the test, and if a man may be accepted as a competent judge of his own capacities and adaptations, the law was the profession to which Garfield should have devoted himself. But fate ordained otherwise,

and his reputation in history will rest largely upon his service in the House of Representatives. That service was exceptionally long. He was nine times consecutively chosen to the House, an honor enjoyed probably by not twenty other Representatives of the more than five thousand who have been elected from the organization of the government to this hour.

As a parliamentary orator, as a debater on an issue squarely joined, where the position had been chosen and the ground laid out, Garfield must be assigned a very high rank. More, perhaps, than any man with whom he was associated in public life, he gave careful and systematic study to public questions and he came to every discussion in which he took part, with elaborate and complete preparation. He was a steady and indefatigable worker. Those who imagine that talent or genius can supply the place or achieve the results of labor will find no encouragement in Garfield's life. In preliminary work he was apt, rapid, and skilful. He possessed in a high degree the power of readily absorbing ideas and facts, and, like Dr. Johnson, had the art of getting from a book all that was of value in it by a reading apparently so quick and cursory that it seemed like a mere glance at the table of contents. He was a pre-eminently fair and candid man in debate, took no petty advantage, stooped to no unworthy methods, avoided personal allusions, rarely appealed to prejudice, did not seek to inflame passion. He had a quicker eye for the strong point of his adversary than for his weak point, and on his own side he so marshalled his weighty arguments as to make his hearers forget any possible lack in the complete strength of

his position. He had a habit of stating his opponent's side with such amplitude of fairness and such liberality of concession that his followers often complained that he was giving his case away. But never in his prolonged participation in the proceedings of the House did he give his case away, or fail in the judgment of competent and impartial listeners to gain the mastery.

These characteristics, which marked Garfield as a great debater, did not, however, make him a great parliamentary leader. A parliamentary leader, as that term is understood wherever free representative government exists, is necessarily and very strictly the organ of his party. An ardent American defined the instinctive warmth of patriotism when he offered the toast, "Our country, always right, but right or wrong, our country." The parliamentary leader who has a body of followers that will do and dare and die for the cause, is one who believes his party always right, but right or wrong, is for his party. No more important or exacting duty devolves upon him than the selection of the field and the time for contest. He must know not merely how to strike, but where to strike, and when to strike. He often skilfully avoids the strength of his opponent's position and scatters confusion in his ranks by attacking an exposed point when really the righteousness of the cause and the strength of logical entrenchment are against him. He conquers often both against the right and the heavy battalions; as when young Charles Fox, in the days of his toryism, carried the House of Commons against justice, against its immemorial rights, against his own convictions, if, indeed, at that period Fox had convictions, and, in the

interest of a corrupt administration, in obedience to a tyrannical sovereign, drove Wilkes from the seat to which the electors of Middlesex had chosen him and installed Luttrell in defiance, not merely of law but of public decency. For an achievement of that kind Garfield was disqualified — disqualified by the texture of his mind, by the honesty of his heart, by his conscience, and by every instinct and aspiration of his nature.

The three most distinguished parliamentary leaders hitherto developed in this country are Mr. Clay, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. Each was a man of consummate ability, of great earnestness, of intense personality, differing widely, each from the others, and yet with a signal trait in common — the power to command. In the give and take of daily discussion, in the art of controlling and consolidating reluctant and refractory followers; in the skill to overcome all forms of opposition, and to meet with competency and courage the varying phases of unlooked for assault or unsuspected defection, it would be difficult to rank with these a fourth name in all our Congressional history. But of these Mr. Clay was the greatest. It would, perhaps, be impossible to find in the parliamentary annals of the world a parallel to Mr. Clay, in 1841, when at sixty-four years of age he took the control of the Whig party from the President who had received their suffrages, against the power of Webster in the Cabinet, against the eloquence of Choate in the Senate, against the herculean efforts of Caleb Cushing and Henry A. Wise in the House. In unshared leadership, in the pride and plenitude of

power he hurled against John Tyler with deepest scorn the mass of that conquering column which had swept over the land in 1840, and drove his administration to seek shelter behind the lines of his political foes. Mr. Douglas achieved a victory scarcely less wonderful when, in 1854, against the secret desires of a strong administration, against the wise counsel of the older chiefs, against the conservative instincts and even the moral sense of the country, he forced a reluctant Congress into a repeal of the Missouri compromise. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, in his contests from 1865 to 1868, actually advanced his parliamentary leadership until Congress tied the hands of the President and governed the country by its own will, leaving only perfunctory duties to be discharged by the Executive. With two hundred millions of patronage in his hands at the opening of the contest, aided by the active force of Seward in the Cabinet and the moral power of Chase on the Bench, Andrew Johnson could not command the support of one-third in either House against the Parliamentary uprising of which Thaddeus Stevens was the animating spirit and the unquestioned leader.

From these three great men Garfield differed radically, differed in the quality of his mind, in temperament, in the form and phase of ambition. He could not do what they did, but he could do what they could not, and in the breadth of his Congressional work he left that which will longer exert a potential influence among men, and which, measured by the severe test of posthumous criticism, will secure a more enduring and more enviable fame.

These unfamiliar with Garfield's industry, and ig-

norant of the details of his work, may, in some degree, measure them by the annals of Congress. No one of the generation of public men to which he belonged has contributed so much that will be valuable for future reference. His speeches are numerous, many of them brilliant, all of them well studied, carefully phrased, and exhaustive of the subject under consideration. Collected from the scattered pages of ninety royal octavo volumes of Congressional Record, they would present an invaluable compendium of the political history of the most important era through which the national government has ever passed. When the history of this period shall be impartially written, when war legislation, measures of reconstruction, protection of human rights, amendments to the constitution, maintenance of public credit, steps towards specie resumption, true theories of revenue may be reviewed, unsurrounded by prejudice and disconnected from partisanism, the speeches of Garfield will be estimated at their true value, and will be found to comprise a vast magazine of fact and argument, of clear analysis and sound conclusion. Indeed, if no other authority were accessible, his speeches in the House of Representatives from December, 1863, to June, 1880, would give a well connected history and complete defence of the important legislation of the seventeen eventful years that constitute his Parliamentary life. Far beyond that, his speeches would be found to forecast many great measures, yet to be completed — measures which he knew were beyond the public opinion of the hour, but which he confidently believed would secure popular approval within the period of his own lifetime, and by the aid of his own efforts.

Differing, as Garfield does, from the brilliant Parliamentary leaders, it is not easy to find his counterpart anywhere in the record of American public life. He perhaps more nearly resembles Mr. Seward in his supreme faith in the all-conquering power of a principle. He had the love of learning, and the patient industry of investigation, to which John Quincy Adams owed his prominence and his Presidency. He had some of those ponderous elements of mind which distinguished Mr. Webster, and which indeed, in all our public life, have left the great Massachusetts senator without an intellectual peer.

In English parliamentary history, as in our own, the leaders in the House of Commons present points of essential difference from Garfield. But some of his methods recall the best features in the strong, independent course of Sir Robert Peel, and striking resemblances are discernible in that most promising of modern conservatives, who died too early for his country and his fame, Lord George Bentinck. He had all of Burke's love for the Sublime and the Beautiful, with possibly, something of his superabundance; and in his faith and his magnanimity, in his power of statement, in his subtle analysis, in his faultless logic, in his love of literature, in his wealth and world of illustration, one is reminded of that great English statesman of today, who, confronted with obstacles that would daunt any but the dauntless, reviled by those whom he would relieve as bitterly as by those whose supposed rights he is forced to invade, still labors with serene courage for the amelioration of Ireland, and for the honor of the English name.

Garfield's nomination to the Presidency, while not predicted or anticipated, was not a surprise to the country. His prominence in Congress, his solid qualities, his wide reputation, strengthened by his then recent election as Senator from Ohio, kept him in the public eye as a man occupying the very highest rank among those entitled to be called statesmen. It was not mere chance that brought him this high honor. "We must," says Mr. Emerson, "reckon success a constitutional trait. If Eric is in robust health and has slept well and is at the top of his condition, and thirty years old at his departure from Greenland, he will steer west and his ship will reach Newfoundland. But take Eric out and put in a stronger and bolder man and the ship will sail six hundred, one thousand, fifteen hundred miles farther and reach Labrador and New England. There is no chance in results."

As a candidate, Garfield steadily grew in popular favor. He was met with a storm of detraction at the very hour of his nomination, and it continued with increasing volume and momentum until the close of his victorious campaign :

> No might nor greatness in mortality
> Can censure 'scape ; backwounding calumny
> The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
> Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?

Under it all he was calm, and strong, and confident ; never lost his self-possession, did no unwise act, spoke no hasty, or ill-considered word. Indeed, nothing in his whole life is more remarkable or more creditable than his bearing through those five full months of

vituperation — a prolonged agony of trial to a sensitive man, a constant and cruel draft upon the powers of moral endurance. The great mass of these unjust imputations passed unnoticed, and with the general *débris* of the campaign fell into oblivion. But in a few instances the iron entered his soul, and he died with the injury unforgotten, if not unforgiven.

One aspect of Garfield's candidacy was unprecedented. Never before, in the history of partisan contests in this country, had a successful Presidential candidate spoken freely on passing events and current issues. To attempt anything of the kind seemed novel, rash, and even desperate. The older class of voters recalled the unfortunate Alabama letter, in which Mr. Clay was supposed to have signed his political death warrant. They remembered, also, the hot-tempered effusion by which General Scott lost a large share of his popularity before his nomination, and the unfortunate speeches which rapidly consumed the remainder. The younger voters had seen Mr. Greeley, in a series of vigorous and original addresses, preparing the pathway for his own defeat. Unmindful of these warnings, unheeding the advice of friends, Garfield spoke to large crowds as he journeyed to and from New York, in August, to a great multitude in that city, to delegations and deputations of every kind that called at Mentor during the summer and autumn. With innumerable critics, watchful and eager to catch a phrase that might be turned into odium or ridicule, or a sentence that might be distorted to his own or his party's injury, Garfield did not trip or halt in any one of his seventy speeches. This seems all the more

remarkable when it is remembered that he did not write what he said, and yet spoke with such logical consecutiveness of thought, and such admirable precision of phrase, as to defy the accident of misreport and the malignity of misrepresentation.

In the beginning of his Presidential life, Garfield's experience did not yield him pleasure or satisfaction. The duties that engross so large a portion of the President's time were distasteful to him, and were unfavorably contrasted with his legislative work. "I have been dealing all these years with ideas," he impatiently exclaimed one day, "and here I am dealing only with persons. I have been heretofore treating of the fundamental principles of government, and here I am considering all day whether A or B shall be appointed to this or that office." He was earnestly seeking some practical way of correcting the evils arising from the distribution of overgrown and unwieldy patronage — evils always appreciated and often discussed by him, but whose magnitude had been more deeply impressed upon his mind since his accession to the Presidency. Had he lived, a comprehensive improvement in the mode of appointment and in the tenure of office would have been proposed by him, and, with the aid of Congress, no doubt perfected.

But, while many of the Executive duties were not grateful to him, he was assiduous and conscientious in their discharge. From the very outset he exhibited administrative talent of a high order. He grasped the helm of office with the hand of a master. In this respect, indeed, he constantly surprised many who were most intimately associated with him in the govern-

ment, and especially those who had feared that he might be lacking in the executive faculty. His disposition of business was orderly and rapid. His power of analysis, and his skill in classification, enabled him to dispatch a vast mass of detail with singular promptness and ease. His Cabinet meetings were admirably conducted. His clear presentation of official subjects, his well-considered suggestion of topics on which discussion was invited, his quick decision when all had been heard, combined to show a thoroughness of mental training as rare as his natural ability and his facile adaptation to a new and enlarged field of labor.

With perfect comprehension of all the inheritances of the war, with a cool calculation of the obstacles in his way, impelled always by a generous enthusiasm, Garfield conceived that much might be done by his administration towards restoring harmony between the different sections of the Union. He was anxious to go South and speak to the people. As early as April he had ineffectually endeavored to arrange for a trip to Nashville, whither he had been cordially invited, and he was again disappointed a few weeks later to find that he could not go to South Carolina to attend the centennial celebration of the victory of the Cowpens. But for the autumn he definitely counted on being present at three memorable assemblies in the South, the celebration at Yorktown, the opening of the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, and the meeting of the Army of the Cumberland, at Chattanooga. He was already turning over in his mind his address for each occasion, and the three taken together, he said to a friend, gave him the exact scope and verge which

he needed. At Yorktown he would have before him the associations of a hundred years that bound the South and the North in the sacred memory of a common danger and a common victory. At Atlanta he would present the material interests and the industrial development which appealed to the thrift and independence of every household, and which should unite the two sections by the instinct of self-interest and self-defence. At Chattanooga he would revive memories of the war only to show that, after all its disaster, and all its suffering, the country was stronger and greater, the Union rendered indissoluble, and the future, through the agony and blood of one generation, made brighter and better for all.

Garfield's ambition for the success of his administration was high. With strong caution and conservatism in his nature, he was in no danger of attempting rash experiments or of resorting to the empiricism of statesmanship. But he believed that renewed and closer attention should be given to questions affecting the material interests and commercial prospects of fifty millions of people. He believed that our continental relations, extensive and undeveloped as they are, involved responsibility, and could be cultivated into profitable friendship or be abandoned to harmful indifference or lasting enmity. He believed with equal confidence that an essential forerunner to a new era of national progress must be a feeling of contentment in every section of the Union, and a generous belief that the benefits and burdens of government would be common to all. Himself a conspicuous illustration of what ability and ambition may do under republican institu-

tions, he loved his country with a passion of patriotic devotion, and every waking thought was given to her advancement. He was an American in all his aspirations, and he looked to the destiny and influence of the United States with the philosophic composure of Jefferson and the demonstrative confidence of John Adams.

The political events which disturbed the President's serenity, for many weeks before that fateful day in July, form an important chapter in his career, and, in his own judgment, involved questions of principle and of right which are vitally essential to the constitutional administration of the Federal Government. It would be out of place here and now to speak the language of controversy; but the events referred to, however they may continue to be source of contention with others, have become, so far as Garfield is concerned, as much a matter of history as his heroism at Chickamauga or his illustrious service in the house. Detail is not needful, and personal antagonism shall not be rekindled by any word uttered to-day. The motives of those opposing him are not to be here adversely interpreted nor their course harshly characterized. But of the dead President this is to be said, and said because his own speech is forever silenced and he can be no more heard except through the fidelity and the love of surviving friends: From the beginning to the end of the controversy he so much deplored, the President was never for one moment actuated by any motive of gain to himself or of loss to others. Least of all men did he harbor revenge, rarely did he even show resentment, and malice was not in his nature. He was con-

genially employed only in the exchange of good offices and the doing of kindly deeds.

There was not an hour from the beginning of the trouble till the fatal shot entered his body, when the President would not gladly, for the sake of restoring harmony, have retraced any step he had taken if such retracing had merely involved consequences personal to himself. The pride of consistency, or any supposed sense of humiliation that might result from surrendering his position, had not a feather's weight with him. No man was ever less subject to such influences from within or from without. But after the most anxious deliberation and the coolest survey of all the circumstances, he solemnly believed that the true prerogatives of the Executive were involved in the issue which had been raised, and that he would be unfaithful to his supreme obligation if he failed to maintain, in all their vigor, the constitutional rights and dignities of his great office. He believed this in all the convictions of conscience when in sound and vigorous health, and he believed it in his suffering and prostration in the last conscious thought which his wearied mind bestowed on the transitory struggles of life.

More than this need not be said. Less than this could not be said. Justice to the dead, the highest obligation that devolves upon the living, demands the declaration that in all the bearings of the subject, actual or possible, the President was content in his mind, justified in his conscience, immovable in his conclusions.

The religious element in Garfield's character was deep and earnest. In his early youth he espoused the

faith of the Disciples, a sect of that great Baptist Communion, which in different ecclesiastical establishments is so numerous and so influential throughout all parts of the United States. But the broadening tendency of his mind and his active spirit of inquiry were early apparent and carried him beyond the dogmas of sect and the restraints of association. In selecting a college in which to continue his education he rejected Bethany, though presided over by Alexander Campbell, the greatest preacher of his church. His reasons were characteristic; first, that Bethany leaned too heavily toward slavery; and, second, that being himself a Disciple and the son of Disciple parents, he had little acquaintance with people of other beliefs, and he thought it would make him more liberal, quoting his own words, both in his religious and general views, to go into a new circle and be under new influences.

The liberal tendency which he anticipated as the result of wider culture was fully realized. He was emancipated from mere sectarian belief, and with eager interest pushed his investigations in the direction of modern progressive thought. He followed with quickening step in the paths of exploration and speculation so fearlessly trodden by Darwin, by Huxley, by Tyndall, and by other living scientists of the radical and advanced type. His own church, binding its disciples by no formulated creed, but accepting the Old and New Testaments as the word of God with unbiased liberty of private interpretation, favored, if it did not stimulate, the spirit of investigation. Its members profess with sincerity, and profess only, to be of one mind and one

faith with those who immediately followed the Master, and who were first called Christians at Antioch.

But however high Garfield reasoned of "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," he was never separated from the Church of the Disciples in his affections and in his associations. For him it held the ark of the covenant. To him it was the gate of heaven. The world of religious belief is full of solecisms and contradictions. A philosophic observer declares that men by the thousand will die in defence of a creed whose doctrines they do not comprehend and whose tenets they habitually violate. It is equally true that men by the thousand will cling to church organizations with instinctive and undying fidelity when their belief in maturer years is radically different from that which which inspired them as neophytes.

But after this range of speculation, and this latitude of doubt, Garfield came back always with freshness and delight to the simpler instincts of religious faith, which, earliest implanted, longest survive. Not many weeks before his assassination, walking on the banks of the Potomac with a friend, and conversing on those topics of personal religion, concerning which noble natures have an unconquerable reserve, he said that he found the Lord's prayer and the simple petitions learned in infancy infinitely restful to him, not merely in their stated repetition, but in their casual and frequent recall as he went about the daily duties of life. Certain texts of scripture had a very strong hold on his memory and his heart. He heard, while in Edinburgh some years ago, an eminent Scotch preacher who prefaced his sermon with reading the eighth

chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, which book had been the subject of careful study with Garfield during all his religious life. He was greatly impressed by the elocution of the preacher and declared that it had imparted a new and deeper meaning to the majestic utterances of Saint Paul. He referred often in after years to that memorable service, and dwelt with exaltation of feeling upon the radiant promise and the assured hope with which the great apostle of the Gentiles was "persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The crowning characteristic of General Garfield's religious opinions, as, indeed, of all his opinions, was his liberality. In all things he had charity. Tolerance was of his nature. He respected in others the qualities which he possessed himself — sincerity of conviction and frankness of expression. With him the inquiry was not so much what a man believes, but does he believe it? The lines of his friendship and his confidence encircled men of every creed, and men of no creed, and to the end of his life, on his ever-lengthening list of friends, were to be found the names of a pious Catholic priest and of an honest-minded and generous-hearted free-thinker.

On the morning of Saturday, July second, the President was a contented and happy man — not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station to which he drove

slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and a keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed; that trouble lay behind him and not before him; that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his Alma Mater to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress, from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its

hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death — and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell — what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God.

With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

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